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THE
GARDEN OF
EDEN



BY THE AUTHOR OF
MARGARET CATCHPOLL



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FRESTON TOWER:

A TALE OF THE

TIMES OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY THE

REV. R. COBBOLD, A.M., R.D.,

RECTOR OF WORTHAM,

AUTHOR OF

'MARGARET CATCHPOLE,' 'MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,' 'ZENON THE MARTYR,'
ETC.

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[The Author's entire Profits will be given to the East Suffolk Hospital.]

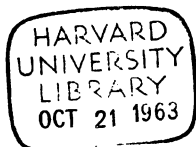


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TO
THE REVEREND JOHN CONNOP,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF HIS UNSOUGHT AND UNMERITED KINDNESS

TO

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FAMILY,

THIS HISTORICAL

Record of Piety connected with the County of Suffolk.

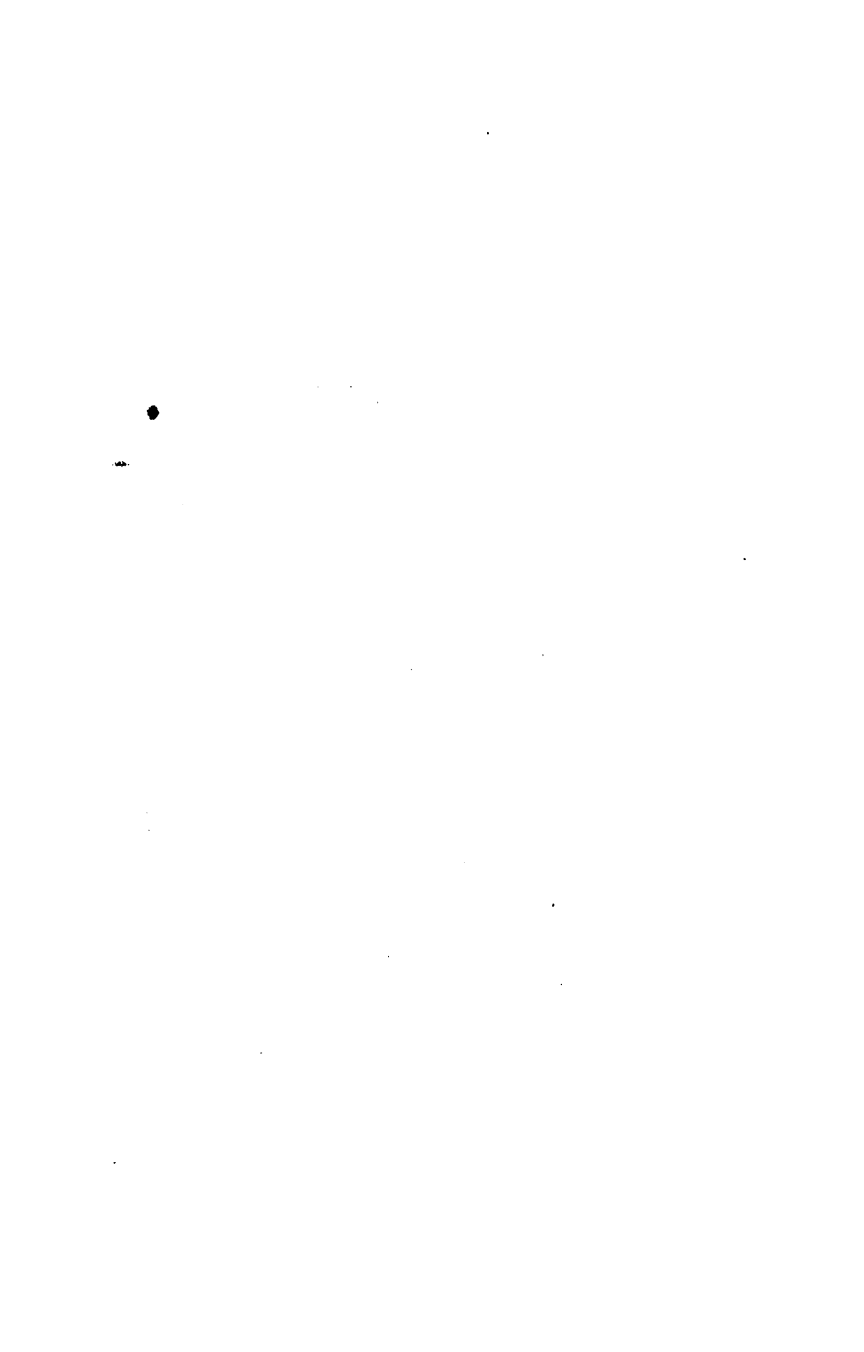
IS, WITH UNFEIGNED PLEASURE,

Dedicated

AS A MEMORIAL OF FRIENDSHIP,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

Along the banks of the beautiful river Orwell has stood for centuries, and still stands, Freston Tower.

Every sailor belonging to the port of Ipswich knows it well; every traveller in the county of Suffolk, who has any love for the tranquil in nature, must have noticed, if he has sailed from Ipswich to Harwich, this picturesque object towering above the trees, and looking upon the widest expanse of water which the river scene affords.

Thousands of conjectures have been formed as to its origin and use. After many years of promised hope to unravel the mystery, the present work will afford an entertaining and instructive record of its *origin*.

It will be found connected with the history of one of the most learned youths of his age, even with that of the Boy-Bachelor of Oxford; with the stirring events of the Reformation; with the pride and downfall of the proudest Chancellor England ever knew, and will afford a lesson to readers of both sexes of the punishment of haughtiness, and the reward of true nobility and patience, even in their present existence.

In sending forth the present edition, the Author is gratified by the thought that some benefit may arise therefrom to the Hospital in his native town.

R.

RECTORY, WORTHAM,
Jan. 15, 1856.

FRESTON TOWER.

CHAPTER I.

GENIUS.

WHO is that youth walking upon the soft sands of Freston-strand, intently meditating upon the contents of an old parchment-covered book, with silver clasps, which, from their length, proclaim that the work is one of some considerable size and depth? He seems to devour that work; and, if a stranger might judge from his countenance, to be enjoying, with great relish, the sentiments it contains—for, every now and then, he soliloquizes in a foreign tongue, as if repeating with admiration the lines he has been studying.

That book he holds in his hand is the first edition of the greatest Grecian poet ever printed. It is the *Iliad*, printed by Aldus, who first cast the Greek alphabet in the year 1476. The book has been lent him by Lord De Freston, his distant kinsman, and he is on his way from the ancient town of Gypesswick (now called *Ipswich*) to return it to its rightful owner.

Like a true valuer of his treasure, he seems to store up in his mind the most beautiful passages it contains. Every now and then he pauses, and, with his dark eye averted from the book, he scans the beauty of the scene around him. *He is walking beside one of the loveliest rivers in England, and at a spot where hill, dale, wood, and water,*

under the influence of the bright beams of the rising sun, exhibit nature in those splendid colors which an early riser only can appreciate.

That eye, even in its glance across the waves of the river Orwell, is a most thoughtful one; for it can view all the tracery of nature, and find a corresponding beauty in the poetical ideas which crowd in upon his mind.

He has been reading high-sounding words, heroic actions, and exalted feelings; and his breast is as naturally inspired with the thoughts of what he has read as his eye is with the view before him. But nature is not able to chain down his soul to any terrestrial object, nor can the charms of scenery engross his attention; for his spirit seems on fire with enthusiasm, and his eye swells with a conscious hopefulness in himself, arising out of the question—For what purpose am I born?

The cap he wears proclaims him but a youth, and the curling locks, hanging from its sides and sweeping over his face, bespeak a native gracefulness, which well accords with his intellectual features. There is a golden tinge upon his brow, and a ruddy, healthy glow upon his cheek, which says that his occupation as a student has not been confined to an unhealthy cloister.

✓ He is but a boy, yet there were many men in his day, who, after years of application, could not retain the memory of what they read with half the ease of that extraordinary youth.

The fact was, as was afterwards proved, his genius was as comprehensive as his energies were active, and a spirit was then stirring in him, a mind in embryo, which, though not confined to the drudgery of the scholastic routine of study, comprehended at a glance the value of education, and made him the greatest schoolmaster of his age.

As the beautiful stream then flowing before him in a sort of endless wave upon wave, that youth seemed desirous to command as endless a reputation; for his immortal mind possessed an unslaked thirst to discern every species of wisdom which either letters, nature, observation, or reflection could unfold.

Such was the genius of him who then stood upon the banks of the Orwell, imbibing wisdom with an ambitious desire of distinction which no future eminence could satisfy.

It was the youthful Wolsey, who, then unknown to fame, was noted by many of the best spirits of that age and

country, as a boy of most acute intellect, and of an understanding beyond his years. He had left his native town early in a beautiful spring morning, to go by invitation to the castle of Lord De Freston—a nobleman celebrated for his great learning as well as his benevolent disposition.

The youth had left many friends in the town of Ipswich, who had encouraged his love of study, by lending him manuscripts and books, which he could not otherwise have obtained. Richard Peyvale, one of the most learned of the portmen of the town, and the compiler of the 'Ipswich Doomsday Book,' had been the first to discover the latent superiority of his mind; for, in an examination of boys in the Free Grammar School, the son of Robert Wooly or Wuly so acquitted himself in classical knowledge as to carry off the great prize given by Sir Humphrey Wyngfylde, to be presented by the town-clerk, which was done by Robert Bray, before the bailiffs, governors, and portmen of that ancient borough.

This was probably one of the spurs to genius. But Wolsey—the boy Wolsey—soon discovered so much dross amidst the confined system of school studies, that he told his father it was no use his sending him to school, for old Mr. Capon could teach him nothing more. Hence, after his twelfth year, he was under no tutors, but formed his own reading; and was frequently applied to, by many learned men, to solve difficulties of construction, which to him were very easily accounted for.

Every classical work then known to the world, and within the reach of the wealthy, whether from private families or from public libraries, was obtained for him upon loan; and at one time he had in his own garret, in the gable-end of his father's house, then dividing the two great streets in St. Nicholas, leading from Peter's Priory to the centre of the town, such a catalogue of eminent books, that had they been his own, he would have thought himself the wealthiest man in the land.

The names of Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Euripides, Xenophon, Plato, Horace, Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, Tibullus, together with the Scriptures, were familiar to him; and he was so great a man in his boyhood, as far as classical comprehension went, that he scarcely at any after-period of his life had to study these writings again.

It was not to be wondered at, then, that a boy with such precocity of intellect—such a handsome youth too as he

really was—should be noticed by the richer and more independent portion of the community.

Lord De Freston had married a niece of the elder Daundy, one of the wealthiest and most enlightened of the inhabitants of Ipswich, and had, therefore, become connected with the female branch of Wolsey's family, for Joan, his mother, was sister to Edmund Daundy. He was a very early patron of the young student; and took such interest in his cousin, as he called him, as laid the foundation of his greatness in after life, though the youth's pride had well nigh lost him his friendship.

But there he stood upon the Freston shore, and caught the sound of the early matin bell, which came pealing from the opposite bank of the river, from the Priory of Alnesborne. The sound of the bell, and the mood in which the youth then stood, accorded well with each other. The former called the monks to prayer, and in some measure roused Wolsey from the reverie, and made him think of time. He looked intently along the bright gleaming waves of the Orwell to see if he could not discover some object which ought to interest his attention.

De Freston's lofty turrets were in view, peering over the spring foliage, just breaking forth in yellow tints from the oaks of the park. The castle shone conspicuously white, as the rays of the gloriously rising sun struck upon its walls. All nature seemed alive. The rooks were taking their flights for the distant marshes; the cuckoo's note saluted the early morn; and so bright and clear was the sky, that even the lark rose joyfully, carolling with his lively note, as if going to seek a purer clime than could be found on this earth.

Had not ambition inflated his breast, Wolsey would have enjoyed to the full the exquisite scene of that April morn. But ambition had so fired his genius that even the lovely river then flowing before him, the light of the heavens, the birds of the air chaunting their praises, and the monks at their matin prayers, had no charms for him. Not even the consciousness of classical knowledge could just then satisfy his mind; for he had received an indirect promise from Lord De Freston that he should go to Oxford, and such a vision of future glory had opened before him, that even his native town, with all the cordial friends it contained, were *completely thrown into the back-ground.*

Ambition is a syren who deprives of rest those who are

once charmed by her voice; and when she prompts to grandeur, and all the imaginative self-consequences of a great name, fame, and power, there are no cruelties through which she will not urge her victims, and, like fabled deities of the heathen, cover them with her mantle or cloud of invisibility.

Moral reflection founded upon the only motive worthy of exertion, the good of others, is a very distant object in the aspirations of a vain man. Destroy selfishness, and all that is laudable, honorable, great, and worthy in the human character will then shine forth, and whether present success shall attend it, or future generations celebrate its worth, it cannot be destroyed by disappointment, since the serenity of equanimity is the same, whether the individual be humbled by the praises of men, or exalted by their persecutions.

Selfish ambition, however plausible or deluding, cannot bear, with an equal mind, the frowns of adversity. Success forms the criterion of its own excellence; and it can no more enjoy the quietude of retirement, than a famous actor can relish the coldness of his audience.

CHAPTER II.

RIVALSHIP.

THE young student was evidently expecting to see something upon the waves of the Orwell more attractive than even the book in his hand, or the scenery before him; for, as the matin bell of the priory came pealing over the waters from the opposite shore, the warder's horn from De Freston's castle was heard to blow. The signal appeared to be well understood by the youth, who immediately began to close his thick and heavy tome, and to adjust the silver hooks of the clasps into their sockets.

His eye was turned towards the bend of the river, round which, close under the dipping boughs of the old chestnut trees, a boat, impelled by four stout rowers, was making progress against the wind, but with the tide in their favor. The sparkling waters which dashed from the head of the skiff, as the oars struck the waves, glittered with scarcely more lustre than did the eye of the youth, whilst he surveyed the expected comers, and awaited their approach.

He stood upon a ledge, or very ancient hardway, called *John of Wiltshire's Gap*, nearly opposite to the great gate of his Wherstead domain, which domain was forfeited to the crown after the decapitation of that ill-fated nobleman.

The scholar was as well known to the rowers as they were to him, for it was often their privilege to meet him by their lord's orders, at the very spot where he then stood. No sooner did they see him than they redoubled their efforts, and soon brought their boat to ground with the usual salutation of 'Ready, Master! ready!' as they respectfully rose to make way for him to go astern.

There must have been something remarkably captivating and even commanding in the manners of the youth at that early age; for, not only was he noted for his scholastic acquirements by the sober, grave, learned, and wise, but the sailors of the port, who occasionally rowed him upon his native stream, whilst he was deeply engaged in skimming over the pages of his book, would delight to rouse him from his reverie, on purpose to hear his conversation and remarks. He took peculiar delight in boarding the foreign vessels which came into the port, with cargoes consigned to his uncle Daundy; and often acted as interpreter whilst he amused himself with trying the brains of the Flemish, Dutch, French, or Norwegian seamen.

The boat's crew hailed him with pleasure, for they looked upon him not only as the favored guest of their master, Lord De Freston, but they knew that he was the peculiar favorite of Ellen De Freston, their master's graceful daughter.

Thomas Wolsey had received an especial message to breakfast with Lord De Freston, and to meet his Lordship's cousin, William Latimer, then a learned student at the University of Oxford. It had been part of Lord De Freston's promise that he should return to Oxford with Latimer, if Wolsey's father, and his fond mother Joan, could part with him, their only child. At all events, he was to be introduced to his future friend; and the nobleman had promised, that both he and his daughter Ellen should use all their influence with his friends, that very day, to obtain permission for him to go to the University.

Bright beams of future glory illumined the mind of the youth, as he took his station in the boat, and became a *little more abstracted* and thoughtful, and less communicative with his rough acquaintances than was his wont.

They dropped their oars in silence, on gaining no reply from their usually animated scholar, and were all of opinion that they had never beheld him so little like himself as at that moment. At almost any other time, and under any other circumstances, a thousand questions would have been asked, and as many remarks made upon their costume, their boat, their lord, their lady, the wind, the weather, the wave, the tide, the monks of Alneshborne, and their father confessor.

But Wolsey was now silent. He watched the waters curling past the boat, as if he were making a calculation of the tide by the number of successive waves that passed him.

As he did not give a single word to the men (and no men are more inquisitive than sailors), they could not endure his silence.

'How now, my master, you heave us no log to-day, though we deserve your smile perhaps more this morning than any other. What's the matter, master? You seem to have cast anchor upon a dull shore, and are as mournful as if your vessel had gone to wreck upon the rocks. A-hoy, master! tip us a stave.'

But deep thought seemed to chain the scholar's mind, as the frost would bind up the river in the darkest days of winter. Yet his brow was smooth and calm as ice without a fall of snow. There was no ruffle upon it, but a fixed and settled tone of thought that seemed to say he was immovable. He did not speak, and yet he altered his position, and cast his eyes wistfully upon the turrets of the castle as they came in view of the venerated walls. 'Ay, master, 'tis a fine old building, is it not? I should like to see your young honor, or your worship, or your reverence, comfortably hauled up there, high and dry: 'tis a friendly port, master, and comfortable quarters thereabouts.'

It was not until they came full in view of the green slanting lawn which came down to the water's edge, directly in front of the castle, and the young man's eye caught sight of three figures standing upon the very edge of the landing-place, that his features lightened up with expression:

'Who is the third person standing with your master and his daughter?' he asked.

'He's alive now, Jack, I'll warrant!' archly observed one of the rowers.

'And so he may well be,' said the other; 'a little rivalry will do the young scholar good. He has so long had his

own way, that perhaps he might think no vessel could sail as well as his own.'

'That's my young mistress's cousin,' replied the man, 'and I hear, master, he's all at sea, like yourself.'

'What do you mean, my man?'

'Mean, sir? why, that he's as clever a chap as you are; that the broad sea of knowledge is as well explored by him as it is by you, and that he can talk to our young mistress in as elegant and entertaining a manner as yourself.'

There are some words which, from their homeliness, may do more to rouse the spirit within a man than all the classical beauties which he had studied in his youth; and at that moment these words, from a common sailor, proved to Wolsey that even men of few words, and no letters, can form no mean idea of intellectual pleasure.

He was effectually roused, for, till then, he certainly had no conception of a rival in letters with any living man he had yet met. He had found none to appreciate his talents so purely, so highly, and so encouragingly, as Lord De Freston and his daughter; and it might be truly said, that none could do so better than that learned and elegant scholar whose life had been devoted to study from his youth.

He had married the niece of the wealthiest Commoner in the land, and married her not for her property, since he was himself the owner of vast estates on the banks of the Orwell, as well as in the vale of Worcester. He had espoused the niece of Edmund Daundy, M.P. for Ipswich, and the most extensive merchant in that port.

His lady, with whom, for the first six years of their married state, he had lived in harmony and happiness, was taken from him at that most anxious period when she had just given birth to a son and heir. Infant and mother died, leaving him one bright companion, the image of her mother, and in qualities of mind and heart superior even in childhood to most of her sex.

Lord De Freston had thus become very early engrossed by the education and training of his affectionate daughter, and such was the delight he took in her, and so well were his parental anxieties repaid by the capacity, diligence, and sense of duty of his child, that years had imperceptibly fled away, until he found her growing more and more upon his affections.

He now made her his companion, not only in his studies, but in all his worldly affairs. She was, indeed, the admiration

of all who knew her, and had such a powerful mind, such a cultivated taste for literature and for all the elegant arts, then in their progressive rise in this country, that Ellen De Freston was as famed upon the banks of the Orwell as Madame de Stael, or Madame d'Arblay, in after-days for their precocious powers. Hers, however, were of a different stamp, of a far deeper kind; and mind in that maiden might be said to have a texture so pure, that it gave unwonted charm to a face almost as beautiful as her intellect.

Young Wolsey, about her own age, was so attracted by these wonderful qualities, that it is not to be wondered at, that he should feel an interest in the only being he ever saw calculated to inspire him with the hope of excelling for the sake of pleasing her. Such was the delight he took in her society, and such her pure pleasure in his, that distant relatives as they were, Lord De Freston looked upon them as brother and sister; and neither he nor his daughter had the slightest idea of their young friend ever imbibing any deeper feeling than the love of literature, and the joy of sharing its pleasures.

So fondly wedded in mind to this counterpart of his existence had he imperceptibly become, that half the cherished elegancies of Grecian and Roman literature had been treasured in his heart on purpose that he might breathe their euphonious harmonies in the ear of his cousin Ellen. She, too, was ambitious of convincing Wolsey that she appreciated his talents, but she never had a dream of his aspiring to any nearer intimacy with her than a classical interchange of thought.

It was not to be wondered at, however, that in that early stage of their acquaintance, the youth at fourteen should be sensible to the personal as well as intellectual attractions of such a being as the heiress of De Freston. No feeling of his youth or of his life was ever purer than that which he then entertained towards his benefactor and his friend. It was like the brightest beam of light gleaming upon the path of youth, when that refined sentiment of soul burst upon him. It was like the morning clouds, tinged with the prospect of the rising sun, and proclaiming the approach of a lovely day.

He gazed at the stair as the boat approached ~~it~~ where Ellen De Freston, between the tall and ~~portly~~ *of her father* and the slender frame of William *stood* awaiting his arrival.

There was some sensation of pain which stole over his proud spirit at that moment, as he looked at the young man's figure, and beheld his favorite, Ellen, resting her arm upon that of the scholar.

'Shall I,' he asked himself, 'shall I, indeed, meet a rival? Oh! if our merits be but weighed in the balance by the weights of future attainments, either in science, knowledge, industry, or application, I fear not the issue.'

It was a bold thought—the indication of a noble mind, though a feeling of rivalry might at the moment create a pang of jealousy. The man who feels all honor, and endeavors to prove himself worthy of the favorable regard of any one whom he loves, and to whom he attaches the idea of being able to reward his exertions, is a worthy competitor to enter the lists of love. The noblest souls in existence must breathe with such hope, and their exertions and attainments, their talents and their virtues, must form a bright beacon to guide their onward course.

The only drawback is, that all mortal rewards, be they what they may, are not enduring, and therefore fall short of satisfaction.

'As when the eastern sky is tinged
With clouds transparent, golden fring'd,
Bespeaks the coming sun :
So love anticipates a ray,
Bright as the orb's arising day,
Before his course is run.'

CHAPTER III.

THE GREETING.

A MERRY laugh and cheerful greeting saluted the ear of Wolsey as he stepped from the boat to the stairs, and received the cordial welcome of De Freston.

'How is our uncle Daundy? He is a loyal subject to his Majesty, and as friendly a supporter of the rights of the inhabitants of Ipswich as any man who lived before him.'

'Takes your father, and your good and estimable Thomas, let me introduce you to my cousin
he is so much wisdom in your young brains,
to be akin to each other at Oxford, if not
of blood.'

The scholars bowed, and each could discern in the ease of the other, that there was more within worth knowing than any external qualities. They had never met before; but each had, through De Freston, obtained considerable knowledge of the character of the other.

Latimer was five years older than Wolsey, and already possessed the advantages of an Oxford school-training, and a university scholarship; so that, though he had heard much from Ellen and her father of young Wolsey's attainments, and, though he knew them capable of forming a good judgment, nevertheless he could not avoid feeling himself superior to his new friend, which Wolsey, from having attained a conscious superiority over every one with whom he had yet conversed upon classical subjects, was not in the least disposed to allow. He was desirous to meet Latimer, as much to measure himself by him, and judge of his chance of future acquirements, as to see one of whom he had heard so much, and who was a relative of the noble lord, his patron and friend.

'I am glad to meet you, Master Latimer,' he said, with the ease and importance of a man of years and station; 'it has unfortunately happened hitherto that, in your various visits to your relatives in this country, it has never been my lot to enjoy one hour of conversation with you. The Lady Ellen can tell you with what avidity I have read your letters, and indulged with her in those descriptive powers which you have so ably used upon the subject of this Tower. I hope you have already found that neither your elaborate plan of architectural beauty, nor your advice concerning the periods of studious regularity, have been neglected. Many have been the hours of improvement which have been permitted me in the society of these, our mutual friends—varied, indeed, according to your express instructions, and I can truly add, never tediously employed.'

There was something so manly, so easy, so unaffected, and yet so convincing in this youth's manner of address, that, in a moment, young Latimer was convinced that he had no common character to deal with. The thought of superiority vanished, and he found himself compelled, by the unexpected dignity and simplicity of the speech he had heard, to reply instantan upon terms of equality.

'My loss has equalled yours, but I will hope that this day forward, we may become better acquainted, and have more frequent opportunities of exchanging our

opinions upon those classical subjects which are at this time beginning to circulate more freely among the nations of Europe. I see you have been reading the first printed edition of Homer, which I had the gratification of forwarding to Lord De Freston, and I am glad to see it in such hands, for I understand you can appreciate the beauties of the poet in every passage. I long to have some hours' conversation with you. My fair cousin has had the privilege of hearing you read the whole of the "Iliad," and she has greatly excited my curiosity concerning you. The Tower is complete, and both Lord De Freston and Ellen tell me that the place I proposed for acquiring knowledge is so good a one, as to make each day, nay, each hour, so devoted, of incalculable profit.'

'You must come with us, Thomas, to the Tower, at once,' said Lord De Freston's daughter; 'I have ordered breakfast in my favorite room, and I shall confine you all, the greater portion of this day, for the indulgence of your conversation. I have often had each of you as my companion through the successive gradations of my ascending steps of knowledge. To-day you must permit me to be a listener to both. I greet you, therefore, as my guests in the library, and if you will only pursue the thread of your discourse upon ancient minstrelsy, I will be as unwearied as Penelope, and, I am sure, far more happy.'

'You do me great honor, Ellen. I can never refuse any of your requests, and one so agreeable as this it would be a punishment to be excused.'

'On with you then, young people! on, to the Tower!' exclaimed her father. And without more ceremony, whilst De Freston remained behind to give some charge to his boatmen, the young people bent their way towards a lofty tower, embosomed in the trees of the park, but commanding such scenes of the river and its banks, as, even now, in the nineteenth century, could not fail to create admiration.

The Tower still stands, apparently in the pride of beauty, looking over the waves of the Orwell; and the author has ascended to its summit, and indulged, years long gone by, in thoughts which now find their way into these pages.

Freston Tower was first designed by William Latimer, it was, for many years, called by the name of 'moor.' It was built by the Lord De Freston, who was related to the unfortunate William de ... took his final leave of his Suffolk friends at ... before he was beheaded upon the broad sea.

The converse of the party, as they went towards the Tower, touched upon this point, and, singularly enough, was introduced by Wolsey, as an example of ill-fated ambition.

‘My father tells me that it was from this place that William de la Pole, the first Duke of Suffolk, took his departure thirty years ago. What an ambitious family has that been, and how soon do the rewards of iniquity fall upon the wicked!’

‘My grandfather,’ replied Ellen, ‘was the last friend that met him at Ipswich, and brought him on his way to our castle. The vessel which was to bear him into exile could not get higher up the river than the channel opposite the priory, and from this spot my father’s barge carried him on board his foreign ship. Alas! he soon heard of his destruction!’

‘And must we not own, fair Ellen, that the retributive hand of justice was here displayed against the murderer of the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester? No sooner is de la Pole beyond the precincts of his native power, than he finds he cannot escape. Oh! that Gloucester’s friends had prevailed to keep the parliament in the metropolis, and this blot upon the escutcheon of the Duke of Suffolk would never have been seen.’

‘Say rather, Latimer, that it would have been well for the merchant of Ravenspurn to have kept to his northern port, at the mouth of the Humber, or have come no further south than Hull, than to have purchased lands, title, and fame, to fall by such a foul and fiendish crime, and to finish his right of nobility in England!’

‘I do not hold with thee, Wolsey, in such a doctrine, that man is never to aspire to lift himself beyond the mud. The mouth of the Humber may give birth to as noble blood as the banks of the Orwell; and, if I mistake not thy spirit, thou wouldst bid fair to be a candidate for nobility.’

‘It should not be my wealth that should entitle me thereto. The king’s favor should be purchased with wisdom, not with gold.’

‘Yet wisdom brings gold as naturally as that folly wastes it.

‘Ay! but it wastes faster than it is attained. But here we are at the Tower.’

‘Come, then, in to breakfast; I see Lord De Freston coming; let us drop the subject of the de la Poles: it always carries with it a pang to my father’s heart.’

The party then stood before the celebrated Tower, the construction of which arose from an accidental conversation between De Freston and Latimer, two years previous. The latter had seen the uncommon genius and application of Ellen to study, and had remarked to her father that, if her studies were not diversified, she would lose the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, and forget quickly what she had learnt with difficulty.

‘The way to retain anything is to let an impression of it remain upon the brain. Overstrained toil does but enfeeble the body, as overstrained application to any mental pursuit will assuredly one day create disgust. It will actually impair the powers of perception; and men who, at one time, have been the most intellectual students, find themselves overpowered by not being able to diversify their occupation. Besides,’ added Latimer, ‘I have found the body sicken, the brain turn dizzy, and the whole man enfeebled by too much application to one subject of thought. Hands were given us for manual labor, and our feet for bodily exercise, so that our frame may be preserved in health. Therefore, I say, diversify the occupation of your daughter’s time and mind; and body and soul will be benefited.’

‘Ah!’ replied De Freston, ‘the theory is good, but how is it to be done? It is now that I feel myself a widower, when my faithful child, rising into womanhood, requires the matronly guidance of a mother. If you could project a plan likely to be successful in its operation, you would indeed add a charm to my existence I could not easily repay.’

‘I can fully imagine your anxiety; and, had I a daughter, at your time of life, and with your means at hand, I would follow the very plan I now propose.’

‘What is it, cousin Latimer? What is it?’

‘Simply this: I would build a tower in the liveliest spot of my domain. Every room of that tower should command an extensive view of the beautiful scenery around me, and I would dedicate each to a different occupation. Each should claim a separate hour for the work to be performed, and the higher story should possess the greatest charm; so that neither the hands nor the head of my child should be weary.’

‘Well said! young philosopher. Let me hear your proposition more minutely laid down. I can imagine the utility, and see much good in your proposal. I will carry it

out if you can satisfy my daughter as well as myself of the probability of its having a beneficial tendency.'

'To your daughter, then, as well as to yourself, will I unfold my scheme.'

It was agreed that the young man should write down his plan, and submit it to De Freston and Ellen on the following day.

This was most gallantly and ably done by young Latimer in the following poetical lines, which were presented to De Freston after the evening's meal :

De Freston's Couplet.

Let not thy daughter's mind be fix'd
On learning only, but be mix'd

With arts and studies light :
And let her progress be to rise,
Through woman's duties to be wise,
She will thy care requite.

Nor let her in a cloistered cell,
Like monks and friars dully dwell,
Deprived of Nature's face.

Let life and liberty be seen,
With health and energy, to glean
Whate'er has virtue's grace.

The mind is useless, if the hand,
No occupation can command,
To ease the learning gained ;
The eye grows dim o'er books alone,
And dull and heavy in its tone,
If once 'tis overstrained.

Had I a daughter, I would try
To give of learning such supply
As other works should crown :
I'd build a tower six stories there,
With rooms ascending by the stair,
Each one with purpose known.

I'd choose a spot, whence far and wide
Yon lovely river in its pride
Glides gracefully along ;
Where every room which higher rose,
A scene extended should disclose,
Fit theme for poet's song.

The basement story on the ground,
Should be with benches titted round,
And wide the porch and door,

That here my daughter every morn,
Should know the wants of the lowly born.
And listen to the poor.

The story next I'd dedicate
To works of industry, of late
Becoming females bland :
To needlework or tapestry,
Her active fingers should apply,
Taught by some Flemish hand.

The story next—to music's sway
I should devote, that she might play
On lute or lyre with skill :
Her voice accompanied should sound,
Enchanting through the groves around,
And make all nature thrill.

My next to art of painting raised,
Should be with lightest windows glazed,
A studio bright and clear :
The tints of nature should be seen,
Landscapes and figures intervene,
Alternate studies here.

My next should be with books supplied,
And writing instruments beside,
With learning's aids at hand :
This study should devoted be,
To learning's richest treasury
All other rooms command.

My last and highest should be given
To contemplate the stars of heaven,
And study their design :
Astronomy should here unfold
Worlds upon worlds, whose works untold
No mortal can define.

And here sometimes at night I'd be,
To let my daughter clearly see,
How works of wisdom shine :
The fires above her soul should charm,
As fires below our bodies warm,
That we may not repine.

So gratified was fair Ellen with this poetical device, that she scarcely closed her eyes that night for thinking of the spot, and of the kind of ornamental tower which should be raised for such a purpose. The next day, the site was fixed upon by Lord De Freeston and his daughter; and Latimer *promised* to make plans of the dimensions of the rooms, *and drawings of the elevation*. How beautifully the works

were completed even the lapse of so many centuries has not failed to prove. Workmen were soon engaged, Daundy's ships brought the Caen stone for ornamental copings, and the bricks from Ipswich were soon laid, and a tower, according in every respect with the plan of the projector, was erected.

It was before this building that the party then stood, and not until the previous day had Latimer beheld his fair project carried into execution. He had, from time to time, visited the work, and had corresponded with Lord De Freston and his cousin Ellen, concerning its completion. This, however, was his first visit since the graceful tower had been opened, and dedicated to the purpose for which it had been projected. Ellen, indeed, had occupied the different rooms as dedicated to her pursuits.

The lower room, to charity, from 7 to 8 o'clock.

The second, to working tapestry, from 9 to 10.

The third, to music, from 10 to noon.

The fourth, to painting, from 12 to 1.

The fifth, to literature, from 1 to 2.

The sixth, to astronomy, at even.

There was a turret from this last chamber upon which the only instruments then used in descrying and describing the stars were often fixed, when the evenings were such as would allow an observation, from the leads of the building, of the illumined sky. They arrived at the foot of the Tower, where awaiting their approach numerous applicants for the bounty of the Lord De Freston were sitting upon the benches around. A kind word Ellen had for all, a gracious greeting she gave them, and after distributing various donations, and making suitable inquiries, she dismissed them, one by one, to their respective homes, through the different paths across the park.

Ellen welcomed her visitors, and followed them up the winding staircase into the first apartment. She would not allow them to stop and admire the handy work she was then engaged in, namely, a piece of tapestry for Lord De Freston, representing the death of Harold, at Battle. Neither would she pause to indulge them that day with the sound of her harp, though there it stood, and before her some of the Welsh lays then so celebrated among minstrels. Neither would she permit them to waste time upon the beautiful scenery from her painting-room, though the bay-window from this height gave exquisite views for *the lover of the picturesque*

Breakfast was set out in the room of literature, and thither she hurried them, determined that she would pass over the usual routine of her every-day engagements to gratify her mind with the conversation of her two intellectual friends.

'I have but a short day for your company, as my father has determined to go to Ipswich upon the business so interesting to you, Thomas Wolsey, and we must all accompany him this afternoon. Let us, then, lose no time in thinking about the progress I have made, but let your conversation be concerning those things by which you are surrounded.'

Handsome shelves, containing costly manuscripts and volumes of such works as were then printed, graced the sides of the room, and the only vacant places were the angular spaces between the windows.

Breakfast was placed upon a small table in the bay-window, and consisted of such plain fare as milk, eggs and butter, with a few preserves, which were the supplies for the table in that early day. It is true that the serving-men in the lord's hall had more substantial feast, for cold venison and boar's-head with large quarters of pork, were consumed upon broad wooden plates, and not a few of those plates were seen upon the long tables in the hall, so large was this nobleman's domestic establishment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONVERSATION.

It would be something strange in these days to find man's tongue, through fear, prevented from discoursing upon any subject, political, physical, or religious. Men are so enlightened, and civil and religious freedom are so strongly established in this kingdom, that no one is afraid of investigating any subject. Truth does not require any power but that of God to support it, and having his, it will predominate unto the end, through all discouragements and persecutions. The man who loves his kind will stand the least in awe of death, or of any consequences whatever arising from that position in which his faith in God may place him. But the men, in our day, who do not look *deeply into times gone by*, can scarcely conceive the terrors

into which men were driven in those days when Freston Tower was first inhabited.

Throughout the length and breadth of England, in the years 1484 and 1485, awful divisions were created by the dissensions of the houses of York and Lancaster. Men scarcely trusted each other with open declarations of loyalty, or with their equally prevalent hatred of King Richard III. Nor were they much less happy in their feelings concerning their religion. The absolute power of the Pope had begun to be called in question. Wickliffe's Bible was doing its work, and Caxton's press began to disseminate the light of truth amidst inquiring minds.

Yet, upon the subject of religion, faith and practice seemed to be at a most appalling distance from each other; and men did not like to speak before strangers, even of the God who made them, for fear of incurring the threatened censures of the Papal Hierarchy.

It was a singular thing that politics and religion should chance to be the first subjects discoursed upon by the young men, then partaking of their earliest meal in the library of Ellen De Freston. This conversation arose from the circumstance of De Freston having received a curious edition of *Æsop's Fables*.

'I have a curiosity to show you here, young men,' said De Freston; and he took down from a shelf over the entrance-door, a volume, having the royal arms engraved, or rather worked, upon the inside of the cover. 'You are learned, Master Latimer—can you decypher the character?'

'Ha; I perceive,' replied the youth, 'this is a book I should have thought would never have been sold, at least, not until the death of her to whom it was given. It is Edward the Fourth's gift to his mistress, Jane Shore. How did you come by it?'

'Lord Latimer, your father's friend, purchased it at the new bookseller's in Ludgate; and knowing my taste for anything new, or old, in such works, sent it to me as a present and token of his esteem.'

'I thought, father,' said Ellen, 'that you told me this wretched woman was no more; that she died two years since, under the severe penance inflicted upon her by the order of the Protector.'

'Hush!' said Wolsey, 'hush! call not Richard, the Protector! call him King, or you will be deemed disloyal. 1

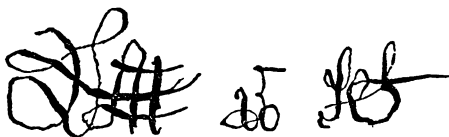
would, on purpose to share your accusation, call him *murderer*, not protector.'

'You would be a traitor, then, according to your own showing,' replied Ellen: 'but is not Jane Shore dead?'

'It was reported that she was. That she did penance, is certain; that the king, in the days of his protectorate, did accuse Hastings of secretly plotting with this woman, whom he called a wicked witch, to afflict his person with decrepitude, is equally certain. But I hear she is still alive, and that Richard, though he persecuted her so unmercifully, has pardoned her, and given her in marriage to Thomas Hymore, who compassionated her sufferings and petitioned for this mercy.'

'Alas! beauty is a dangerous possession,' added Ellen, 'where the laws of God reign not in the heart. I am glad to hear she is a penitent. May mercy be with her!'

'This is certainly the signature of Edward.'



R. E. to J. S. Rex Edvardus, ad J. S. It is valuable, as the first book having numbered pages, and a great acquisition this will be to science. I sigh, my lord, to think how this country is torn asunder by faction. When I last left Worcester, I can assure you men were there ripe for revolt. Richard is detested, his vices are so glaring, and his cruelty so great, that he reminds me more of the tyrant Domitian than of a Christian king.'

'Christian, indeed!' exclaimed the ardent Wolsey. 'Christian? He has murdered three relatives, who stood between him and power, and could Richmond but be reached, his neck would soon be stretched upon the block. I hope he will escape! nay, more, I hope to live to see the day when he may be King of England.'

'Hush! hush! young spirit,' added De Freston. 'Though we be five stories from the ground, you would soon be five feet under it, could Richard gain any knowledge of your language.'

'Yet I assure you,' added Latimer, 'these very things

are openly discussed at Oxford, though each man, since the death of Buckingham, fears a traitor in his servant.'

'That hateful Banister must be the vilest of the vile. It was not an open enemy that betrayed poor Buckingham, but the very man who owed him suit and service, and pretended to be so grateful for his bounty. Had I been John Milton, high sheriff of Shropshire, I would have stabbed the traitor to the heart, who could betray such a confiding and afflicted master as the generous Buckingham.'

'I little thought,' said De Freston, 'that I should try your loyalty, young men, by introducing *Æsop's Fables* to your notice. I perceive, however, that your sentiments accord with my own, though I may not choose to speak out upon so slight an occasion. I can truly say, however, may the houses of York and Lancaster unite, and the divisions of our Christian land be settled.'

This last expression, '*Christian land*,' gave rise to a sudden ejaculation upon the part of Wolsey, which rather surprised his friends and auditors: but at that day the youth's soul was full of the love of truth, and he hated most heartily the mummeries of a religion, which at that period were carried to the very verge of absurdity.

'Christian land! Oh! when will peace heal the divisions of this Christian land? In nothing will this country be more divided than in its ideas of the profession of Christianity!'

This was a bold declaration from so young a man, and it surprised Latimer, for though De Freston and himself entertained the enlightened views of that period, when men began to look into the Scriptures for truth, and into their souls for worship, Wolsey had started at once the expression of an opinion which both had entertained, but neither had declared. This led to such an animated conversation upon the errors and absurdities of the times, the almost absolute dominion of the Pope, and the terrors of the Inquisition, that had information been given to the authorities of St. Peter's Priory, all present might have incurred the penalties of heresy and conspiracy.

But Ellen De Freston was too well known for the strict piety of her life, her conformity to all the *good* usages of the times, and the enlightened benevolence of her disposition, to be affected by the breath of slander. It was not that *there were no envious persons* in that day, as in this, who *were jealous of her superiority*. There were individuals who

were her equals in station, as well as others who were her inferiors, who could not brook the praises which were so freely given by those who were fortunate enough to know her. She was, however, happily ignorant of these attacks.

There are, in this day, many maidens who infinitely prefer the companions of mind to all the dignity of titled wealth and preponderating influence of station. But, in that day, outward pomp, external beauty, high rank, and large estates, exercised an influence over everything.

It was from no love of making herself conspicuous for singularity, that Ellen devoted herself to intellectual pursuits. Her father was a man of mind, a man of virtue, of a superior intellect, and she had an hereditary taste for these things. Permitted to think, and to express her thoughts, she was treated with deference, and gently argued with in things which her young mind could not fully understand, and hence her love of truth, and of searching for the truth, and obeying its dictates when understood.

Though she seldom discoursed much with her preceptors upon the sacred volume, yet, with her parent, she would hold long and interesting communications, which rarely failed to increase their mutual estimation of each other.

When the subject of religion was introduced by Thomas Wolsey, she maintained that deferential silence which she thought best adapted to her position. Latimer was much pleased with Wolsey's views, and, as some of the stars of the Reformation were then beginning to shine, both in England and in foreign countries, the young men entered into the spirit of the Wickliffites and Hussites with a degree of toleration, surprising indeed at that day, especially in the neighborhood of a town so celebrated for its papal institutions and prevailing bigotry as Ipswich was.

A century before, and this town had an episcopal jurisdiction; but it had now merged into the See of Norwich, and Goldwell then held his court in the ancient residence called Wyke's Bishop's Palace. The Church looked very closely to her rights, her possessions, and professions, and almost one-half of the wealth of the kingdom was in the keeping of ecclesiastics. Lands, houses, castles, monasteries, priories, livings, together with estates and jurisdictions, giving them power over the persons and lives of men, prevailed throughout the land; all in subjection to the Pope; and though at the close of the reign of Richard III., the bloody wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster for a time

diverted men's attention from the growing tyranny of the Hierarchy, yet, when these houses became united, ecclesiastical sway assumed a frightful temporal power in this country, and met with consequent detestation.

It is singular that, at this period, Wolsey should have been such an advocate for the dissemination of truth, who was soon afterwards the strongest supporter of the dogmas of Rome. What circumstances were conducive to this change of mind in one so bold, so brave, so elegant, and so eloquent, and, at that time, so truthful and so virtuous, will be presently seen.

It is not intended to give, at full length, the detail of the conversation then going on in that elevated chamber of Freston Tower. It may suffice, for the reader's information, to say, that books were taken down from their shelves, their merits freely and easily discussed, their beauties expatiated upon, and passages from poets, historians, and orators, read with spirit, and devoured with that delight which kindred classical minds only could enjoy. Latimer and Wolsey proved themselves worthy of the fame they afterwards acquired—the former as the Greek tutor of the learned Erasmus, the latter as the great patron of literature throughout the kingdom, whose works of art remain to this day to prove the elegance of his mind, and the profuse liberality of his spirit.

Ellen was delighted; she sat with unmixed pleasure to hear the scholars dilate upon their subjects. She found the hours stealing away quicker than she wished them to do: nor was her peculiar taste for elegance of diction forgotten, and, in certain points of dispute, she was called upon to decide which was the most chaste and perfect translation.

It is strange, but too true, that the most learned men are so jealous of the laborious stores of knowledge they have obtained, that they will scarcely ever condescend to communicate them to the female sex, or to express their knowledge before them; as if they were not to be the companions of man's mind, as well as of his domestic affairs. It is true the world has seen such couples as Andrew Dacier and his beloved wife, Anne, in a past century, and that it does see, in this day, a young and most learned lord in this land, famous for the style of purity in which he writes his ancient and modern histories, appreciating the elegance of his lady's *mind*, and enjoying its cultivation; but in those days it was a rare thing indeed for a female, and she young, beautiful,

and wealthy, to be permitted to join in those studies which were then considered too exclusively masculine.

In the mind of Wolsey, at that period, there lived the thought that such happiness he might one day share more intimately with the beauteous Ellen. It was a thought that had taken full possession of his soul, and he trembled as he avowed it to himself. He had ventured to indulge in the suggestions of Hope—that bright morning star that guides the young mind to distinction, and lightens up even the darkest caverns of despair, when the barriers of wealth and station stand between the object and the aspirant.

Wolsey's hope seemed to dawn upon him through the vista of future years of learned fame, like the sun rising over a most extensive wilderness; or, it seemed to him, like the light of a distant cottage which the poor traveller descries in the darkest night, upon some pathless moor, with which he connects the associations of home and comfort.

He had these feelings in his soul, and if for a moment they were diverted to the subjects of future ambition, fame, and glory, they always seemed to return again to the same point. Never was he more anxious to distinguish himself in the eyes of Ellen than at that period; and it is true that he shone with most uncommon splendor, and made Latimer confess that he was not only a better scholar than himself, but that he had a more comprehensive genius. Both De Freston and his daughter were proud of their young and learned acquaintance, and much enjoyed their intellectual conversation. How long this might have lasted no one could have told, had not De Freston broke off the discussion by reminding his daughter of her engagement to go to Ipswich.

'We must not spend much more time here, Ellen. Our mid-day repast is ready in the hall, and if we do not get off in time, we shall hardly be able to visit our friends. Come, my child, let us proceed to the castle.'

A shadow of disappointment passed over the brow of Ellen, but it did not remain there. She had taken her share in the discourse, and would have prolonged it, but that she knew well the wisdom of obedience to her father's suggestions. She rose, therefore, and, for a few moments stood admiring the brilliant scene from her lofty room, in which *she was joined* by those enthusiastic lovers of nature. The *very* turn of the conversation upon the broad waves of the

Orwell, the distant hills and woods of the opposite shore, and the moving ships in the distance, then with clumsy and cumbersome hulls, yet picturesque enough to enliven the landscape, proved that Latimer was correct in his view, that deep study should be diversified with pleasant scenery to make both agreeable.

He rejoiced to see the lively glance which that broad view of the Orwell called forth from Ellen's countenance. It played like a sunbeam through the shade of the grove upon her graceful brow, ornamented as it was with a profusion of tresses, nature's richest ornament. At that moment the old hall bell announced the mid-day dinner, and the whole party descended to the castle.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASTLE AND COMPANY.

To describe a baron's hall, as in the fifteenth century, with all its cumbrous materials inside and out, would be, no doubt, very engaging to the antiquarian reader; and Freston Castle, Freston Hall, or De Freston's Mansion, as it was at various periods designated, if minutely described, would fill many a page which the general reader would be glad to be excused.

Not that it would be otherwise than entertaining, for the Lords of Freston had each added something to the style of his predecessor, and there was as great a variety of the Gothic from the year 1111 down to 1485, as could be found in any house in the eastern counties of the kingdom. It vied with the ancient castle of Caister in its castellated front and lofty turrets, its old Norman windows, loop-holes, and bastions, and, standing as it did upon one of the most picturesque spots throughout East Anglia, it commanded, in that day, general admiration.

It was one of those castles which were exempt from the fines to Peter's Priory, on account of the Lord De Freston having granted a hide of land on the opposite shore to the then learned priors of Alneshborne; and hence it was considered *extra parochial*, and the church and chapel of De Freston as belonging to the immediate jurisdiction of John De Freston, who appointed his own ecclesiastic from among

the preachers or prebends of Wykes Ufford, and, after that, from Gypesswich (Ipswich).

It is but justice to the memory of the De Frestons to say they were *good* Catholics, not good for their gifts of foolish and vain things, but for their benevolent offerings for the poor. Their splendid old hall, gracing the banks of the Orwell, for several centuries was remarkable for the liberality displayed within it, not only to the inhabitants of Freston, Arwarton, Holbrook, Wolverstone, Chelmondiston, Harkstead, Tattingstone, and Bentley, on the western side of the river, in which parishes the Lords of De Freston held estates, but in all parts of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Gloucestershire, where their property was situated, they had their benevolent houses, in which the dole of charity was meted out to the surrounding poor.

Their great residences were at Freston and Malvern; for, connected with the Latimers, they held much sway on the borders of the Malvern Hills. Their head-quarters were at Freston Hall, a fortified mansion, exhibiting traces of decay in some parts of the then elaborate workmanship of the fourteenth century. A most noble park lay around the castle, extending along the beautiful banks of the river, including many a grand chasse, where deer and game of all descriptions might be found.

Part of the great tenure by which this property was held free from the interference of the religious houses in Ipswich, as well as temporal authorities of the borough, whose power then extended to the waste marshes upon the borders of the park, was the furnishing of three fat bucks for the 8th of September, to the borough, on the day of the election of bailiffs; and, on St. Peter's day, two bucks to the Abbots of Bury, two to the Prior of St. Peter's, and one to the Black Canons of Dodness; from all other charges whatsoever the Barony of De Freston was exempt.

But our party, joyful in the society of each other, bent their way from the lawn which surrounded the Tower to the broad and open space before the castle. So level did the grass at a little distance appear with the foundation walls of the building, that were it not for the distinct evidence of the huge drawbridge and portcullis, no one would imagine that a moat ninety-eight feet wide extended round the walls. The building was a square with four towers, the *south-eastern front of which*, facing the Orwell, was then in its *most perfect state*. It was only at certain periods, when the

distant dependencies of the barony came to pay suit and service to the Lords of De Freston, that the other wings of the mansion were inhabited. They were not suffered to decay; but, as they were not constantly used, they were only visited occasionally by the lord, who left it to his household steward to see that all things were kept in order.

'It is a beautiful spot,' said Latimer to Ellen, as they approached the spacious front of the building, 'and I hope it may never again see the troubles with which it was visited when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings came from Walton Castle, and were opposed by John De Freston and his troops. This looks not like a place of slaughter, Ellen; yet many a brave youth did your ancestors' bowmen send to the bottom of the waves, before the enemy could effect a landing, or reach this spacious green sward. How thankful should we feel that we can walk in peace free from such terrors; but other parts of the kingdom are, at this moment, in arms, and the Baron De Freston will, I fear, have to send his quota of men to the wars of the Roses!'

'Let him keep neutral if he can, say I. He is out of the reach of the severity of the contest, unless Richmond should choose Suffolk for his field of action. I trust my father's hall will be at peace as long as his honored head shall be erect!'

'Amen!' added Wolsey. 'This place is too peaceful, too blessed in its inhabitants, to be disturbed by faction. It has a charm in my eye which, I trust, no bloodshed will ever destroy!'

'You are a partial friend, Thomas; but I wish all men felt towards it and its inhabitants as you do.'

'That do not I,' thought Wolsey, 'unless, indeed, I were the foremost and most favored of all;' but he only replied, 'I have reason to be partial, Ellen.'

'Perchance, Thomas, the issue of our interest this day may make you more partial than ever towards my father and myself, though your gain must be our loss.'

'Wolsey, will not that be some consolation to you, when in Oxford, to know my fair cousin here will be daily a loser by your absence?'

The youth blushed, feeling conscious that both his hopes and his fears might be excited during his residence at the University; but the color soon disappeared, and he joined in the conversation without any appearance of embarrassment.

'If Ellen can promise herself the same pleasure in my

progress, neither she nor I can be a loser by my residence at the University, however prolonged it may be.'

'I assure you, Thomas, I shall take a most lively interest in your success.'

'He will not fail, Ellen, to be well repaid for his labors, should he win your approbation.'

'Let him go on as he has begun, and his success will be considered to form part of the honors attached to the house of De Freston.'

Now, though Ellen, in this speech, meant no more than to convey an idea of a certain degree of patronage which the House of De Freston had already exercised in the behalf of the young aspirant for future fame, yet, upon such a temperament as Wolsey's it produced an impression not easily to be effaced. The blood circulated warmly through his frame as he thought of the possibility of his being able to bring honor to the house of De Freston, and to be deemed worthy of the hand (for his ambition had conceived the possibility of such an accomplishment) of the beautiful and enlightened heiress of De Freston, the chief happiness of his life. Wolsey could only bow and promise to do his best, and repeated that it was one of the greatest pleasures of his existence to have met with a person who had led him to the foot of the hill on which the temple of Fame was built, and was ready to welcome him upon his arrival at the summit.

The party arrived at the drawbridge, where the old warder, with his battle-axe in hand, as if he were then watching for his safety, or expecting the arrival of a foe, saluted his master. He was in his niche in the side of the right-hand turret of the drawbridge, and presented his lord with a packet of letters, which had arrived since he went to the Tower. These were placed in the pouch or pocket of De Freston, then worn externally, beneath the belt which bound the leathern jerkin of the noble, and was wrought with ornamental gold embroidery, and studded with the head of the bear. This crest of that ancient family was adopted in consequence of the reputation of his ancestor, who arrived with William the Conqueror, for great personal strength, is expressed in the following motto:

'Who meets De Freston must beware
The arms and courage of the bear.'

On the summit of the two towers, at either entrance of *the arch forming the outer and inner gateway of the draw-*

bridge, were the well-carved colossal figures of a rampant bear, facing each other, forming a barbarous, but, at that time, very common capital to the huge square pillars of the gateway; and, in the arms over the old porch, the bear hugging a foe was said to represent the manner in which the founder of the family, after having broken his sword, rushed in upon his enemy, and, seizing him, crushed him in his arms.

At that time, when the barons of England were expected to decide which rose they would wear, it was almost a disgrace not to have their castles ornamented in every part with the especial rose—red or white—which they espoused. It is singular that a flower should be the symbol of contention throughout the whole kingdom. The Lord De Freston lost nothing of his reputation by commanding his adherents to espouse neither side.

They reached the Baron's entrance-hall, where Ellen's maid stood in readiness to receive the mantle and hood of her mistress, and to await her retirement to her room. The retainers, in their military habiliments still, as in war-like days, assembled in rank and file in the ancestral hall; and every day with their burnished arms, their broad breast-plates, and high peaked helmets, made their appearance at the mid-day meal, before the baron or his mareschal.

The utmost regularity prevailed in that mansion, and the absence of any member of the establishment was observable immediately. All raised their right hands to their helmets as De Freston and his daughter entered. His archers rested on their bows, his spearmen on their spears, whilst his boatmen, with the Flemish pea-green jackets and woollen hose, looked, in their sea-faring dresses, the most independent among his retainers. Fifty spearmen, as many archers, twelve boatmen, grooms of the chambers, and grooms of the stable, together with domestics, in-door and out, were all assembled in that spacious, lofty hall; and before they filed off into the great dining-room, or, as it was then called, the steward's refectory, they had to make this daily assembling a conspicuous part of their duty. Every man's name was chalked upon the boards of the house the day of his coming into his lord's service, and his place and position. It was part of the steward's office to call over their names, and signify the cause of absence to De Freston. In this manner, before partaking of their master's meat, every man was inspected, and it added no little to the pride of the lord, as

of pleasure to his vassal, to be recognised daily for punctuality and cleanliness.

'A man is mighty,' thought Wolsey, as he surveyed the band of warriors and retinue of servants, 'a man is mighty who can depend upon himself without these adjuncts! Yet he who is popular with his own people, who serve him heart and hand, and without many protestations but with faithful deeds, must feel strengthened in his castle. Should I ever be a lord, I will take pleasure in seeing my retainers marshalled in this way. It must add to mutual regard, and make a man appear to himself of some consequence.'

After a word or two with the officer, De Freston dismissed his servants, who retired to the great feast daily prepared for them, and which, with forest rangers, watchers, warders, soldiers, and serving-men, was always a joyful meeting. It was then that they were permitted to arrange themselves around the great log fire, and speak of the adventures by flood and field any of them had heard, or manifest their regard for their master's honor; and many a boy imbibed that feudal loyalty which induced him to devote his life to his superior. The iron helmet rang upon the broad stone pavement of the room, as each soldier threw it off, and exposed to view a manly countenance, then covered with profuse locks and thick beard, and took his seat among some of the less encumbered domestics. Wit, fun, and frolic, had then their hour, and tales of the stables, of the river, of the park, the town, the village, the country, and often tales of love circulated rapidly.

Some would talk of the great doings of the former Barons of De Freston, the feats of his followers, and the perils they had escaped. Then was discussed, too, that all-important question with all the retainers, the settlement of their beloved mistress.

'I have no faith in these learned gentry,' exclaimed a sturdy fellow of the name of Bigmore, whose fathers had served the Lords De Freston for many generations. 'I have no faith in these learned gentry for the lord of my young mistress, though, bless her heart, she is worthy of the most learned man in the land; though old Joe Jordan, with his usual long face, declares that there will never be another warrior in the house of De Freston.'

'So say I now, Hugh—so say I now; and if I do say it, *may be*, I may not regret the day I see it, should I see your *troop disbanded* and peace and liberty reigning without the

help of the sword. You laugh at me as a mechanic, as my lord's carpenter; now, to my mind, building peaceful habitations is far pleasanter than building castles, towers, or fortifications. I say now, that the tower of peace which we have just finished on the banks of the Orwell, unsuited as it is for attack and defence, will stand longer than many a baron's castle, and, may be, outlast even the habitation of its builder.'

'Why true, Master Jordan, it is but a slight concern, and might be easily battered to pieces.'

'And for that very reason men will not think it worth their while to attack it. It is built for my lady's tower. It is merely for her pleasure, that she may not be weary in her pursuits of science, and that no one may interfere therewith. Warriors as you are, you would none of you fight against a woman, and therefore will this lady's tower be respected, aye, should all the warriors be set in battle array against each other, and the bloody rose meet the pale one in De Freston's park.'

'Ah, well! methinks, Jordan, thou wouldst have thy mistress marry a priest.'

'And pray why is not a priest as good a man as a lord?'

'Why? Because he may not marry!'

This created a laugh among some who were always glad to hear old Joe Jordan's remarks, though they might not be exactly in accordance with their own.

'That is their misfortune, not their fault. I would not be a priest, to take such a vow.'

'I'll tell thy wife of thee, Master Jordan,' exclaimed Abdil Foley, one of the journeymen, who happened to be then employed in fitting up some frames belonging to the tapestry-room in De Freston's Tower.

'And she would thank thee for thy pains, and say, Bachelor Foley, do thou marry, or else turn thou priest and get thee into the cloister.'

'Abdil, thou hast got an able answer. Go to, and get married.'

'I will when it suits my purpose!'

'Well, friends, here's a health to our young mistress; and may she marry a nobler lord than her father, if he can be found in the land. What do you say to that, old Joe?'

'I say, as an independent man would say, it may be improved upon.'

'How so?'

'Will you all drink it if I give it you improved?'

All vociferated 'Yes.'

'Well, then, I say, Here's a health to our young mistress, and may she marry the man of her mind.'

'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!'

'But may that man be a lord!'

'May that be as it may be. Our lord's a deserving lord. A good master, kind friend, upright, learned, wise, independent, generous, and great; and if all the barons of England were like him, their nobility would be an ornament to them, and they would be ornaments to the people; but I say it with no disrespect to our master, God bless him! there are many lords who visit him not half so good looking, nor half so knightly, nor half so learned, nor half so well behaved, as either Masters Latimer or Wolsey, now the guests at his table.'

'Well, which would you have for a master?'

'That is not for me to choose—I could serve either; for they have both held much converse with me while the tower was building, and I can perceive both are learned, both are gentlemen.'

'I think she likes young Wolsey,' said one, 'but surely she will never marry a merchant's son, and the owner of the butcher's shambles at Ipswich. My uncle there, John Carington, is one of his tenants, and told me that old Wolsey is as strict a master as if he had nothing else to live upon than the rents of the butcher's shambles.'

'Our lord,' said another, 'did not scruple to marry a merchant's daughter, though he was a rich one, it is true! Why, then, should not his daughter smile upon a merchant's son; and that son such a one as he is? Hey, Master Bigmore! this is true logic.'

'I don't understand your logic. I am for supporting the house of my master, and not letting it fall.'

It was in such manner that the men of De Freston frequently occupied that hour of their meals; and let education do what it will, it will no more prevent the current of observation and reflection in the kitchen than it will prevent many of those who call themselves most enlightened religious professors talking about their neighbors, and interfering much more in their families than any servants do in their master's affairs. It is as impossible to stop men from thinking about national subjects as to control the conversations of *their domestics*, when they see things passing before their

eyes, either in the parlor, or the chapel, or the hall. Good masters will not always make good men, nor good domestics cease to serve bad masters; but evil masters seldom fail of conveying evil consequences to their dependents.

In those days of feudal grandeur it was of as much or of more consequence than it is in these enlightened times that a lord should stand well with his vassals. Though his power was great over their lives, yet his own life and state much depended upon their support. Happily, no such tyranny now exists, unless it may be said to have sprung up in the nineteenth century, in the horrible tyranny of that law which now enslaves the poor. The future consequences to this country, under this new system, remains to be seen; at present, great is the misery experienced; and it will be so whilst the liberty of the subject is so shamefully infringed upon as to make poverty an excuse for imprisonment, where crime only should be punished.

We may approach the days of high pressure upon liberty, and whilst we are speculating upon the rapidity of motion, we may be only forging chains for our confinement. 'We shall see!' is the expression of many a man who sees more than he chooses to discuss; but may we live to see more peace and prosperity, industry, simplicity, and contentment, than we do any of us see or know at the present time.

Dinner was in the banqueting hall, and De Freston, his daughter, and friends, sat as they did of old, at one long table, all on one side, while the serving men stood opposite. The banners of De Freston waved over the head of the gallery leading to the upper rooms, while the old carved chimney-piece, representing the battle of the giants, one party ascending on the right hand column of the fire-place to the grand contest, whilst the left hand represented them hurled down with rocks from Jupiter Tonans, who, in the very centre of the cross beam, was with his fiery eagles sending forth his thunderbolts.

Bowls of polished wood contained the simple meal of the day, and though silver and gold cups stood upon the table, no forks, but fingers only, tore asunder the limbs of fowls, the slices of venison, or whatever else was served up before the Lord De Freston. It is true that a huge sword-like scimitar or knife was used by the steward of the table to sever for my lord the portions from the baron of beef; but ere the morsels could be reduced to the size fit for the

mouth, they must be torn asunder by the delicate fingers which conveyed them to the teeth.

But men were not less cleanly or happy in their feasts than they are now. The water was poured upon the hands, the napkin more frequently applied, and conversation was far less formal, and much more general than at present. The lord and his daughter performed the duties of hospitality, conversed with their guests upon the great discoveries then making in the world; and the wonders of navigation were thought as much of in those days as the wonders of steam are in these. The powers of the compass were then first discussed; and Captain Diaz, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, had sailed round Cape Stormy, now called, or soon after then called, the Cape of Good Hope.

Nothing more gratified our party than to speak of the wonders of the press. Wolsey declared that the monks should all turn printers, and that every monastery ought to have a press.

Had such been the case, it is much to be feared that truth would not have triumphed as she did.

The meal was soon over, and the party prepared to take their departure, according to previous arrangement, for the Port of Ipswich.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXCURSION.

THE state barge of Lord De Freston was moored against the stairs, or huge oaken steps which led down directly from the shelving bank of the park to the waves of the Orwell. Six men, with broad oars in hand, prepared to thrust them through the round loop holes in the gunwale of the boat, for thowles were then unknown, and the barges or boats of the noblemen who lived on the banks of that far-famed river, were things of such size, as required able-bodied men and strong hands to urge them over the waves.

Unlike the little cockle which went bounding over the Orwell in the morning to meet the anxious Wolsey, this was a magnificent affair, somewhat after the shape of the Nautilus, and floating apparently as high out of the water. *The huge bear rose rampant at the prow, and looked as if*

he would grapple with anything he met, whilst the seat at the stern was elevated, and with rude, but elaborately carved work, afforded room for as many persons as there were rowers in the boat. If any attendants went in the state barge, they squatted down beneath the hind paws of Bruin. They were not permitted to intercept the view; but were mostly hidden by the sailors.

'I wonder, messmate, how our moody young scholar liked his reception at the Tower to-day. I thought he looked rather gloomy upon the view. At all other times he was wont to be as brisk and bright as a light-hearted sailor-boy. I'll warrant he has something aboard his skull which presses heavily on the spirit.'

'Ah! Jervis, that boy, heavy as he appears to be, has more brains in his head than all we six put together; and he makes more use of them now than we shall ever make of ours. Never mind his being a little dull this morning; maybe our mistress smiling upon the young Oxonian may make him a little thoughtful. Did you not tell me that he was going to Oxford, or some seat of learning, for a time?'

'It was whispered so among our people, and Mistress Ellen's maid was heard to say her mistress would be very dull when young Master Thomas went away.'

'Well, then, art thou surprised that young Master Thomas should be a little thoughtful at leaving such a lively friend as our young mistress? I'll warrant now, Jervis, if our lord were to order thee to go by sea to the mouth of the Severn, and to wait his pleasure on that river, thou wouldst think of the maid Fanny, as much as Master Thomas does of her mistress. I never knew a youth in love—and I believe this young scholar is so—that was not moody; sometimes fit for nothing, sometimes as close and almost as stupid as an oyster. Young Wolsey was hard enough to open this morning. Eut have ye all got your oars in hand? for yonder they come from the castle, and we must be prepared.'

'Heave out the plank from the stern, Osborne!' exclaimed the old steersman, 'and fasten it to the head of the stair. Heave the barge round, and point her prow to the Priory! Gently, boys, gently! There, lay her stern as near the bank as you can! Leave off talking about your betters, and mind your own business!'

Six rowers, and this cockswain, whose long boom for a rudder bespoke a very primitive kind of steerage for him—

self. His seat was a strong oaken plank, through which this long oar or steering-boom was to be thrust, and upon which, seated upon its broad beam-end, he was observed to possess the most elevated position in the boat. Full three feet below his exalted post was the deck, if so it might be called, whereon De Freston and his friends were to take their seats.

Though Wolsey had never breathed a word of his devotion, yet these men appeared to be fully cognizant of it. The world will canvass the actions of a man, let the circumference of his orbit be what it may. It will talk for us, and at us, and make us drink sometimes the waters of bitterness, even when we would live in peace and harmony with all. There was no kind of evil will, however, in the conversation of De Freston's boatmen, as they spoke of young Wolsey and his love affair. Love sails as freely with seamen as with landmen, and its pleasures were in as high estimation amongst those young fellows, in their green Flemish jerkins, as it could be in the heart of any of their superiors then coming along the slope to the Orwell.

The scholar soon appeared, all smiles and animation, as he handed the lovely Ellen across the plank to her seat, and gave a nod of recognition to the men, to whom, in the morning, he had scarcely spoken a word. They saw his altered mien, and rejoiced in that vivacity which now gave light to his countenance.

The lady Ellen also was now on board, and when did the heart of a British sailor ever fail to feel respect for the fair and honored daughters of England, whenever chance gave them the opportunity of showing them their esteem? With cap in hand, they saluted the lady and their lord.

'Give way, my good men!' he cried, 'and hasten with all speed to the town! We must go to Gypesswick and back this afternoon. Is that the Prior's boat, Herbert, close under the Donham shore, or is it Fastolf's barque?'

'It is the Prior's barge, from the port with provisions. I saw Fastolf's barge go down the river to the Haugh an hour ago. We shall have time and tide enough in the channel for the way, my lord.'

The old sailor gave the signal, the men thrust the oars through the holes, and soon, in stately grandeur, the lofty barge of De Freston was seen gliding past the banks of the Orwell.

The channel took almost a direct course from Freston

Castle to the shores of the Priory of Downham, or Doneham, and swept, with a graceful curve, beneath the then overhanging woods which stood so prominently upon the projecting cliffs of the Orwell.

Wolsey and Latimer vied with each other in directing Ellen's attention to the beauty of the scenery, and in recording the different historical facts relative to the places which had been the scenes of daring exploit in the different periods of English and Danish warfare. Ellen could appreciate the beauties of the scenery, but her gentle heart shuddered at the idea of bloodshed, as every Christian female heart must do.

It was with far greater pleasure that she heard Wolsey recount the worthiness of the brotherhood who then inhabited the walls of Alneshborne Priory. He spoke of their learning and devotion to deeds of charity, and represented them as an exception to any other of the religious communities, then so prevalent in the kingdom. There was a raciness, fluency and force in his descriptive powers, which charmed even Latimer, who, though comparatively a novice upon the river, was alive to the spirit of poesy in which his companion indulged.

The tide had turned, but the channel was then both deeper and wider than it is now, and took a far more grand and oceanic sweep. The soil of centuries which has flowed down from the Gipping into the Orwell, and different streams which have deposited their sand and slime, have formed that immense track of ouse, which, swelling into steep, muddy banks, has now conglomerated into vast fields of slimy clay, upon which green samphire and long weeds have grown, and very much narrowed the mighty channel, which, in that day swept, as an arm of the German Ocean, up to the walls of the town of Ipswich.

It was then no uncommon thing, even in summer, to see the wild swan with his straight neck and yellow beak, sailing up the stream, followed by the brood of cygnets bred upon the flats of Levington; and in winter, the wild fowl from distant climes sported in thousands of flights, until they actually blackened the silvery waters around them. Gulls of every class used to whiten the ouse at low water, and coots used to blacken the waves at full-tide; now nothing of animated nature can be seen but a long, green track of seaweed, with perhaps a solitary swan, or a lonely gull.

But the barge is dashing away with the speed of good

stout rowers, amidst the beauties of the wave and the shore, and Ellen's smile restores much of its wonted happiness to the heart of Wolsey, who only the more and more strove to make a favorable impression upon her mind, by bringing forth from the treasure-house of his intellect, such instances of his classical knowledge as should make her remember *the last day* when he went up the river with his patron and patroness.

It was indeed for his sake that she visited the town of Ipswich at that moment, in company with her parent, to urge upon Robert Wolsey, his father, the imperious necessity of sending the scholar to Oxford. Both De Freston and his daughter were carried away by their enthusiastic feelings in patronising this youth, and anticipated the day when he would rise to be an ornament to his country, and an honor to themselves. The thought of doing an act of kindness to Wolsey gave a peculiar degree of interest to the journey. Ellen, in particular, quite gloried in the thought of being of service to one who had been to her so congenial a companion.

The magnificent banks of the Orwell, opening their views on each side, on as lovely a late spring day as it was possible to see, added a great charm to the excursion; and, as they swept in view of the ancient town, they could not but admire the grand semicircle which the wharf and Peter's Priory, and different religious houses in the distance, then afforded.

But, as they neared the town, and beheld the tower, turret, house and hall, of the great merchants and burgesses of the borough, the old pilot called the attention of his lord to the number of boats then leaving the quays and sides of the river.

'Methinks, your honor, that all Ipswich is turning out to meet on the wave; their numbers seem to increase, and I certainly never saw such a float of boats upon the river before!'

'I see something on the wave before the boats,' replied De Freston. 'Now it disappears—now it meets us—now it turns, and the boats seem gathering round it. What can it be?'

'I see it now, my lord, I see it; and I think I discern two fish which the inhabitants of the town in their cockle-shell boats are pursuing. Yes, I see them plainly.'

'Come up, my child,' said De Freston, 'or if not able to ascend hither, if you can stand upon the seat, you will see a

lively scene. Come hither, let the two young men be your supporters.'

The river, as they approached the town, seemed alive with boats, and it was evident that the people in them were engaged in pursuing two large fish, which were in vain trying to escape down the channel. One seemed larger than the other, and the declaration of Herbert at the helm soon pronounced what they were.

'They are two dolphins, old and young, and I think they have wounded the young one, and the parent will not leave it.'

And so it literally was. The pursuers had harpooned the lesser fish, and with several boats joined together were towing it from its mother, who, with that extraordinary instinct which this fish has often been known to display, preferred following its young to death, to making its own escape. Many times it was seen to return and run its nose against the exhausted body of its offspring, as if endeavoring, with maternal anxiety, to teach it to follow her; for it would, the moment after, dive down the current of the ebbing tide, and then seem to wait the approach of the wounded dolphin. It would then return with redoubled anxiety, and, unable to induce its young to follow, would lay itself alongside, and regardless of boats, blows, and harpoons, keep with it until they drew towards the shore. Even then it would not return, but as De Freston's barge came along, the heart of Ellen was grieved to see such maternal solicitude followed by a train of blood which actually streaked the waves.

'Alas! poor dolphin!' she exclaimed, as she saw it dragged to the shore opposite the creek, then leading up to Wyke's Bishop Palace in the hamlet of St. Clement. 'Alas, poor dolphin! thou didst deserve a better fate! For thou hast respected the laws of nature more than cruel man!'

She sat down in the barge and wept. De Freston had intended to have landed, and his men would have been equally glad to have seen a creature so rare in the Orwell. He urged them to proceed at once, without delay, to the landing-place beside St. Peter's Priory.

It was a long time before Ellen could rouse herself from the sorrowful feeling into which the recent incident had thrown her; and she spoke not a word until the hand of De Freston assisted her to land, and then it was—

‘Father, I shall never forget the dolphin and her offspring.’

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISIT.

THE outer wall of St. Peter's Priory then abutted upon the waters of the Orwell, and formed a long river border, from the Common Quay nearly to the first lock gates where the Orwell and Gipping meet. At the junction of the two rivers, where the salt water and fresh salute each other at high tide, there was formerly the termination wall of the Priory, and the southern gate to the town of Ipswich.

At this point was, at low water, the celebrated Stoke Ford, where the Danes entered the town; and Terkettel, the Danish giant, was slain by an archer from the wall. The channel of the river swept along close under the walls of the Priory; and though the cells of the monks did not face the waves, yet there were light niches or loop holes in those walls, through which, if occasion required, any one ascending by ladder, or frame, might discharge his arrows upon an enemy.

There were small Saxon arches, equidistant along the wall, which gave a degree of light and elegance to that otherwise dark and dreary brick fortification. The Priory was then in its greatest prosperity and had vast possessions in the town, on the banks of Stoke, and along the meadows of the winding Gipping.

De Freston's barge had been espied coming up the river, and the Prior, for many reasons, paid court to the lords of De Freston. Independently of the many donations he received from the charity of his ancestors, he had only a few days before received substantial proof of the liberality of the present lord, who had presented to the fraternity, for the shrine of St. Peter, two massive candlesticks of silver, together with twelve ornamental brass ones for the chapel.

There was, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact, that when De Freston came to St. Peter's, or the Southern Gate, he should be met by the Prior

and six canons, bareheaded, to solicit a visit to their monastery.

'Prior John,' said the nobleman, 'I am sensible of thy kindness, but I cannot now accept the offer of thine hospitality. I am visiting Ipswich upon business, and must return again by moonlight to my own castle. But I would crave thy charity for these my boatmen, if thou wilt give them rest and refreshment, beneath the roof of thy porter until such time as we come back.'

'Most assuredly, De Freston! We should have been proud to have entertained thee, thy daughter, and thy friends; for we are not unmindful of thy love for our institution, and know well thy devotion to the ways of thine ancestors. Our books record thy gifts.'

'Say nothing of them, Father John, say nothing of them, and think of them less. If thou wilt receive my men, I will not forget it when I next pay my vows at St. Peter's shrine.'

'They shall be made welcome. The boat can be moored to the Priory steps, and, Antony, conduct the men to the lodge. We will see that they shall be taken care of.'

The men were glad enough to be so located for a time, for they knew well that, however seemingly self-denying and outwardly stern the Prior and his brotherhood might be in ceremonious matters of religion, there was no lack of good cheer within their walls, and no failure in their supply to any whom they made welcome. Gladly they followed Antony, after their master had departed with his daughter and the young man for the interior of the town.

They had not long been seated on the polished oaken benches of the lofty room, in the interior of Antony's lodge, before they were visited by some of the fraternity, under pretence of seeing if they fared well. There was no doubt of that; but the Friar was curious, and when did a monk note a stranger of any consequence and not desire to know more of him?

'Who is the young man with thy master?' asked the inquisitive Simon, as he placed a huge leathern black jug of *Prior's ale* upon the table before Herbert, the pilot.

'That is Master William Latimer, my master's kinsman, from Oxford.'

'Ho! from Oxford! and dost thou know why and wherefore he is come?'

'I know not, your reverence, why or wherefore he is come; but we have our thoughts, good father.'

'So have all men, Herbert, so have all men; and I dare say now thy thoughts were as much toward thy mistress as towards the young man?'

'I don't know that, father; I seldom trouble my head about things that don't concern me; and when I said we had our thoughts, I was not then thinking of our mistress.'

'Humph!'—and the Friar seemed a little disappointed—'hath he been long at the castle?'

'But three days, father. He came to see Freston Tower finished and adorned, and to bring his presents of learned books to the Lady Ellen.'

'And did he bring them for her? I have heard thy mistress is wonderfully clever for her years. Our young townsman, who accompanies them, tells me thus much. But dost thou know the object of thy master's visit to Ipswich this afternoon?'

'We have our thoughts, and it is said amongst us that it is to settle about Master Thomas Wolsey's going back with this young learned Latimer, to Oxford.'

'Ho! ho! that is it, is it?' and the brother returned from the lodge to report to his principal what he had made out of the Lord De Freston's visit.

Now there was nothing uncommon in all this, for the monks of Ipswich knew everything going on around them. They had time to talk over the condition of every nobleman, and to calculate upon what might be got from them, for the benefit of their community. Prior John had noticed the abilities of Wolsey, and, as books were scarce, and more valuable than land, and he saw his great love for these, he had indulged the youth with many an hour's study in his own cell, and had hopes that he would one day be useful to the Priory.

It was the fact that at that very time the party were on their way to the house of Edmund Daundy, the wealthiest man in Ipswich, who was related to Wolsey, and connected with De Freston.

He was one of the most benevolent-minded men of his day, whose works of charity remain to this hour. Singularly upright, generous, pious, and devout, he conceived it to be his duty to devote the first fruits of all he obtained to purposes of benevolence, so that no ship brought home

his merchandise, no speculation answered in which he engaged, but he set apart a portion of his profits upon every article to a fund for doing good. His prosperity became so great, and his punctuality so conspicuous, and his store laid by for charity so accumulated, that he seldom refused the prayer of an applicant for his bounty. He founded schools for the young, alms-houses for the aged, a market-cross for traffic, and a chauntry for a priest to pray for his own soul and those of his relatives. His munificence was proverbial:

'If bricks be sold for Daundy's gold,
The town of Gypesswick will ne'er be old.'

As much as to say that his wealth could purchase bricks, for which Ipswich was then celebrated, more than could be made and used for centuries in renewing the town.

His magnificently old carved and ornamented house stood in the very centre of the town, in St. Lawrence parish, and nearly fronting the then gates of St. Lawrence Church. It was situated between two very opulent mansions, that of John Fastolf and John Sparrowe, gentlemen, who, together with the said Edmund Daundy, at different periods, represented the borough of Ipswich in parliament. The family of Fastolf had a residence in Ipswich, and at the Haugh, beyond Alneshborne Priory; and though they had castles at Caister and at Woodbridge, they resided the greater part of the year at Ipswich.

Edmund Daundy, though he had so much interest with the monks of Alneshborne as always to have apartments in that Priory devoted to him, never deserted his native town, but lived and died in it, beloved for every amiable virtue, and deeply regretted when he was taken away.

The object of De Freston's visit was to persuade him to intercede with Dame Joan Wolsey, or, as it was then termed, Wuley, to part with her son for a time, that he might go to Oxford. There was no kind of difficulty, in a pecuniary view; though, had there been such, it would have been no disgrace whatever to his after career. But, as we have said, Wolsey was related to Edmund Daundy, a man who was ready to serve him, hand and heart. With such powerful friends as De Freston and Daundy, there could be no difficulty, as has been stated there was by some writers, in his being sent to Oxford. All the circumstances of the time tend to corroborate this fact.

His father, likewise, was an independent man, upon the most intimate terms of friendship with all the leading men and merchants in Ipswich, and had no mean estates at the very period when some biographers speak of his poverty. His will is fortunately in existence, and is now acknowledged, by all modern historiographers, to prove that he was a man of considerable possessions.

He leaves his property to his wife—for his son Thomas had, before his decease, intimated his intention of becoming a priest; and this may be the reason for the father's 'lands and tenements in St. Nicholas' parish, and his bond and free lands in the parish of Stoke, being left to his widow, and only a priest's portion, for prayers, being appointed for his son in that will.'

The fact was, Thomas Wolsey was an only child, the pride of his parents, and the particular hope and delight of his attached mother. She had been alive to his disposition from infancy; she saw his eager aptitude for learning; she first fed and then encouraged it, and, being herself a woman of considerable attainments for her day, she rejoiced in the growing fame of her son. She had, however, taken a decided aversion to the priesthood as a profession for her son, and fearful lest, by going to Oxford, she should lose him, she had set her face against all the suggestions of his friends, and the arguments of her relatives.


If prejudice alone had operated upon the mind of this excellent woman, she would not have been, as she was, so calmly forcible in her decisions against the measure; but she little thought what a powerful battery was to open its artillery upon her that day.

The party arrived at the mansion of the wealthy burgess, and was welcomed by him with that hearty favor which he always bore to De Freston and his friends.

'Right welcome art thou, most noble lord—right welcome to my house and home. I did not expect to see thee, fair maiden, but, as thou art come, thou must be a coadjutor in our suit; and, if I mistake not, thou wilt carry more weight with Mistress Joan than all our united forces.'

The maiden felt a little surprised, and, if truth be told, young Wolsey felt a no small degree of joy in the interest excited at the moment. Ellen could not help saying—

'I cannot conceive, my dear friend, how I can have more weight with Wolsey's mother than thou hast. She has been *very kind and attentive* to me in a thousand ways; but she



is no kind of debtor to me. I am rather under obligation to her. Is it not so, my father?’

‘She has always shown herself very partial to thee, Ellen, and, I must say, has taken a most motherly interest in thy behalf; for, as soon as I lost thy mother, she was incessant in her kindness towards thee, and recommended that good old faithful nurse, Dorothea, whom thou didst lose last year. Thou art indebted to her likewise for thy present maid, Fanny; and she has worked with her own hand, and sent thee by this young scholar many a little comfort for the furnishing of thy tower. These certainly are indications, as Master Daundy says, of strong predilection; and if those who love us are in any way to be influenced by us, I see here a very proper occasion for the exercise of that influence which thou mayest possess.’

‘And I can tell thee,’ added Daundy, ‘more than this. It was but last evening I was speaking to her upon the very subject which we now discuss, when she said: “If anything could induce me to let Thomas go to Oxford, it would be Ellen De Freston expressing a wish that he should go.”’

A blush mantled upon the cheek of Ellen, as she looked innocently enough at Wolsey, and caught his glance of intercession. The boy’s whole soul was wrapt up in the interest he then excited. His own heart told him at once the cause of his mother’s favor towards Ellen, and though he dare not, even to his heart, breathe the hope that she would see it—nay, indeed, hoped that she would not—yet he entertained a sort of indefinite idea, that she might one day perceive that, for her sake, he would do anything. The youth’s animated countenance must have quickened her perception, or she was struck with the possibility of doing him service, for she replied—

‘Could I but think I could persuade her, the effort would be nothing for me to make. I have strong arguments to back me, have I not, cousin Latimer?’

‘Indeed you have, Ellen! I will say it before my young friend, that, in your letters, you only did him justice. I did not expect to find your descriptive power of character so just as I have found it in the talents of this youth. Thomas Wolsey, you are little aware what an advocate you have had.’

If ever Wolsey felt abashed, it was at that moment, yet he found words to reply—

‘I know not,’ he said, ‘how to speak my gratitude to Ellen De Freston, or her father. They have been the

brightest fosterers of my love of literature, and of every virtue which can prompt a young man to exertion. Should Ellen succeed in her petition to my mother, for my father has already acceded to the persuasions of his friends, I shall for ever feel indebted to her, and in future years, if my exertions should be crowned with success, the greatest joy I can feel will arise from the consciousness of the approbation of such a friend.'

'Come, then,' said Daundy, 'I can see clearly we shall be able to effect our purpose. I never saw a mother more against her son's entering the Church than is Dame Joan. She trembles, Thomas, lest thou shouldst become a priest, and, knowing the restrictions which would be placed upon thee, as the child of Rome that thou must then become, she fears that thou wouldst be sworn to give away all thine affections, and that she should lose thy love, thy attention to her, and thine interest in life.'

'I know my mother's fears. I have, however, endeavored to combat them; first, upon the grounds that I never think of becoming a priest, though I told her then that it would be wrong in me to make a vow that I would not. Then I have represented to her the field of glory open to one who enters the cloister, and would show her what fame, what present and future joy, there was in the employment which the Pope now gives to all the sons of the Church. She thinks every priest must be lazy, bigotted, and superstitious, and, at times, almost makes me think she is, or would be, an heretic. But she shakes her head at me, tells me I am young, that we think differently as we grow older, and often take steps too precipitately in our youth, before our judgments are formed, of which we afterwards bitterly repent. Now I wish to go to Oxford that I may obtain an insight into learning, such as this, my native town, cannot afford me. I wish to study logic and the laws of my country, as well as all the literature of this and foreign lands, and I cannot do it better than by going to Oxford; can I, Master Latimer?'

'Most assuredly not. I can be of some service to you, and will, if your parents consent. I am very intimate with Grocyn the learned and newly-elected prebend of Lincoln. He has more influence with Magdalen College *than any man*. He wishes, most heartily, to introduce *into that society* men of first-rate classical ability; and,

as he is Divinity Reader there, he has obtained a promise that those whom he can recommend for letters, shall be admitted upon that foundation. Now I know Groeyn would be glad to hear from me, and if friends here will find me a messenger, I will forthwith write and recommend Master Thomas Wolsey; and I greatly deceive myself if he do not distinguish himself and gratify us all. This is what I can do!

'And, doing this!' added De Freston, 'you will lay us all under obligation. Come, Thomas, your prospects brighten! I think, with all these promises in hand, we cannot fail in obtaining our suit.'

'Then let us no longer delay. Ellen, as the oldest friend of Dame Joan's, I shall offer thee my hand. We will walk to St. Nicholas. I have but to leave a message for Master Cady, upon the subject of the market, and it is not out of our way. So let us be moving; we shall be back in time for our evening meal.'

The party were soon ready, and Daundy and Ellen led the way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVENT.

STRANGE things occur when we least expect them, and often either further or retard the progress of our views so unaccountably, that with all our wisdom we could never effect what is often done by accident. We call it accident, or chance, but, call it what we may, there are designs fulfilled by man of which he has no kind of presentiment; and only after performance are they looked upon as providential.

The party, as merry as friends intent upon doing mutual good could be, bent their way round by the market-place, where the butchers' shambles, a square-built, ancient building, then reared its four sides. It has been misrepresented that one of these stalls was kept by Robert Wolsey, the father of our young scholar; but all the stalls belonged to him, which he had received as the security of his wife's dower from the wealthy family of Daundy. The whole of the butcher's shambles, which they were then approaching,

were rented by the different occupiers of Robert Wolsey, and just in the same manner as any of the great property in Grosvenor Street might belong, upon leases, to the Earl of that name; or the property in Lambeth, held by lease from the Archbishops of Canterbury, might be said to be the property of that See.

It would be unjust to any of the great men who own considerable estates in houses, shops, and tenements, built upon their grounds, to say, that they were, originally, bakers, butchers, brewers, mercers, or hardware men. Yet upon no other ground was Wolsey's father denominated a butcher. He was a merchant and a man of property, and married a lady of one of the highest families, short of nobility, yet truly noble in deed. The party were walking from the market-place towards St. Nicholas, where Wolsey's father resided, in a house which formed the termination of two thoroughfares now called St. Nicholas Street and Silent Street. They were proceeding in front of the area or open market-place by the shambles, just as two surly mastiff dogs were growling and quarrelling for a piece of offal which had been thrown to them. They were huge, tawny mastiff dogs of great power, and most formidable appearance. After eyeing each other with savage fierceness they flew to the conflict. Daundy, at any other time, would have passed by such savage contests among men, boys, or dogs, but having De Freston's daughter upon his left arm, and the animals passing a little too near him, bearing each other down, he hurled at them a small short stick he had in his hand. Had he boldly struck them, and kept the weapon in his hand, they might have been cowed, but as he had inflicted a blow and thrown away the weapon, they turned furiously upon him and his companion, who, in an instant, were borne to the ground.

One savage seized the loyal burgess by the throat, and though he was kicked, and pulled, and beaten by Latimer and De Freston, he maintained his grasp. Ellen was seized by the arm, and the beast had already torn her garments, and the blood was starting from his jaws. It was then that Wolsey displayed his presence of mind and his prowess, for not choosing to waste his time upon the animal's sides, he seized a huge shin-bone of an ox, which lay upon the butcher's stall, and instantly dealt such a blow upon the mastiff's skull as dashed his brains upon the pavement. He then raised the terrified Ellen, who had fainted away with

pain, and whilst a butcher, with a cleaver, administered the same punishment to the other mastiff, he had carried the poor girl into Cady's house, and committed her to the care of its good mistress.

Wolsey still kept the shin-bone in his hand, and when his fellow townsmen saw him walking to his own house with the weapon, and they knew what he had done with it, they would have carried him in their arms in triumph to his father's house. But he had hastened home to tell his parents of the accident, and to request his mother to provide accommodation for Lord De Freston's daughter.

Dame Joan was by no means content with preparations : she ordered her servants to follow with a litter and went at once to Cady's house. Ellen was glad to see her, and confided herself to her care. Daundy was most severely bitten in the throat. It was thought best he should go to his own house, while Ellen was conveyed to Dame Joan Wolsey's.

This was an arrangement to which De Freston could not do otherwise than assent ; for, as the dogs were in a state of mad rage at the time when they flew at them, it was impossible to say what the consequences might be if the patients were neglected. To Dame Joan's, then, his daughter was borne, and, as might be expected, was for some days in a state of feverish excitement concerning her wound.

It was a grand hour for Wolsey, and he was proud of that ox-shin bone ; he called it his friend in need : he had it cleaned, and tipped with silver.

'I will never part with it,' he said to De Freston, 'and if ever I should be worthy of a coat-of-arms, it shall serve as my crest.'

'It was a brave and judicious act, Thomas,' added De Freston, 'and one for which Ellen and I shall ever feel grateful. Had you not killed the mastiff, he might have killed my daughter. The act is worthy of your energy, Thomas, and I should be glad to see your crest exalted. I shall leave Ellen with your mother with as much confidence as if she were at home ; but I will send her maid early in the morning to assist dame Joan's household.'

De Freston had a melancholy return to his castle ; indeed, he would not have gone at all, had not his daughter requested that he would attend to some things which she had proposed doing. On that beautiful evening, Latimer and De Freston took their seats upon the stern of the barge,

and departed for the castle. Daundy did well, and so did Ellen, who did not forget to intercede with Dame Joan in behalf of Wolsey.

‘As thou dost urge it so warmly, fair maiden, and dost seem to take such interest in the fate of my dear son, Thomas, I will not oppose it further; but if he should take to the priesthood, I shall never forgive myself, or—’

‘Me—thou wouldst say, my dear friend. But why take such a hostile view of the priesthood. Men of letters, men of wisdom, men of piety, men of godliness all enter into holy orders, and I see no reason why you should lament, should your son be so resolved. I heard him say, however, that he had no such intention, and methinks you should be content with that declaration.’

‘I am content, but I dread it, because I know that Thomas is not fitted for that sequestered life which the cloister calls for. He is, in his nature, social; in his heart, generous; in his soul, ambitious; in his habits, domestic; and if he should find a *partner* suited to his mind, he would be an ornament to his country. But *priests* must not marry—must not have property—must not love their parents—must not dress as other people do—walk or talk as other people; but are tutored in ways which appear to me suppressed, deceitful, and unfeeling, if not unnatural. I have but one son, and I confess I should like to see of that one a line of honorable descendants; but if Thomas should be a priest, I shall blame myself for listening to your persuasions.’

‘I do but intercede for him as he deserves. He has gained the love of every one here, and possessed himself of all the knowledge here to be obtained. I admire both him and his talents, and should be glad to see him a distinguished man. I am persuaded he will be such; for the energies he has put forth in my behalf have shown him to be of a strong frame, and the thirst he has for science, literature, and languages, proves that these, with proper encouragement, might render him equal to some of the greatest men in the land.’

This conversation took place when Ellen was recovering. Her father became her constant companion under the roof of Wolsey; and Daundy having been pronounced out of all danger, the parties met somewhat oftener. A favorable answer was received from Magdalen, and it was soon agreed *and arranged* that Wolsey, under the auspices of William Latimer, should take his departure for Oxford.

The very event which afterwards turned to his ill account, among his enemies, was looked upon at that day as worthy of all honor. Wolsey took for his crest the arm holding a shin-bone, and in the second volume of Edmontor's 'Heraldry,' the arms of Wolsey are emblazoned, and a naked arm embowed, holding a shin-bone, all proper, is adopted. In other parts of the kingdom, where his arms are found, there is also represented the mastiff's head.

It is not likely that Wolsey, so proud a man as he afterwards proved himself, and so very particular in all things appertaining to dignity, should have chosen for himself a crest which could cast any degree of obloquy upon his origin. Had he been a butcher's son, he would either have acknowledged it, or have sought to conceal it. We do not find that he any where alludes to his origin, nor that he makes mention of the circumstance which induced him to adopt the heraldic emblem of this great deed. He had his arms emblazoned in the days of his prosperity, and before the cardinal's hat superseded the shin-bone, in every part of his house the same crest ornamented his balustrades, his plate, his pictures, and his canopies. However much this might have been perverted by his enemies, beyond all doubt it was chosen by him to denote a brave action.

The following poem is supposed to be written previously to Wolsey's departure from his native town. It was breathed in the solitude of his own study, and addressed to her who then held such sway over his affections.—

Dr Freston's Daughter.

Hail ! beauteous creature of thy race,
Most glorious in form and grace !
In every feature purely bright,
Reflecting innocence as light ;
Calm dignity is on thy brow,
Intelligence doth round thee glow,
And thou art lovely, and of gentlest kind,
My kinsman's daughter, and my kindred mind !

Fair Ellen, were you rich domain,
Yon castle, tower, and portly train
Of serfs and vassals, in their state,
Attendant on my nod to wait ;
And riches of all Europe mine,
And thou couldst say, no wealth was thine
Then wouldst thou be as much, or more, to me,
Than now I wish the scholar were to thee.

Alone, I'm seated in my cell,
My studies weary me unwell,
My thoughts distracted, mind no more
The beauties of the classic lore ;
For all I read, or hear, or see,
Remind me, Ellen, but of thee ;
And if of thee I can alone have thought,
My heart would fain of thee alone be taught.

Fair Helen was not half so bright,
Though heroes for her met in fight,
Though Paris lov'd, and sons of Troy,
With aged Priam, lov'd the boy
Who stole her. Helen was not fair,
If virtues thine with hers compare ;
For thou, in grace, in modesty, and mien,
Transcendest far the far-famed Grecian Queen !

Thine head is Grecian, brow is high,
Expansive as the summer sky ;
And crown'd with locks of flowing hair,
Such as thy mother, Eve, might wear,
When first to Adam she appeared,
And Paradise of Eden shared ;
So open, innocent, and calm a brow,
None but the purest of her daughters show !

Thine eyes half shaded by thine hair,
Dark flowing down thy forehead fair,
Cast forth their beams, inquiring how
All things created ought to bow
To Him who made them. E'en of me
They ask what worship ought to be ;
And, when I view them, I confess I feel
As if their radiance would make me kneel.

To see that eye intent on thought,
Which learning has in wisdom taught ;
And see its glance to heavenward bend,
As if thy spirit would ascend
And bring down answers from the sky
To all that seems a mystery :
Its swelling orb, as rolling sphere at night,
Glitters in aqueous moisture pure and bright.

Thy form, how graceful ! like the fawn
Bounding along the spacious lawn ;
Or, as the lamb at morning light
Skips from the fold in sportive flight,
Enjoying life, so oft I've seen
Thy form light bounding o'er the green
To meet me coming. O ! that I could be
Ellen De Freston, ever near to thee.

Oh! if to learning's seat I go,
 And Fame's bright wreath should crown my brow,
 And honors raise me to the height
 Of all ambition could requite,
 And every tongue and every hand
 Should give me all they could command,
 Fair Ellen, still I'd lay them at thy feet:
 Thou couldst alone my happiness complete.

Whilst now before me visions spread,
 And seem to crown the aspiring head,
 And call me from my native town,
 And drive away the darkest frown,
 My life has dreaded that alone
 I should be lost and left unknown:
 The visions now so clouded which I see,
 Is lighted up, fair Ellen, but by thee!

Thou in the distance shining bright
 Appearest like a speck of light,
 And brighter as the present cloud
 The darkened foreground seems to shroud,
 Whilst full on thee the sunny ray
 Descends as beaming as the day,
 When full of glory, I shall see thee shine,
 And hope to call De Freston's daughter mine!

Had this poem but been sent to Ellen before the youth left Ipswich for Oxford, it would have explained to Lord De Freston the nature of the feelings of the writer; but it was never sent; it was seen by Wolsey's mother, and copied, but it was supposed and intended to be kept secret by the young aspirant for fame.

CHAPTER IX.

COLLEGE CAREER.

THE youth departed from Ipswich with the love of many hearts following him, and with no lack of things requisite to make his career at Oxford brilliant. He was introduced by a student who had already gained University honors, and was looked upon as a man of sound learning and piety, and one eminently calculated to judge of Wolsey's capacity. Wolsey and Latimer were friends under the most pleasing circumstances which could possibly arise between two young men: congeniality of mind, pursuit, and honor. The

latter, when he found Wolsey at Ipswich, covered himself with glory by writing that letter to Grocyn, dated April 29th, 1485; wherein he says: 'I have found a youth, inferior in years, superior in knowledge; with far less opportunity of cultivating the elegancies of literature, yet with infinitely greater industry than young men generally exercise who have those opportunities. He has a genius superior to mine, and already surpasses me in the acquirement of the Greek language. I can only say for him, what he might truly say for himself:

"Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo."

Young Wolsey, at Oxford, had a glorious struggle within his soul to win the distinction he sought. His letters to his mother frequently breathed the hope that Ellen De Freston took an interest in his welfare. Supposing that this pure motive of distinguishing himself had for its object the fair lady of Freston Tower, the course he was pursuing was one far more honorable and arduous than the daring actions of war or enterprize. Courage of no common kind, and application of the most intense nature, were then inseparable from honor. The means of acquiring knowledge were more clogged and difficult than they now are, and the mind of the scholar was far more burdened with absurdities than it is in this enlightened age. But all that patience, industry, perseverance, and high talents could accomplish, Wolsey performed. He won every prize nobly, fairly, and against men of superior years and longer application, but not of equal ability.

In one year, and that the very first in which he went to Oxford, he was acknowledged the first man of his day. So much so, indeed, that the president, tutors, divinity reader, and fellows of Magdalen, pronounced him fit to enter the theatre against all opponents before the termination of that one year's residence at the University. He was permitted to go in for his bachelor's degree after one year. He did so, and was the first man in all academical pursuits, obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts before his fifteenth year had been completed. Wherever he went, he was designated by the title of the Boy Bachelor for it was never known before, and certainly never afterwards, that a degree conferred not as honorary, but as actually attained by competition, was given to so young a lad.

Wolsey was not young in manners, ideas, attainments, or knowledge. It was singular in him at that early period,

and served him well in after years, that a certain ease of deportment, of conscious mental capacity, and quiet expression of countenance, gave him a commanding influence among men of years, station, and power. He appeared, whilst at Oxford, to be a man whose wisdom had the command of all his passions, and who was never betrayed into any excess of bad taste, in manners, morals, or general conduct. He gained the good will of so many that it was impossible for him or any one not to feel elated in some measure at his success. Little did the world know how deeply moving in his young soul was the thought that Ellen De Freston would be gratified with his progress.

Nature, love, honor, truth, and grace, shone in his course as he strove to gain a reputation that should place his name above all plebeians who moved upon the world's surface. Virtuous feelings were at that time so cherished in his soul, they commanded the inmost movements of his heart. Though his parents watched his onward progress, and were delighted to recount to Edmund Daundy, their rich relation, the great and rising fame of their son—though the meed of reputation was given him by all his Ipswich friends, yet he anxiously looked for sympathy and encouragement in the daughter of De Freston.

Is there any period of life more fraught with love and hope than when the scholar gains his first distinguished prize? when youthful competition fairly tests his abilities, and honor, like the sun, rises in golden grandeur before him? He feels the warmth of the praises bestowed upon him, and hopes that his dearest kindred may be gratified. Perhaps he has a hope that *one*, whom he is ambitious of pleasing, may be captivated with his talents, and reward him with a sweet smile of approbation. There is no disgrace to any young man in being so prompted. His affections being pure, his views will be exalted. Thrice happy is he if his whole life's struggle shall be a steady impulse of this kind, capable of so existing to his latest hour. There are few such young aspirants who, in their day of youth, can see through the transient troubles of their tide. It seems to them as if it would flow on, and on, and on, and never turn. Alas! the ebb must come, and the stream of life decrease; the channel must become narrower and narrower, the waters of life diminish, until, becoming a small calm rivulet, it vanishes into the ocean of futurity.

At times, Wolsey was, in his younger days, subject to

depression of spirit, arising either from too great application to study, or from that more probable cause, the heart-yearning sickness after the object of his affection.

Soon after Latimer was made Fellow of All-Souls, and Wolsey elected Master of Arts, the former entered his friend's apartment in Magdalen, and found him in this melancholy meditative mood. It was no easy thing at such times to rouse him, for though constitutionally robust, and mentally powerful, having made most surprising progress in logic and philosophy, he would be sometimes so depressed as to be unfitted for the duties of his station.

He filled various offices in his college from the year 1488 to 1495, before he took orders, and was extremely active in superintending, even before he was elected master, the progress of youth in the schools belonging to the college; but at times he would confine himself to his rooms, and endeavor to conceal from his most intimate friends this depression.

The fact was, that in his letters to his mother he had sought for some favorable report of Ellen De Freston's interest, and, if possible, a word of attachment which might inspire him with hope. At that period the communication between Ipswich and Oxford was only by pack-horses and special messengers. Young men did not often visit their friends during their academical career; and, if progressing favorably at the University, they were content to let their relatives perceive their affection by their devotion to the studies of the place. Had any letter from his mother given him encouragement to come home, Wolsey was not the man to delay. It was when he was in one of these abstracted moods, that Latimer came to announce to him that he was going to Ipswich, and thence to a foreign country, to Padua, the seat of learning, especially of perfection in the Greek language.

'I must visit Freston Tower again,' he said; 'can I not convey some token of your regard for old and early associations?'

'Are you really going to my native town?' he answered, apparently with deep interest. 'Yes, my friend, I would have you call and see my parents, and commend me to them. Tell them I want for nothing here; that I send my duty, love, and greeting, and hope that they continue in health. Commend me also to my old friends Daundy, Sparrowe, Cady, Smart, and Tooley, and tell them all that I am so mindful of their early fostering care of me, that I

will not forget their bright example of encouraging learning—that I am devoted to it, and will do my best endeavors to promote it at Ipswich.’

Here he paused, and Latimer replied—

‘And Lord De Freston—and Ellen! no message for them?’

‘Yes, yes! I have a message to the former. Tell De Freston that I never forget him; that I am very proud of all his congratulatory letters; that I think of his castle, of his lovely tower, of the beautiful banks of the Orwell, of his love of literature. Yes! convey this, my first prize, to him, this beautiful edition of the first New Testament ever printed, which was in the memorable year I came to Oxford. Tell him, from me, that I have proud pleasure in sending by your hand such a token of my regard.’

He took down from his book-shelf a splendid edition of the *Novum Testamentum*, Nicolai De Lyra, beautifully bound in vellum, with a Latin inscription upon the exterior of the cover, to Thomas Wolsey, scholar of Magdalen.

This work had every capital letter throughout its pages illuminated with blue and red paint. The text is superb, and the marginal notes elaborate, and beautifully printed at Nuremberg, in the year 1485.

‘And what for Ellen, Thomas?’

‘Ah, Latimer! What can I send her? I must confess I would gladly send my whole library, if you would take it, in token of the happy days we have spent together in De Freston’s Tower. And you will be there, Latimer, participating in the joy of such a scene and such a mind! Oh! how dull, how dark, how dismal, do these cloisters appear compared with my walk along my native banks, and Ellen De Freston’s converse and company. Those were bright days, most bright and glorious days; I would I could be with you, but it cannot be! I must perform the duties I have undertaken. Speak a kind word for me to Ellen, and say that the scholar never forgets his instructress. Tell her she is as a polar star to my existence, and that the newly-discovered power of the needle and magnet points not more truly and constantly to each other than my regards to her.’

‘Do you love her, Thomas? Will you commission me to tell her so? And shall I mention the matter to Lord De Freston?’

‘No! no! no!’ replied Wolsey, hastily. ‘You must not say

so much, not exactly that; that would not be what I would commission you to say to that beauteous creature. I am not in a condition of life yet to employ an ambassador for such a purpose. This, however, you may state—that I shall count it the happiest day of my life when we meet again.'

'I will repeat it for you, Wolsey, with all my heart. In the meantime, despair not. You have a great deal to do in the University; let it be done with vigor. I will speak you fairly to all your friends, and most fairly to the fairest.'

'You are indeed my friend, Latimer, in this, as all other cases. I have had all the honors Grocyn could heap upon me, through your recommendation, and how shall I repay you for your friendship?'

'Wait until I ask you, Thomas, and when I do, may it be such as you can perform. I have now to urge upon your friendship only to remember that I am constantly your friend.'

'When I forget that, may I forget father, mother, and friends; even Ellen De Freston herself; and as I can never do that, so can I never do the other.'

And thus they parted.

CHAPTER X.

ELLEN AND HER SUITORS.

WHILST Wolsey was pursuing his honorable career at Oxford, and paving his way to future fame, the maid of Freston Tower was not less honorably distinguishing herself for every amiable virtue. During the greater portion of the year, the graceful building was her daily resort. Not that she neglected the duties of society; for she became the ornament of De Freston's Hall, and was celebrated for her beauty, her learning, her piety, and accomplishments. There were few who really knew her but loved her.

She was received, as she had every right to be, among the noblest and wealthiest of the land, and now that she had arrived at an age when the last trace of girlishness vanishes in the graces of womanhood, she commanded much homage.

The fair sex, though not in that day remarkable, generally speaking, for the cultivation of letters, and for the most part

precluded from scientific pursuits, had as great a sway over the persons and manners of the age, as they have at this day. Fair ladies were highly prized in the land, and stately and ceremonious were the attentions paid to them in public, however much neglected in the castle.

The bloody wars between the houses of York and Lancaster had now terminated; and in the persons of the reigning sovereigns, Henry VII. and Elizabeth, the contending families became united, and this example was beginning to be generally followed.

As soon as these differences were terminated, that is in the following year, the first rose-plants were cultivated in England. All the flowers which the friends of the opposing parties wore were sent over from the continent: there might be some exotics, but not till the wars of the roses terminated did the banks of the Orwell, and Ellen's garden, exhibit plants of both the red and white rose, and hers were some of the earliest planted in England. Not for thirty years after did they become generally cultivated throughout the country.

Ellen grew to womanhood beloved. She was not only admired, but she was sought after by many who courted an alliance with the family of De Freston. She was an heiress too of no mean possessions, as well as of high connexion. Had she been disposed to wed highly and merely for nobility of blood, the De la Poles were accounted sufficiently noble to claim equality with any in the land. Independently of estates, of good personal carriage, and fine countenance, she possessed a mind like a diamond of great value, fit to make its possessor incomparably happy. Nor was she without suitors, led to her by the fame of her beauty, her acquirements, and her fortune.

Lord Willoughby, of Parham House, in the county of Suffolk, was one of the first to endeavor to create a sympathy in the fair maid of Freston Tower for his own person and establishment. He was a frank, independent nobleman, of gallant mien, and ever deemed the foremost, whether with horse and hound, or helm and spear. He was lofty in his carriage, vain of his person, and proud of his feats; and according to his ideas, whoever he took to be his wife must be considered to have acquired infinite honor by the alliance, and must observe an obsequious servility before him: for, *an equal in a man he could scarcely brook; and, as to a woman, though Ellen might be his wife, she must never*

expect to be his equal. She had wisdom to perceive this, and declined the proffered honor.

Lord Ufford, from Orford Hall, a man of gaunt figure, approaching to gigantic stature, broad shoulders and expanded chest, with vast domains in the county of Suffolk, became a rough and formal suitor for the maiden's hand. This nobleman was remarkable for having a most unsightly countenance; but having a fine castle on the banks of the Alde, and considerable territory on the sea-coast, together with rich lands, woodlands, highlands, lowlands, and sands, he was a kind of autocrat whose word was not to be disputed.

Camden relates a curious circumstance of a sea-monster being caught by some of his villains, while it was basking upon the desolate shores of the Alde, not a great way from Orford Ness. Old Ralph de Gogershall, from whom Camden takes the tale, says, the monster went directly out of the sea, and through the river, up to the gates of his castle, and was there captured. It was most probably a species of seal—perhaps a stray walrus from the northern regions. Having been borne by its captors to the castle, Lord Ufford had a strong cage made for it by the sea-side, and took great delight in feeding it with fish, and such watery sea-cale as grew upon the North Vere.* Hence grew preposterous tales of his attachment to this monster, which, it was reported, had a head so much like his lordship's, that the latter must have been a most marine-looking animal.

He went to pay his court to Ellen, but as may readily be supposed, he was not successful. On the day that his suit was refused at Freston Tower, the sea-monster escaped and was heard of no more.

Richard Fitz-john, of Dunwich Castle, and the noble Rous, of Dennington Hall, though barons not upon very friendly terms at that time, were both suitors to the maiden of Freston Tower; but neither successful, though both were men of high honor and renown. Felton, of Playford; Naunton, of Letheringham; Corbett, of Assington; and brave Sir William Coppinger, whose fame for living like a lord became proverbial, were numbered among the aspirants. The first wanted temper. The next, though famed for deeds of munificence, had a very uncultivated mind; and

* A large desolate track of shingle and clay, separating the river Alde from the sea, upon which the Orford Lights now stand.

the last Ellen considered would love his table more than his wife. So they were all rejected.

Sir Thomas Crofts, of Saxham, a man as proud of his person as of his estate, did what he could to win the lady to his mind. He had much knowledge of letters to aid him, but was so personally vain, he could scarcely control himself when Ellen, not consenting to admit his pretensions, told him, she was herself proud, very proud; and, therefore, must decline his offer.

Fitz-Gilbert, the first Earl of Clare, came to see if he could persuade the maiden to join her fate to his. He was skilful in war, and equally skilled in music: and there were other things in which few could bear comparison with him. He was elegant in mind and person, yet he pleased not Ellen; and he took his rejection so to heart, that music became distasteful to him; and not until he heard of Cavendish's unsuccessful suit, did he become reconciled to his own loss.

One of her greatest suitors was John Mowbray, from Framlingham Castle; a man so high and mighty, that he thought, with his splendid establishment, any woman would be glad to accept him. He cared not for books, or science, taste, or mind. He left such things to those who had any inclination for them. A rich dower he could offer, and he did not calculate upon having a refusal; but he was mistaken.

Cove, of Covehithe, a very honest unassuming man, of good property, noble heart, and generous blood, made an offer of all he possessed; and Ellen much admired his principles and character, but did not accept him. Neither did she accept Sir John Bouville, Sir James Luckmore, nor Warner, of Wammil Hall. Tendering, of Tendering Hall, met with no better success—Lanham of Lavenham equally failed.

Sir Robert Drury, who could break swords as well as words, and use both dexterously, was not sufficiently persuasive with his words to obtain the maid of Freston Tower. Neither Kedington nor Jermyn of Raesbrooke succeeded. If valorous conduct could have won her, William Lord Helmingham must have been successful; for none of the warriors of Suffolk were braver than he. Sir Richard Broke, of Nacton, was his equal, but excelled him, neither in the warlike field, nor in the lady's bower. Sir Edward Edgar, of Glemham, was one of the last of the

bold but unsuccessful Suffolk suitors. And now it was that people began to think she had sworn to live and die a recluse. But Ellen De Freston was not a cold and cheerless maiden, who evaded society and friends, and shunned her fellow creatures like a nun. She delighted not in the cloister to read books and tell beads, and to kneel before the Prior in the confessional, and vow allegiance to the Pope of Rome. Ellen was possessed of such true nobility that she was never afraid of losing or compromising her own dignity in conversing with a gentleman, though he was not so highly bred, but better read than many a noble.

She was alike benevolent to all who visited her father's mansion, for life and love were in her soul, and she could behave ill to no one. She well knew the ignorant phantoms and fallacies of her day; and though she conformed to the church in most of its observances, she was by no means an admirer of its tricks and follies. She read the Bible in Latin and Greek; and drew therefrom the just laws of God, and could separate the dross of superstition from the good seed of religion.

There were few nobles at that time who ventured to think for themselves concerning matters of religion. The Church of Rome, or rather the Papal power and its hierarchy, had obtained such dominion over the landed gentry, merchants, and squires, that the care of the soul was left to the priest, and to obey human penances, human penalties, human obligations, with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority, was the all-sufficient devotion of the period.

Few read the Word of God to improve their souls. A superficial knowledge of the events of Scripture, so that the plays and holy representations, in the shape of acting or pictures, might be understood, was considered sufficient for any nobleman. Letters, learning, literature, and the love of God, were all mere names, fit only for the monasteries, abbeys, priories, and religious houses in the kingdom; and, as long as men paid their offerings at Easter, and gave alms to the poor, told their beads, said their Ave Marias, Paternosters, and attended matins, vespers, or saints' days, they were considered godly men by the priest. And who else, in that day, had any right to say whether a man was fit to go to heaven or hell?

Ellen, however, determined that the man who aspired to her hand should have some knowledge beyond the mere

externals of religion. However brave he might be in the face of the foes of his country, however expert in single combat in the tournament, she would have nothing to say to him unless he had learnt to combat internally with the sinful propensities of his heart.

It was this secret, which she kept in her own breast, that induced her to dismiss so many suitors for her hand. She boasted not of her own knowledge, her own perception, or her own requirements; but she did manage to try those who came to court her, by that beautiful test of humility which she had herself, in the midst of a superstitious age, so piously adopted.

She received all the friends who, according to the custom of the age, came to pay court and suit. She accepted their introduction at the hand of her father, and, during the three days allowed for her answer, never once appeared to shun the society of the hall, or to converse with these nobles; but in that period she contrived to ascertain, beyond all doubt, whether the man who was to be her lord, had for his Lord the God of truth, love, and charity.

She felt this to be her privilege; to endeavor to use every exertion before she bound herself for life to any man, to find out his religious principles, and whether or not God was his acknowledged head; for she was well assured of that truthful doctrine: 'The head of the woman is the man, and the head of the man is God'; and if she could not look up to her earthly lord as one who looked up to his heavenly Master, she felt she could never expect to be happier than she was, and resolved, until such was the case, that she would remain single.

She was neither haughty, cold, proud, nor censorious, but, having been taught good principles, she was very firm in the maintenance of good resolutions. She despised not nobility, ancestry, honorable distinctions, birth, parentage, valour, goodly person, manners, nor acquirements; she only preferred good, solid, sound sense, humility, and a right dependence upon God; not so much in words, but in life, character, conduct, and actions. She considered faith best shown by works such as these; and if she found them not, she did not value the possessor of any other qualities, as having those qualifications to render her earthly career comfortable.

There were many who, if they had understood this secret bent of her youthful mind, might have tried the tricks of

hypocrisy to have won the prize ; but, to the honor of that age, such species of hypocrites were then very few ; and though they may now be discerned more quickly than they were, yet true love only can possess the power to perceive the arts of the pretenders to religion.

There were some in that age who were such bigotted adherents to the mere outward forms of sanctity, such devoted slaves of the papal domination, that, had they known Ellen's secret, would undoubtedly have set her down for a heretic, and in revenge for their dismissal might have given information to the ecclesiastical authorities, who then interfered with the consciences of men as much as they did with their temporalities.

This would have seemed to them but a mere species of duty which they owed to the church ; and it was no difficult thing then for men to drive away every species of natural affection, however innocent or virtuous, under the idea of doing God service. Frequently the most malignant passions were vented in what was thought to be holy ardor.

Even Ellen would have been sacrificed to the demoniac frenzy of a bigot, had she consented to be the wife of some of those whose consciences would have allowed her to have been made a just victim to the fiery stake. So powerfully operated that hideous principle of man, trusting his conscience in the hands of fallible man, without making the Word of God the ground-work of his direction.

It is true that nothing but the superiorly-gifted and superiorly-educated mind of the maid of Freston Tower could have led her to adopt the course she did in this selection of a husband. It was wisdom, indeed, in her not to divulge the principle she acted upon to any one but her enlightened father, but, confiding in his honor, love, and wisdom, she had no fear of exposure. He was too true a father, too fond a parent, and naturally too noble a minded man, ever to demand of his daughter a sacrifice which she could not willingly, with her full consent, approve.

Lord De Freston too dearly loved, valued, honored, and respected the child whom he had educated, to bias her affections. One thing he was quite sure of, that she would marry a gentleman and a Christian, and he was content to leave the matter to the direction of His hand who governs and orders all things for man's felicity.

It was not to be supposed that the Baron of Freston Castle had no pride of ancestry. He had as much as his

contemporaries. He was a man who could uphold the appearance of a noble by as much internal dignity and self-composure as any of the judges of the land; but he was a man enlightened enough to perceive that nothing unnatural could be acceptable to the God of Nature.

He found in the revelation of God everything virtuously natural upheld, that corruption only had instilled false principles of superstition, which alike defied the laws of nature and of God. Though he admired the devotions of piety, he abjured the horrors of fanaticism; though he honored men of learning, he despised not the ignorant; and only when he found fools claiming, or rather arrogating to themselves superior godliness, and showing it in the condemnation of others, did he venture upon open rebuke and expostulation. His zeal was even then tempered with such manly discretion that the censorious fanatic, confused before the noble, could not but acknowledge that he might be wrong; yet seldom, though defeated, would he turn and say, 'I am benefited'; such is the difference between rebuking a wise man and a fool.

No wonder, then, with such a father, Ellen should feel confidence in maintaining her own right to judge for herself in that event which, for good or evil, is certainly, with all who do enter into its bonds, productive of misery or comfort.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONVERSATION.

If there is in England a spot where hill, wood, and water, without being too expanded, can be just sufficiently extensive to be enchanting, it is the view from Freston Tower over the waves of the Orwell. No poet can fail to imbibe the purity of nature's thoughts when seated in or near that spot. The very sight of the drawing of the Tower called forth the feeling of some descriptive stranger, whose words are thus recorded in the history of Ipswich:

'Who can o'er thy summer tide,
Winding Orwell, ever glide,
Nor with raptured eye confess
Many scenes of loveliness,
Spreading fair thy banks along,
Subjects meet for poet's song?

But the scene I love the best,
 Here is faithfully express'd
 By the artist's skilful hand,
 Mightier than wizard's wand:
 Yes, old Freston, stern and gray,
 Looking o'er the watery way,
 Hath for me more charms than all
 Wooded park or lordly hall !'

The tower only is now standing, but how long it may continue to grace the Orwell no one can tell. In these utilitarian days, almost every mark of ancient elegance seems to be giving way before the desire of making money.

Ellen De Freston was seated with her father in the fifth room of Freston Tower, in the bay-window, looking over the waves. She had seen her parent's anxious eyes diverted from his wonted study, and restlessly wandering over the banks of the river, evidently not surveying the scene with any interest, but ruminating in his mind over some thoughts which engaged his soul.

'Father, I perceive you are in deep thought, but not upon the work you are reading.'

'Nay, my child, it is the work I am reading which makes me thoughtful—deeply thoughtful; for it astonishes me to see how near to the language of inspiration a heathen writer conceives to be the value of the soul.'

'Ah! my father, what are the sentiments which have moved you so forcibly to meditation? I see you are reading the ancient treatise of Longinus, "On the Sublime."'

'I am, my daughter, and will read to you part of the 44th section. It is so extraordinary a description of the prevailing sin of man's nature, especially where Mammon reigns supreme, that had Longinus composed it for the very worst and most abandoned days of the world, he could not have placed our corruptions in a stronger light!'

'Is not this grand and sublime, my daughter, and fit for any Christian pastor's discourse?' said Lord De Freston. 'How wonderful is it, that man, uninstructed by the Gospel, should have so perfect an insight into the value of our immortal souls!'

'It is, indeed, sublime: and I thank you for reading it; but can you be surprised, dear father, estimating, as you do, the sublime qualities of the soul, that I should not marry for money?'

'*I did never urge you so to do!*'

'No, dear father; but I have seen some anxiety about you lately; intimating that I should not send every suitor away from the castle; that I might as well live like an anchorite in this tower.'

'I have been anxious for your happiness.'

'I know it well, dear father; and if ever I find a mind like your own, you will have no cause for regret that I am married. You have made me dainty in this respect. I cannot wed lord or squire, unless I find myself capable of acknowledging him to be my head; one who will regard me, not for my personal estate or appearance, but for my mind: that as we steer our course through life, we may mutually respect each other, that I may reverence him for his good qualities, and he may cherish me as his companion in the ways of wisdom and virtue. For if my lord, whoever he may chance to be, can never bend his ear to hear my words, and I cannot aspire to read his soul, how can I feel the true control of love? The hand, if bestowed without the heart, and without a sufficient respect for the superior qualities of the soul, can never secure happiness, at least to an educated mind.'

'It is not for me to say, my dearest child, that your visions are fanciful; that you are building castles in the air, and looking for too great a degree of perfection in a sinful man. I own the truth of what you have said respecting the power of the mind. But may not contentions arise in the dispositions of intellectual people, and produce much discord? You will never find the soul so free from the trammels of earthly things as you desire it to be. You raise up an imaginary being, and make him possess impossible qualities. Good nature, grace, a manly port, and open countenance, with noble deeds, and a good name, are surely not to be despised.'

'Nor do I despise them, dear father! They may win many a maiden, and are undoubtedly great and noble qualities: but years of culture have so much refined my mind, that I cannot be content with ordinary natures. Cavendish is a nobleman, and more learned than Lord Willoughby; I own that Lord Helmingham is brave, and so is Kedington. Drury, of Arwarton, is a wise man in his way, and I greatly honor Sir Richard Broke. Mowbray is incomparably grand; but where would be the delight of being his Sultana? No, father, your love is infinitely to be preferred. I would not *change it, for all the honors of a duchess, if my tongue were*

never to be permitted that kind of interchange of expression upon the best things of life, which I now enjoy in your society. I am contented; I never murmur; I am as happy as I wish to be; only let me remain so.'

'I never wish to urge you, my child, into any precipitate marriage. You have been so affectionate a daughter, and so dear a companion, that without you I should have been miserable. Yet I am not so unreasonable as to desire that you should remain single on my account. I know you will never marry any one who is unworthy of De Freston's daughter.'

'Father, I will only say, I hope not. This I promise, that even if I should see the object like yourself in mind, and he should be a suitor for my hand, I will never wed him, though he were as rich as Cræsus, or as poor as Lazarus, without your full consent.'

'Say no more upon the subject, my child. I know your heart; it burns pure and spotless in your life. I do not wish to chain your will, or to choose for you; nor even to recommend, much less to urge a suit which you could not approve. I will still hope, that before my sun of life has gone down, I may see you settled with the object of such affection as you can bestow; a joy to yourself, an honor to your husband, and a comfort to your father.'

'Without such hope I will never marry.—How lovely is the day,' she added, as if to change the subject: 'and how beautiful, in the full flood of this summer sky, appears the silvery light upon the waves of the Orwell. Dear father, I imagine no moments of this life can be more pleasant, more truly grateful, than when I contemplate the features of nature, and find a tranquillity within, that cheers me with the hope of one day enjoying far brighter scenes.'

'You are young, my dear child, and though learned in many works, and constantly employed in the cheerful studies of nature and religion, you know but little of the struggles of life, which thousands have to make. You may see something of them among the poor, but you are not aware of many thousand trials to which men of the highest grades of society are exposed. Scarcely one of those books which so delight us, and expand our intellects, but was produced in poverty and sorrow. And even now, at this very time that I am speaking, I fear that the passions and prejudices of men will not suffer the truth to prevail without a struggle severe, even unto death'

'Truth will prevail at last, however. As it is so powerful, it will shine more gloriously through the very clouds which would obscure it.'

'You are right, my child; but as yet you know but few hardships. Your days smile, your nights are bright like the stars, and you view everything with the eyes of innocence.'

'You seemed inclined to reprove me for my too great sensibility in the matter of the dead dolphins; but that very weakness proves that I saw not with the eyes of indifference the cruelties of mankind.'

'That is rather an extreme case, my child. In the world you will find persons still more cruel in the persecution of their own species; and could you bear such scenes?'

'I know not if I may ever see such; I will not anticipate them, but will trust that, should they come, I may be prepared with strength of mind to endure them.'

'Spoken as I would have you speak, my daughter, and like yourself. I wish for nothing more than such fortification for myself or you.'

At that moment an announcement was given, that a messenger from Goldwell Hall (or, as it is now known, Coldwell or Cauldwell Hall) had arrived at the castle.

'I suppose,' said Ellen, 'that Bishop Goldwell has arrived at his palace of Wykes; and yet the messenger, I hear, is from Goldwell Hall, the seat of his deceased brother. We shall have to fulfil our engagement, father, and visit him in Suffolk. Alice—the proud and stately Alice—is to accompany him, and she was very kind to me when I was but a child. We have not seen them for a long while. She will scarcely know me. I wonder, my father, we have not heard from our cousin, Thomas Wolsey, lately.'

'I hear that William Latimer is on his journey hitherward, and will, beyond all doubt, be the bearer of letters to us from the far-famed Boy Bachelor, as I hear he is called. Thomas has plenty of ambition in his character, and will one day prove himself a remarkable man.'

'He might, I think, have been courteous enough to keep up his correspondence.'

'In this, perhaps, he was ungracious; but I can imagine a youth like Wolsey rising by his own brilliant talents, and concluding that even our attentions to him were solely on their account. Let us not judge him unfairly. We shall hear of him from our cousin Latimer, and I have no

doubt it will be good news. He cannot forget us, any more than we can him.'

'But we must prepare to visit the Bishop. He may, for Alice De Clinton's sake, visit the old hall of his brother but our invitation is to the palace, and we shall there find that open house and hospitality for which Goldwell, the able Secretary of State and Bishop of Norwich, is so celebrated. We have much to do, for we must go in state, else Alice, should she be with her uncle, would scarcely condescend to own us. Let us, then, leave the Tower; one farewell look at the lovely scene, and then for Wyke's Bishop's Palace!'

CHAPTER XII.

THE PALACE.

THE palace of the Bishop of Norwich, then commonly called Wyke's Bishop's Palace, was one of the most splendid buildings in the whole of East Anglia. It was built in those early days when the men of God were also, alas! compelled by ignorance to be men of war; who, though loving peace, had so many temporal possessions in estates, and fines, and properties of various kinds, that they were expected to defend them with armed men, instead of with the sword of the Spirit, or the Word of Truth.

The building was of very ancient date, and was castellated and well fortified with bastions at eight different points, surrounded by a moat of great width, with a huge drawbridge on the western front. It was situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded on three sides by hills of considerable height, even now called the Bishop's Hills, and in what was then called Ufford's Dale, in which were the celebrated Holy Wells, where pilgrims came from all parts to visit the font St. Ivan, said to have the effect of curing every disease.

The castle, as it might be very properly called, had four watch-towers, in which were windows looking towards the four points, north, east, south, and west. In no other part of the structure, save the warder's room over the great gateway, was there any window; for this building had withstood many an insurrection, and many an incursion of the

furious Dane, and was not only a Bishop's palace, but, in the ninth century, one of the strongholds of the townsmen of Ipswich beyond their walls.

There was a great square in the centre, into which all the apartments of the palace looked, so that it was not until the visitor had passed under the great arch that he could conceive the beauty of the building, or form any idea of the extent of its accommodation. Externally, its character was sombre, having battlements on all sides, enlivened only by the watch towers, plain walls, strong and thick, though in its latter days, in the time of which this history treats, symptoms of decay began to be visible in various parts, where landslips from the springs around had caused considerable inclinations of the buttresses. Still the inside of the area was kept up in all the characteristic state of Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich, the last of the possessors of a palace at Ipswich.

A small creek at that day ran up the valley in which the palace was built, and approached so near it that a boat could ascend from the Orwell almost up to the moat. That creek does not now exist, but in its place there are magnificent fish-ponds, and the ancient stream is diverted to a use very foreign to its original purpose.* But the palace was not half so grand in its appearance as its stately inmates.

Goldwell Hall, which then belonged to Bishop Goldwell, and was so called in his lifetime, was the marriage portion of one of his sisters, who married Geoffery De Clinton, of Castle Clinton, near Linton, in Cambridgeshire. He was a wealthy noble, as well as proud, and had but one daughter by this marriage, though he had two sons by a former wife. He married Alice Goldwell when he was much advanced in years, and could scarcely expect to see his young offspring arrive at womanhood.

In consequence of this, and of the loss of his partner, the Lady Clinton, he left his daughter to the sole guardianship of Goldwell (then Secretary of State) her maternal uncle. He left the income of certain estates in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, to the Bishop, as long as his child should live and remain single, and then to be given to her as her dower; and in case of the demise of the said Bishop and his niece, then to revert to the heir-at-law of the family of Goldwell. The Bishop's private chapel then

* The Cliff Brewery.

stood on the opposite side of the hill on which the mansion was built.

Alice De Clinton, the particular care of the Bishop of Norwich, grew up under his superintendence a most magnificent woman to look at; so much so, that she was generally called Alice la Grande. She was very stately in her person, and always wore a haughty expression of countenance. She was quite a drawback upon the hospitality of Goldwell; yet, strange to say, she possessed a great degree of influence over the Bishop. He was liberal beyond what was usual in his day, and was never but once betrayed into an act of persecution, and that was in the case of one single heretic, John Babram, whose death-warrant he countersigned not many months before his own exit.

Goldwell was not in spirit a persecutor: he had been possessed of very high influence in affairs of State, and was a learned and liberal-minded man. He who was not to be deceived by courtiers, could be commanded even by his niece, and yet be blind to her power. He was proud of her, but it was because she was proud of herself, and would brook no equal.

Her pride was so great as to be proverbial; and most persons were glad when Alice De Clinton was not at the palace. She would yield to none—not even to her uncle, the opinion she had once adopted. With neither priest nor squire of inferior degree would she ever exchange a word, though he might be a visitor in the palace, receiving the hospitality of the Bishop. Her hauteur was so great that none but a lord must speak to her; or if they did dare to do so, her uncommon expression of disdain was enough to silence any humble-minded man. Her bounty to the poor was never bestowed from pity. She gave the boon, whatever it might chance to be, as a gift after partaking of high mass; but none could possibly feel that relief of spirit which acknowledged the blessing was due to the giver, since she would make every one to understand he was much more blessed in receiving than she was in bestowing. Alice De Clinton gave with such haughtiness as to make the gift painful; so much so, that whenever she visited Goldwell Hall, in the neighborhood of Ipswich, it was called by the poor *Cold Hall*, so stiff, so benumbing was the influence of her miscalled charity.

To the palace of Wykes, in that day, came many of the *unfortunate*, who, in the previous wars of the Roses, and in

foreign as well as domestic broils, had been reduced to become objects of bounty. House, home, board, and lodging, the weary pilgrim and broken-down stranger would always find at the hospitable palace. Those were days at least of generosity in this respect, whatever pride or superstition might be connected therewith; and, singular as the custom would now appear, the Bishop never sat down to his meal at mid-day without the company of every stranger in the palace.

Alice had been an inmate of De Freston's castle with her uncle in the early days of Ellen's childhood; and such was the meekness of the daughter of De Freston that even the proud Alice condescended to look upon her as a friend; but it was certainly as a friend beneath her, one to whom she might show a kind of patronizing air without any compromise of her dignity.

Years had elapsed since the maid of Freston Tower had been summoned to visit Alice De Clinton. The messenger, however, had arrived at De Freston's castle, and the lord and the lady prepared to set forth upon their journey. In those days no carriage came sweeping round to the hall-door with their prancing steeds, and gold-laced coachmen and footmen; but ladies rode on horse-back, or were borne in covered litters to their places of entertainment. Horses 'with flowing tails and flying manes,' dressed with gorgeous trappings and high saddles, came from the stables to the mansion. There was no lack of attendants, for a noble then counted his state by the number of his retainers.

Ellen and her maid, on palfreys of beautiful jet black, were soon ready for the journey to Wyke's Bishop's Palace. Lord De Freston, on a milk-white horse of uncommon strength, one he had received as a gift from Lord Willoughby, from Hanover, accompanied his daughter, whilst a train of servants preceding as well as following, all mounted on black steeds, made him and his Snow-Ball, as he was called, so much the more conspicuous.

His horse had eyes so full of fire, and nostrils so expanded, that he looked well adapted for the battle-field. But he was now upon a visit of peace, and to a peaceful man: and his cavalcade left the castle accompanied by men bearing all the usual luggage which such state visits required.

De Freston, indeed, infinitely preferred the journey by water; for he was too sensible a man to delight in the mere

pageantry of appearance, yet he was not insensible to the customs of his age. He had, however, a daughter in whom he delighted, and the thought that Alice De Clinton, who loved the forms of etiquette, and would blush to see any one she called *her* friend lowering herself by condescension, would be affronted were he to forget the dignity of his barony, induced him to take the journey with all his retinue.

They descended the Freston Hill, which was then the boundary of the park, and swept along the strand, toward the Bourne Ford, where, following the guide who knew the passage, they dashed through the briny flood, and paced along the levels of Stoke, the tide of the Orwell actually washing their horses' hoofs, as if they were riding along the sea-shore. So beautiful and so clear were the waves of the river which then washed the banks of its course, that the receding tide left a sand almost as clean as that which borders the German Ocean.

So high were the waves at that time at the Prior's Ford, between St. Peter's Gate and Stoke, that the party had to sweep round beside the narrower stream of the Gipping, and pass over the Friar's Bridge before they could enter Ipswich.

The town was at that time celebrated for its religious houses, Grey Friars, Black Canons, White Monks, Benedictines, Carmelites, and all manner of brotherhoods and botherhoods of papal Rome. Mendicants of all descriptions accosted the industrious with a boldness such as no beggars dare in these days assume, for fear of the treadmill. But the terrors of Rome were much greater upon the priest-ridden yet industrious Britons than ever the treadmill could be to the vicious. Those who were sanctioned by the Pope to beg, carried along with them a mandate which few dared refuse to obey. The anathemas of the church were then bestowed with such a plentiful outpouring of bile upon such trivial subjects, too, as would have made Longinus laugh at the sublimity of their pompousness. But men trembled then with scarcely any conscience, for absolution had its pecuniary price, and could be purchased for sins past, present, and to come.

The holy brethren at the Friar's Gate bent lowly to De Freston as he gave them his salutation, and passed on through St. Nicholas Street, past Robert Wolsey's house, down to St. Peter's Priory, along the warder's way, over the *Bailiff's* Customs Quay, through the parish of St.

Clement, into the hamlet of Wyke's Ufford. The cavalcade then proceeded on what was termed the procession-way, leading to the shrine of St. Ivan, from which they digressed on the broad Palace Road to the Bishop's Gate.

The whole party soon passed over the drawbridge, then under the warder's arch into the area of the palace, where the verger, with the silver and golden ornaments of office, stood prepared with a number of serving-men to receive the noble.

'Here, my men,' said De Freston, after he had assisted Ellen to alight, "ye will refresh yourselves and horses, and then set forth upon your return by the way ye came, and see that ye keep well together, and enter into no broils with any one. Ye will be in readiness for your summons for our return whensoever ye receive command. Pass on!"

De Freston and his daughter passed into the presence of Bishop Goldwell, who was seated in a chair of state at the upper end of a long and vaulted chamber prepared for their coming.

He rose, his step was proud and stately, and his large and noble eye glanced a penetrating look upon the noble. Goldwell would maintain in private the same dignity which he was accustomed to show in public. He was gracious though grand; his manner mild, bland, yet becomingly distant. Though a man of state, he was also a man of ease, and showed what was due to his own person, and what he expected even if he did not deserve it—which he did as much as any other man could.

He received the Lord De Freston and his daughter with such a courteous manner, as only to seem himself to be proud before his household. With the most paternal air he accosted Ellen, receiving her hand at her father's request, and led her to a seat, and, with great politeness, welcomed De Freston to his palace.

'Fair daughter!' he said to Ellen, 'this visit to my niece affords us both infinite pleasure: we have sought it many a day; but I scarcely think that Alice will be able to recognise thee; for thou art grown up from childhood to such form and feature that I should not, but for the likeness to thy father present, have discovered thee to be his daughter.'

Then, turning to the father, he added—

'I am proud to see thee, De Freston, maintaining thy years with becoming verdure. Time has laid his hand upon me, and the cares of state have borne me down.'

'I hope the years of peace yet reserved for your reverence may make amends for all your state anxieties.'

'I thank thee, De Freston, but let me send for Alice at once.'

The Bishop rang a small bell; a female made her appearance, and was ordered to inform her mistress that Lord De Freston and his daughter had arrived.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RECEPTION.

ALICE DE CLINTON had been made acquainted with the arrival of Lord De Freston and his daughter, even before they had made their appearance in the presence of the Bishop. She was engaged in her own private apartment, working a cross for the altar of the chapel of Goldwell Hall, when her maid informed her of the arrival of the expected guests. She scarcely raised her head from the embroidery to receive the tidings. She ordered her maid to hand her some threads, and pursued her work. It was neither her custom nor her inclination to do otherwise. She had actually received the Bishop's message before she condescended to lay aside her work. None, however, of those she called her friends were more highly esteemed than Lord De Freston and Ellen.

She rose in due time, with perfect composure, from the embroidery of the cross, and leaving the work as if she intended to pursue it again after a pause, came very slowly, and with great state, into the presence-chamber of the Bishop.

Alice was handsome. She had a remarkably fine face and figure, but her beauty was of that nature which the eye can look upon with wonder, without feeling any degree of affection. She was like some of the finely-chiselled figures of the ancients, admirable to look upon, but cold indeed to touch. Nay more, when she approached the party assembled in the palace hall, so pale, so stately, so immoveably placid, fixed, settled, cool and composed was the smooth, white face of the maiden, that she looked more like beauty in the winding-sheet of death, than a creature of life, whose veins contained a circulating fluid, warm from the heart.

She approached to meet her guest; not a smile passed

over her features. Her high and lofty brow, with its wintry air, formed a strange contrast to the sunny brow of the happy Ellen. The frozen expression of one face contrasted with the glow on the features of the other. That eye, too, so large, so glassy, and so stern, was strangely opposed to the beaming vivacity of Ellen's.

Ellen received the salutation of Alice with that ease which innocence and virtue ever maintain in the presence of pride. She knew the dignity of Alice, and left her to bend as she thought fit, whilst she retained her standing place, leaning on the arm of her noble father. The haughty maiden broke the silence; but with words that rather confirmed than altered the position of pride she had assumed.

'Thou art changed, indeed, maiden, since I knew thee in thy childish years. I can scarcely believe thou art Ellen De Freston, but that I see the lord of Freston Hall supporting thee. I must forget, I presume, the day I found thee playful as the young fawn; since, now I behold thee grown up to woman's estate. Thou art Ellen De Freston, art thou not?'

'I am the same Ellen, Alice De Clinton, as I was when, in the days of friendship, you condescended to treat me as your companion. I am unaltered in heart. I have often thought of your visit to my father's hall, and have longed to see you there again. I hope we shall soon know each other better.'

This reply had the effect of somewhat thawing the icy distance between them, for the haughty Alice gave her hand to Ellen, and led the way back to her own apartment, leaving the Bishop and Lord De Freston to converse upon politics or the more eloquent theme of the day, the growing plant of heresy, as it was called, which then began to spring up in Ipswich, and in various other parts of the diocese of Norwich.

'I am much concerned,' said Bishop Goldwell, 'to observe the increasing propensity to heresy which seems to be spreading far and wide throughout the kingdom, unsettling the minds of our people, and inducing them to call in question our authority as agents of the See of Rome. Thou knowest well, De Freston, that I hold my churchman's station as far preferable to my worldly state; that the supremacy of the Holy See over all causes ecclesiastical is *part of my acknowledged creed*; that, looking upon the

Pope alone, as Christ's vice-gerent upon earth, his vicar-general, who has the power of St. Peter's keys, to loose and bind, to curb dissent, and to give absolute decision in cases of dispute, I refer every difficult case to his court, and rest contented in my own conscience with his commands. There are two youths, now inmates of my palace, come on purpose to plead with me, concerning the state of their consciences, and to ask my ghostly counsel and advice. One of them is of such amiable deportment, such gentle manners, and of such godly fear, and disposition to respect his superiors, that I cannot refuse to admit him to an audience, and to argue with him upon the state of his mind. He speaks with ease and fluency; but I discover much strong prejudice under this quick manner, and I know not how to root it out. Thou art learned, De Freston, and canst, perchance, afford me some assistance, for thou art a true churchman.'

'I hope I am, my lord, without being a blind one. I know the liberality of your mind, and that you have seen more of men of wisdom and letters than most men now living; and I think that you act as a Bishop ought in giving audience to a conscientious man. There are many innovations crept into the church by means of the supineness of the clergy, and the love of money in the higher powers, which you know, as well as I do, ought not to have been admitted. So many fraternities joined to the Papal power, and receiving therefrom a sanction for their superstitions, may, perhaps, have created a jealousy in the minds of some, which may require much soothing to correct. I heartily wish, churchman as I am, that many of the miscalled relics of the priories, and the absurd fallacies of miscalled pious customs, were done away with. What is the name of this disputant who has sought you, and whence does he spring?'

'The youth I speak of is John Bale, of Cove. He is a Carmelite of the strictest order of mendicants, claiming his descent from the prophet Elisha; rigid and austere in his deportment, and yet so humble, and enlightened in letters, I heartily wish his conscience was not so tender. It burns him, he says, so sore, that he cannot help complaining to his Bishop, and seeking, at my mouth, some consolation. When I argue with him, he hesitates not to tell me how far he admits my authority, and how far he disputes it: prays my *patience* towards himself, and towards my own self when *he states where he thinks I am wrong*. He says he prays

for me, that I may see the error of my ways, and may come to the full truth. They cannot conceive in Rome to what state things are coming in England. I fear that these two men, John Bale and Thomas Bilney, are incorrigible heretics. As they claim the privilege of asking my advice, I can but be courteous towards them. I only wish they would attend to my suggestions, and be obedient to my mandates. Thomas Bilney, the other disputant, is a man of warm temper though of very clear head. I have asked some of my clergy in this town to meet them at the hour of noon; and as thou dost know that I admit all kinds of addresses without fear of persecution, loving, as I do, discussion, thou wilt probably take part therein, and I am sure with discretion.'

'If, in the least degree, I ventured to give my opinion, it would, I trust, be on the side of that which I consider truth. If these scholars be not too profound for me, I shall take some interest in the discussion, having thought very deeply upon the prevailing notions of the times.'

A servant came at that moment to announce a stranger to the Bishop, and to deliver a note to Lord De Freston.

'Ah!' exclaimed the noble, 'I have notice of a visitor to your lordship's palace, who, though unexpected here, was not totally unexpected by me at my home. He will be quite an acquisition to the interest of the discussion, as he is a learned theologian from Oxford, alike eminent for his modesty as well as his superior attainments.'

'Who is the stranger?'

'It is William Latimer, the friend of the celebrated Grocyn, and of the Ipswich scholar, now so distinguished at the University.'

'Latimer I have heard of, and I know Grocyn well. I presume thou dost refer to the Boy Bachelor, whom I have heard of—Thomas Wolsey, the son of one of the best tenants I have for the Priory Farm at Alneshbourne.'

'The same, father, the same, and will you permit me to welcome to your hospitable palace, this friend of mine?'

'Any friend of thine, De Freston, shall find a welcome here, even were he not the learned man thou hast represented him to be. Pray bid him welcome.'

The lord followed the servant to the corridor, and there he found Latimer waiting.

The greeting was of that kindly nature which had ever subsisted between the family of the Latimers and the De

Frestons. De Freston was, indeed, attached to Latimer, as a superior in experience and wisdom would be to a young friend whom he patronized. Yet De Freston felt a degree of attachment to him, peculiarly interesting for his daughter's sake; for, to this young man's perception, plan, and proposition, was owing the health, happiness, and comfort of his child, through the daily course of intellectual employment to which she had become an assiduous and habitual devotee.

'I am glad to see you, Latimer, but sorry it is not in my own hall; but you can go on thitherward before our return, for we must stay our appointed time here.'

'I heard, in my route, that you were a guest of Bishop Goldwell. Knowing his hospitality, I did not hesitate to wait upon you here, as I should have found even the beauty of your castle and the lovely Freston Tower insipid without their cheerful tenants.'

'The Bishop gives you welcome, and, to say truth, I am doubly glad you are come, for I want your aid. Come with me into my private room: I have some minutes of discussion which I would share with you before we enter the hall of reception.'

The domestic in waiting soon showed the friends the apartments prepared for De Freston; and there, for a few minutes, did Latimer converse with his relative upon the all-important matters of the day.'

'First tell me of Wolsey! He seems to have forgotten us. How is the youth, and does he not send us his greeting?'

'I am the bearer to you of his first prize at Oxford. So that you see he renders to his early patron the first fruits of his success. He has sent by me a very valuable Testament, the earliest which has issued from the press.'

'I said he would not desert us. He has been very silent of late, and Ellen and myself were fearful lest he was ill.'

'Wolsey is well! I have delivered letters to his parents and friends in Ipswich. This one is for you; and I can assure you and Ellen that you both live in his heart and memory. He has great cares just at the present time, having undertaken to superintend the schools of his college. He is extremely anxious in mind, and though with no bodily ailment, yet, at times, I fear the intense application *which he bestows upon study should affect his spirits. He is sometimes depressed by this over-anxiety, beyond what*

is usual in youth. It is then I talk to him of home, Ipswich, and yourselves; this rouses him and he revives.'

'You should have persuaded him to have come with you, the change would have done him good. We always remember your mutual visit to the Tower.'

'I did endeavor to persuade him, but he has a high notion of duty. He spoke with enthusiasm of the Tower: told me he never had such delightful days as those which he spent there, and dwelt upon them with so many sighs, that I am sure the Isis, which passes close by his college window, is, in his eyes, insignificant compared with the Orwell: still he says Oxford is his theatre of action, and he will not leave it until he has seen certain works he has undertaken completed.'

'Ellen will be glad to hear you speak of him, for she has certainly accused him of being proud, negligent, and almost ungrateful.'

'He is not the latter, though I will own there is too much of the former in his composition. She would not think him either had she heard him deliver to me the message of remembrance which he gave.'

'Of these things you must convince her. We must prepare for the public banquet hour; and, but that I know your readiness, I should tell you that you will be rather put to it for wisdom, since, at the Bishop's table this day, you will meet, I suspect, some stormy disputants. One thing in Bishop Goldwell I greatly admire—his hospitality to strangers. Whilst, at the same time, such is his courtesy and kindness towards his inferior clergy, that I believe he would support the poorest at the expense of his mitre sooner than see him wronged. He rules them not with a rod of iron, but maintains his own dignity, whilst his sons in the church look up to him with the assurance of protection.'

'I have heard this spoken of him; but I have heard also that he is swayed greatly by the influence of his niece, who is not the counterpart of his reverence in suavity.'

'You have heard right, but you must judge for yourself. Come and see, for the hour of meeting him approaches.'

The friends were soon in readiness, and descended together to the grand banquet-hall of the Bishop's palace. It was a spacious chamber, more than one hundred feet in length, with six windows of Gothic architecture and stained glass, representing six different periods of the world. The

first, the Temptation in the Garden of Eden; the second, the Flood; the third, the Sacrifice of Abraham; the fourth, the Delivery of the Law; the fifth, the Building of the Temple of Solomon; and the sixth, the Crucifixion.

The designs were much more splendid in colors than in conception, for singular contradictions of unity existed in all the windows. A lady's lap-dog, with a bright gilt collar round his neck, was found in the garden of Eden; Abraham had philacteries on his forehead and robes; in the Flood, some monks with crosses were seen descending down a rushing cataract; in the Delivery of the Law, Moses had a mitre on his head; at the building of the Temple, there stood several orders of the Roman Brotherhood celebrating high mass, and so many impossibilities of fancy crowded into the ornamental portions of the sides of the windows, that it was difficult to say what they were. Still the light gleaming through the different colored glasses had a brilliant effect at noonday.

Thirty guests were expected. The Bishop's chair was at the centre of that long table, and his own family of friends were to be seated on his right and left hand, whilst, on the opposite side, were ranged the seats of strangers, travellers, pilgrims, or any who might chance to claim the hospitality of the palace. These all waited in a spacious receiving-ward, where there was water to wash their feet, and clean apparel, if required. A peep into that room would have put to flight all the ideas of modern luxury and modern notions of hospitality, even in a bishop's palace.

Various monks from distant parts were there—with various priests of various parishes, who came to pay their court to their diocesan. Those who came without express invitation were all received into this apartment, and prepared for the table of the Bishop. They had to wait with the rest, be they who they might, and were never seen or heard until the hour of public entertainment.

In the common room were waiting, amidst friars, pilgrims, monks, and mendicants, Thomas Bilney and John Bale, men who, at that day, took advantage of the opportunity offered them to speak without reserve to Goldwell, who was generally looked upon as friendly at least to intellectual discussion.

The noon-bell sounded long and sonorous, so that, in all parts of the town, strangers knew that it was the hour

of hospitality, and, whoever was so disposed, might pass the drawbridge and partake of the benediction of the Bishop, sure to find a seat at his board, an attentive ear to his history, and, if he had any cause of complaint, promise, if he lived within the jurisdiction of the diocese of Norwich, that his suit should be attended to.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RECLUSE.

In the days of Bishop Goldwell, and towards the end of the existence of the palace of Wyke's Bishop, there lived a man who came from a far country, and took up his solitary abode at the head of the little stream which rose from the side of the hill, in the valley of Ufford. He had existed twenty years in that secluded spot, and was never known to shave his head or trim his beard in the course of that period.

In an age when superstition reigned supreme, and the poor dejected sinner knew not how to worship God in spirit and in truth, without flying from the face of men, and seeking something in solitude; in an age when the ministers of Rome taught that penance was meritorious, the self-immolating sacrifice of solitude became the surest way to obtain the crown of the saint; and many were the conscience-smitten convicts who were urged to depart from every tie of life, and give themselves up to the sternest impositions of devotion. They would retire from the world, live in a cave, kneel a certain number of hours on a hard stone before a cross in the wall of their cells, eat just enough coarse bread to keep life from departing, and drink of the water from some fountain sacred to their fancy.

Amongst the ignorant, these men were looked upon with the most profound veneration, were esteemed paragons of excellence; the most virtuous, the most pious saints upon earth. Their names were handed down to posterity, their deeds mentioned with respect, whilst they themselves deceived their own hearts with the ideas of their own fancies for divinity.

At the period of this narrative there existed a devotee of this kind, who went by the title of St. Ivan. He boasted

his descent from Hurder the Dane; and, because his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather had been stolen, when a child in his mother's arms, and carried away by the chieftain, Hurder, during a Danish incursion, he called himself of Danish extraction. There was an Ivan de Linton, who originally built the chapel of Wyke's Bishop, and appointed priests to chaunt a requiem therein, for his father's soul, who was saved in the battle with the Danes upon Rushmere Heath, and died in a cottage or cave where an old man lived, at the Ufford Dell. A wild descendant of this Ivan came from Cambridgeshire, and became *the St. Ivan* celebrated for his solitary eccentricity. He was a physician in the latter part of the reign of Henry V.; so that he must have been an old man when he retired from the world.

For twenty years he administered advice to all who came to him, and, as he recommended abstinence for a certain number of hours previously to his consideration of plethoric diseases, he obtained wonderful celebrity for the cure of the Holy Waters from St. Ivan's Spring. Thus the spot was called, and, to this day, bears the name of the Holy Wells.

This old man used to perambulate the Bishop's palace every day. He never entered its walls, because he used to say that, when he did so, they would fall down, because the palace had been built upon the site of the chapel of his forefathers. He was greatly respected by the inhabitants of Ipswich, as pilgrims from all parts came to be healed at the well of St. Ivan.

From time to time, as the old man went his rounds, perambulating the moat of the castle, he observed, as many others might have done, had they as regularly frequented the spot, indications of danger in the walls of the building; for the banks of the moat on the castle side began to press more and more into the waters, evidently showing that a settlement was taking place which must one day be destructive to the edifice.

From year to year he had observed these signs, and no doubt expected to behold the demolition of a palace which he considered an innovation of his rights. For the twenty years he lived there, this was the theme of his prognostication, whenever any friend or stranger visited his cell. His *ominous declarations* had rather increased with his latter years, as the slips into the deep moat became larger.

Lord De Freston had often visited this eccentric man, and finding something more in him than the delusions of ignorance, he made great allowance for his vagaries. He found him communicative and well-informed upon all historical subjects, though pretending to be wrapt up in abstruse fallacies. He humored his fancies, and received from him far more honest disclosures than such men are apt to make. But upon the subject of the fall of Wyke's Bishop's Palace, he found an uniformity of opinion that made him doubtful of the man's sanity. Little, however, did that nobleman know of the daily calculations of St. Ivan, and perhaps, had he been aware of them, he would have equally doubted their accuracy.

A friendship certainly subsisted between them, which was nurtured by the kind heart of De Freston; for, unknown to the recluse, he employed poor people, from whom alone the hermit would take anything, to supply him with gifts of bread and viands whenever he could understand they would be received. Kind acts are always, one day or other, rewarded, let them be done by whom they will; whilst unkind ones will as assuredly meet with bitter reflections, if ever retribution visit the offender.

Noon, as was stated at the end of the last chapter, was the hour of hospitality at that day, when men were less hasty to be made rich, and could afford the most wakeful hour of the day for public entertainments. Now, indeed, friends visit each other at hours when their ancestors were about to retire for the night. But the hour of noon that day was a busy hour in the palace of Wyke's Bishop. It was alive with people passing and repassing, as the dinner-bell in the lofty turret kept up its peal. A joyful sound, indeed, to many a poor priest, who was melancholy only on the prescribed day of fasting, when he was bound to keep in his own cell.

Many of the wealthiest townsmen were expected. The mayor, burgess, and portmen, together with their wives and daughters, were to be partakers of the hospitality of the Bishop. Understanding, as they soon did, that Ellen De Freston, the amiable daughter and heiress of the Lord of Freston Tower, was to be there, they assembled with far lighter hearts and livelier countenances than if they had no one to meet but her contrast, Alice De Clinton.

There came also, at the invitation of Bishop Goldwell, the priests of St. Peter and St. Lawrence, the priests of St.

Mary at the Tower, St. Mary near the Elms, St. Saviour, St. John, St. Margaret and Trinity, then held as one, and of St. Michael, which stood upon the borders of the town wall. These were all assembled in the great hall, or banquetting-room of the palace, and took their seats previously to the entrance of Bishop Goldwell. The table was so arranged, in the shape of a section of a roof, that the Bishop was seen, as it were, from every part of the board, and could himself see every one of his visitors. He could thus be addressed by any one without inconvenience, and every speech could be distinctly heard.

As the Bishop entered, the numerous company rose. His reverence came, accompanied by the bailiffs of the ancient borough and their friends, together with all such as were acquainted with Lord De Freston. There was Edmund Daundy, Thomas Smart, Robert Tooley, John Sparrowe, and several others, twelve in number, who entered from the palace reception-chamber into the hall. The Bishop led the way in state, followed by Alice and Lord De Freston, Daundy and Ellen, Latimer and the bailiff's wife, and other couples, who were escorted to their seats with all-appointed etiquette.

Lord De Freston sat on the right hand side of the chair, or throne, and next to him sat Alice De Clinton, at whom no one could look without being struck with her cold and haughty dignity. Next to her, to his discomfort, sat William Latimer, who was in every respect a gentleman, at perfect ease with himself and others, though far from obtrusive. A daughter of the house of Sparrowe, a very ancient family in Ipswich, sat on his right, and then several of the burgesses of the town, the priests, and travellers, mendicants, and strangers, to the end of the table.

On the left of the Bishop sat Edmund Daundy, and next to him Ellen De Freston, and next to her John Sparrowe and others invited as friends, and then Thomas Bilney, John Bale, and several of their friends who had come with them, to hear what advice the Bishop would give in those troublesome times.

The 'benedicite' was chaunted by the priests, and the company arranged for the feast partook of the celebrated hospitality of that princely bishop, than whom Norwich never, in those Popish days, before or after, had a more *truly liberal* prelate. He was a man with a great degree of *knowledge of men and manners*.

He professed not a liberality he did not practise. He was consistent in his conduct, and did not condemn the ignorant. He courted not popularity at the expense of public principle, nor made friends of the private enemies of the church in preference to the encouragement of his own clergy. He regarded the conscientious scruples of others, permitted free discussion before him, and gave his opinions and advice with judgment and discretion. He was superior to the times he lived in, and was much beloved, both in private and public.

Whilst the Bishop was entertaining his company, St. Ivan, whose hour for perambulating the walls of the palace had arrived just as the bell had ceased, descended from his cave. He bound his loose vest round his loins, and, taking his staff in his hands, began his walk down the stone steps from his dwelling. The old man always knew everything going on in the palace. The poor who visited him could tell him the characters of its inmates, and frequently they described the haughty maid in her true character. He had that day heard of the arrival of Lord De Freston and his daughter, and was observed to be more than usually stirred in his mind at the circumstance. He paused as the palace came in his view, and shook his long white locks from his forehead as he surveyed the walls.

'Was it for this,' he exclaimed, 'that my venerated sire built on yonder site the Chapel of Ufford, that wassail and waste might come, and the pomp, pride, and state of a Bishop's See might be gathered therein, to greet the nobles of the land, and the inhabitants of this town? Did he, for the space of a whole year, kneel day by day on the cold stone with which he laid the very foundation of his chapel? Did he dedicate the same to the saints, and vow to heaven one half of his wealth to build a holy temple, where priests should pray day and night, and the holy fire should be kept burning upon the altar? Was it for this, that, over his bones which lie there, a Bishop should hold his court, and invite all the world to partake of his hospitality, whilst I, the descendant of the founder, should be doomed to live in the sandstone cave of the Holy Wells, and to see the inheritance of my fathers thus polluted? But it will not be for long. Those walls will fall. They have not long to stand, perhaps not a day. I must look to it again.'

It was in this strain that the recluse indulged in his own peculiar view of things, and entertained a morbid hope

that he should live to see the fall of Goldwell's palace walls. He indulged in a propensity for the superstitious, and, like an ancient sage, spoke in an oracular manner, as if positive of his own inspiration. He was, however, much more hopeful from his earthly view of the state of the building and its adjacent ground, than from any second sight that he possessed, and this he hastened that very day to indulge.

St. Ivan, revered as he was by all the ignorant, and even respected by the learned, was not much regarded by the monks of St. Peter's Priory, or the abbots of Bury, on account of his utter detestation of their absurd relics, and silly pretensions to things they called sacred, which were of no estimation in his eyes—such as the shirt of St. Edmund, one of his sinews, his sword, the parings of his toe-nails, and other things to which they attributed great sanctity; drops of Stephen's blood, a piece of the real cross, the coals which broiled St. Lawrence, pieces of the flesh of saints and virgins, St. Botolph's bones, St. Thomas-à-Becket's boots, penknife, etc., skulls, candles, crosses, and such a variety of holy things, one and all of which St. Ivan, like a wise man, laughed at.

Though the monks were jealous of him, and some termed him heretic, others entertained a superstitious dread of him, which he well knew how to manage. The learned fraternity of Alneshborne alone paid him any respect, and he used to tell Lord De Freston that these Augustines were the only monks he ever knew good for anything.

The old man was kind to all. The austerity of his manners was softened by any case of humanity in distress; and it is supposed that a disappointment in his life, either in ambition, love, or professional celebrity, led him to the lonely cell of Ufford's dale. In that day, religion was so clouded with oral traditions, vain external ceremonies, and exclusive dogmatical pretensions to superior gifts of healing, miracles, and works, that real faith and godliness were things almost driven from the earth. No wonder, then, that a man who had perception enough to see so much dishonesty should be driven into himself for notions of duty and worship.

There was deep anxiety in his countenance as he glanced into the rippling stream from the Holy Wells, and took his way down its pebbly, shingly, and craggy sides towards Wyke's Bishop's palace. His foot was firm, his eye bright, and except the trembling of the hand as he placed his staff upon the ground, but little could be discerned of infirmity.

His path lay on the outside of the moat, and was so worn by twenty years' perambulations, as to have created a path, known as St. Ivan's path; few would walk in it, and hence the old man's observations upon the sinking of the walls, and the encroachings of the turfy bank, though strictly marked with willow twigs, were unnoticed by others.

That day, all his landmarks were bent prostrate with the waters, and with consternation, increased by previous anticipation, he observed a certain tremulous motion of the waters, ebbing from beneath the castle side of the bank. For a moment he stood aghast. He knew well what was going on in the palace, the number of souls therein, and the imminent danger which awaited every one then feasting at the Bishop's board. Recovering himself from his surprise, humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and the thought of so many perishing induced him to hasten his steps round the moat.

As he went on, his keen perception became more alarmed, for he perceived that the fall of the palace must quickly come. His agitation increased to such a degree, that he could not move quick enough, and men were surprised to see St. Ivan, hitherto always slow, calm, and gentle, with his hoary hairs and well-composed walk, now stepping short and quick with extreme trepidation.

His heart seemed swollen within him; his agitated spirit, now that he saw the near accomplishment of what he had been looking for so long, was dreadfully disturbed. He knew it would be in vain to tell the warder, the gardener, or the serving men. He knew they all understood that he would not pass the draw-bridge lest it should fall upon him, as he himself had issued a sort of oracular declaration that when he entered the palace it would fall down. He, therefore, hastened his steps, determined to terrify every one out of the palace before the crash came.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JUDGMENT.

THE guests were all seated in the ancient palace-hall, and before them were placed the profuse hospitality of one whose board was as regularly supplied by mayor, portmen,

burgesses, commonalty, and gentry in the country, as if they were all tenants of the See, and bound to furnish the Bishop's board. There was, in those days, no niggard bounty, no measured dole to the comer; but such as could feast on ample fare, without intoxicating potions, were welcome to the palace. Latimer had been introduced to Alice as the friend of Lord De Freston. Alice took her seat in the assembly, as if every creature before her was her slave. Her stern, majestic, pale, oval face, with the conical head-dress of the period, gave her such a lofty look, that it was the theme of observation amongst most of the guests.

'How haughty is the Bishop's queen!' was the speech of more than one of the guests, as she surveyed the assemblage before her, and scarcely condescended to give a glance of recognition, much less a word, to any one.

Ellen De Freston, who had known the failing of Alice, was pained to see how deeply it had grown upon her since she had last seen her; but she was doubly pained to observe in her a contempt for every one there present, but more especially for her cousin, William Latimer.

In vain did he endeavor to elicit one word from his haughty companion. To see the man in whose society men so delighted, whose converse was the purest and most gentle, and, at the same time, so wise and elegant, set at naught, by one whose pride alone gave her any pretension to dignity, was something so revolting to her nature, and so foreign to her ideas of respect, that she could not fail to feel for Latimer at every attempt he made to address the haughty Alice.

The proud Alice would condescend to speak to the Lord De Freston, but a supercilious stare was the sole result of every attempt on the part of Latimer to draw a word from her.

'He is the friend of my father,' thought Ellen. 'Surely, he cannot be aware of the indignity she puts upon that friend by her behaviour. He would never encourage such hauteur by engaging in conversation with her, if he could see the gentle and manly Latimer treated as he is by Alice. But he sees it not.'

It was evidently observed by Daundy, who was seated near to Ellen.

'Do you see, my fair Ellen, how that haughty maid flaunts at the young scholar's address to her? Latimer must feel *himself* very uncomfortable. I rejoice that I am not near

her; I might be apt to forget even the courtesy of the Bishop, and tell her she had better keep to her own closet than pretend to come into society, and not know how to behave in it.'

'I perceive it,' replied Ellen, 'and I am almost indignant enough to wish that you had the opportunity of giving a deserved rebuke to the spirit of pride which delights in paining the humble. I am sure Latimer feels deeply wounded by such treatment.'

If the conduct of Alice wounded the gentle and generous Latimer, he was more than repaid by the sign of interest which Ellen evinced for him. It was then, for the first moment of his life, that the thought of love came down upon his soul, and dispelled the gloom of sorrow which had brooded over his mind at the pride of the fair one near him. It was a similar thought that aroused in Ellen the blush of consciousness, as she felt the first throb of the warm blood rush from her heart, in sympathy with the architect of Freston Tower.

It was perhaps well, just at this moment, that Latimer and Ellen were called upon to listen to the language of orators upon the most vital and important subject which could come under human contemplation.

John Bale, who had waited patiently till grace had been chaunted, and was expected to speak publicly before the Bishop upon matters touching some scruples he entertained, rose. Silence being enjoined, he addressed the Bishop in these words:

'I rise, my Lord Bishop, though with many misgivings, on account of the time and place for such occasion, to put a very serious question for your judgment. Nothing where you preside can be said, I trust, in an unbecoming spirit, and nothing, certainly, should be spoken without charity. I humbly, pray, then, for the full protection of your presence upon this occasion, that if we speak with respect, we may not be insulted with ribaldry.

'We maintain that the Scriptures are given by God, to be a chastening warning and correction to the sinner's soul, a comfort to the righteous, and God's great boon to all the world. That without these Scriptures, commonly called the Bible, salvation cannot be properly known and understood. That they alone contain the truth which we ought to preach and teach, and the observances which we ought to hold. That the pious should receive such truth, and the

learned preach it. That no man can know anything of God's will or his decrees but from the Sacred Scriptures. That all our learning of languages is but to keep these Scriptures pure, and to teach the unlearned and ignorant therefrom the sure and certain meaning of the Word once spoken to man.

'We advocate the cause of the Scriptures being placed in the hands of the people, and maintain that, so far from this derogating from our authority, such a step would tend to increase the respect paid us, since all men can then see that the doctrines we preach and teach are the solid truth. That if the Scriptures be withheld, no man's judgment can be sound upon what we teach; for without them, it is impossible they should acknowledge the truth of our preaching.

'I request your voice and judgment hereupon, to say whether we hold or not, in these matters, anything contrary to true discipline and the right directions of mankind. I know your mind to be replete with learning, and that you do not despise others, nor would destroy research in the bosom of the church. I, therefore, the more confidently commit what I say to your consideration, and await your answer.'

There was a pause among the auditors before the Bishop; though the priest of St. Peter looked as if he would tear his crimson vest in pieces. The priest also of St. Saviour's was so much stirred that he felt as if the sin of schism was in the very palace. He rose up from his seat like a rampant and roaring lion, and for very rage could scarcely keep his hands off the humble man who had resumed his seat. He did not, as it was, fail to give him a curse in no very gentle terms.

'Heretic!' he exclaimed, 'thou art doomed to the fiercest and deadliest death. Down to the darkest doom beneath, where the devil and death prevail.

'Canst thou hear him, my Lord Bishop, defame the very church of which thou art thyself a prelate? Does he dare to mention in thy presence his deeds of shame? Hear him, Bishop Goldwell! Like Wickliffe, he wishes that all could read that he might sell his Bible, and get paid for his pains. He would raise up the people like wild hyenas to come and feast upon the priesthood. Observe how insidiously he *turns the whole tenor of his argument upon placing the Bible in the hands of the common people. He does not*

say he would subvert the hierarchy; he does not say he would do away with the priesthood; but he speaks as if we were all dishonest, and he would not have the people believe one word we speak.

‘He will not abide by the decision of the Papal power, though he now seems to acknowledge thy right of jurisdiction over him. This is but an insidious covering for treachery; for whilst he pays thee court, and owns thy supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs, he denies the very power by which thou, O Goldwell! holdest thine authority. His words are as smooth as oil, yet he will not own that the church has the right of sole interpretation of those Scriptures which he is such an advocate for placing in the hands of the people.

‘He will not admit that the Pope has the keys of St. Peter; that he is the head of the Christian church, and the only infallible source from which decision can be given. He would have the people taught no longer to depend upon our teaching, but would have them dispute our authority and deny to us the powers of absolution. So, my lord, he would have the people believe they are quite as good judges of scriptural things as we are; and shortly they will think they have quite as much right to this palace and the revenues thereof as thou hast.

‘But shall this heretic teach them never to believe in our commission to stand betwixt their souls and heaven, to give them their meat in proper season, and explain the Word, as we ourselves receive it? I flatter thee not with enticing words, knowing that the judgment of the church is with thee, and that thou wilt not fear to pronounce that heresy which militates against the teaching of the church. I beseech thee not to cherish and encourage heretics within the precincts of thy palace. I have done. I await thy judgment with confidence.’

He had no sooner taken his seat than the youthful Bilney rose, his heart full of sorrow, woe, and trouble, yet throbbing alone for the truth. He had seen, with an eagle’s eyes, the sins of the papal hierarchy, and sighed to be free from the pestilential darkness which covered, as with a veil, the light of the Scriptures. He addressed himself to the Bishop in the following terms:

‘Thou knowest, Bishop Goldwell, that I came not here this day, to intrude upon thy privacy, or to boast in defiance of *thine authority*; but that thou thyself didst desire that I

should speak out candidly before others that which I had more privately and conscientiously divulged to thee. I know that thine intention was good in this : that thou didst it to elicit the truth, and never intended that we should be in thy presence and in thine own palace insulted and have epithets of opprobrium cast upon us ; nay, that we should be condemned without benefit of clergy to the nethermost shades of hell.

‘It is the rule of thy board that every man should have full liberty to speak, provided he confine his arguments within the prescribed limits of decency and order. I cannot enter upon the all-important matters which I conceive it my duty to lay before thee, if I am to meet with the same frantic and uncourteous treatment which my friend has just received at the hands of the priest of St. Saviour’s. There can no charity dwell where rancor burns within.

‘Owning thy full authority here, I shall not attempt to speak until I hear thee lay down the law of thy palace, and command that we be at least so far respected before thee, that we may not be afraid to give utterance to whatever we may advance.’

Bilney sat down, and the priests of Ipswich looked a little confused at the clear and manly tone of speech with which this young man then addressed the Bishop before the company. There was wisdom enough in it to call forth these words from Goldwell.

‘Thou art invited freely to speak, and not summoned hither to answer to any accusation of crime or heresy, and to deliver thy sentiments without any personal fear. I like thy temper, and must insist upon my clergy’s observance of such forms of decorum as the courtesy of my palace demands. Thou must not be surprised, indeed, if thy doctrines and those of thy friend Bale should create a little rheum in the spirits of those so unaccustomed to have any of their decisions disputed.

‘Thou mayest go on, and should thine opponents, friends as they are to me, and subordinate to my authority, conduct themselves in an unbecoming manner, thou mayest depend upon the soundness of my judgment to give them a merited rebuke. Hoping I shall hear nothing more of acrimony, I invite thee to proceed.’

CHAPTER XVI.

JUDGMENT CONTINUED.

ALL paid respect to the person and speech of Goldwell; all acknowledged his influence; and, had he rose to retire, not an individual would have remained to dispute one moment longer any matter whatsoever. All knew this well; so that, when the Bishop had once declared his decision, not the most furious zealot dared to utter a word. Bilney rose amidst the most profound silence.

‘I can perceive,’ he said, ‘most worthy prelate, how very quickly these priests of Ipswich judge our motives, how little credit they give us for sincerity, and how soon they would gag our mouths, could they prevent our speech before thee. I am glad to find, however, that they pay thee the respect which not only thine office, but thyself dost deserve, inasmuch as they retain silence at thy command. I am silent, Bishop Goldwell, if thou dost command me; but, as thou hast given me liberty to speak, I will confine my observations to the one point which my friend has taken up upon this occasion—namely, the giving the Word of God into the hands of the people.

‘Now, if I, or any other person having authority so to do, preaches the gospel, is the source whence we derive all our knowledge to be concealed? I would ask, supposing a messenger came to thee to order thee to go to such a place, wouldst thou not ask whence he derived his authority, what credentials he had to show for thine undertaking such a journey?

‘No man would attend the bidding of another unless the bidding came from a source he could not dispute, and he was convinced it was his duty to obey. So I maintain before thee and all this assembly, that when we preach and teach the glad tidings of salvation, the people should have the law and the testimony, the Old and New Testaments, before them, that they may judge of the truth of the message, invitation, or threatenings which we hold forth.

‘How is it possible for the people to believe any truth of Scripture without the assurance of the Scriptures themselves? I might as well preach the heathen mythology if

they are merely to believe what we tell them, without our laying before them the grounds of our belief.

‘I would never believe there were such persons as Adam, Abel, Seth, or Noah, or such an event as the Deluge, or such a person as Abraham, or the promise given to him as is recorded, without I had read or heard the Scriptures read, from whence the knowledge of such things and persons is derived. And how can we expect that the things we would not believe ourselves without such evidences, others should take upon a man’s mere ipse dixit?’

‘It is here that men are subject both to credulity and incredulity; but give them the whole Word of God, let them see the wisdom which it conveys, let them think for themselves, and I am persuaded that we need never be afraid of the spread of divine knowledge.

‘We cannot pretend to be inspired prophets of God, deriving from him a direct communication independent of that which he has once shed upon his ancient prophets and apostles. However secluded and separated we may be from the rest of the world—I ask thee, Bishop Goldwell—can we derive a direct communication from Heaven beyond the written Word of God? I do maintain then, that we should teach nothing for doctrine, but what the Revelation of God has unfolded.

‘I would not, therefore, have the Word of God a sealed book amongst us, but spread far and wide among all people, that honest hearts may see the salvation of God, and glorify the Father of Light from whom it proceeded.

‘Such appearing, to my mind, to be the wisdom required in the present day to drive from men’s minds the clouds of darkness, I ask thee, Bishop Goldwell, wherein I speak what can, with justice, be called heretical? I should be glad to hear thy decision upon this point.’

The priest of St. Peter rose quickly from his seat, and stood erect before the company. He had his hair shorn with the utmost precision, his scalp bald, save the curling edges of grey hair which were allowed to cover his ears. He had a dark, black, piercing eye, which told of anything but calmness, every now and then flashing at Bilney and at the Bishop, as if it would strike a spark out of theirs to consume them. His spirit was evidently perturbed within him, and he could scarcely compose his nerves sufficiently to let his words come forth without passion.

He shook his vest with anger, as if he would not be

contaminated with the touch of such men as spake that day.

‘Shall the church,’ he exclaimed vehemently, ‘hold no more traditions? Shall we teach no kind of observances? Is the advice of our prelates and preachers to be no longer listened to, except it accord with the crude notions of this man? Are the people to run wild here and there after such preachers as John Bale and Thomas Bilney? We may as well at once give up our holy vows, and yield our right to the power of this wild abuse—that the people are to have private judgment, and cavil at our interpretation of the Bible. They hear our anthems, they join our prayers, they attend our altars, receive our absolution, and what would they have more? They want not to trouble their heads about the Scriptures. It is surely much better for them to accept what we tell them than to seek to be wise above learned men.

‘But if their minds become disturbed by such men as these, there is no telling what may be the consequence. The real fact, Bishop Goldwell, is, these men have become bitter enemies to the Church of Rome, and, under the pretence of introducing the Scriptures to the notice of the people, they take every opportunity of inveighing against our authority. They know themselves deserving of censure from the church, they subject themselves to punishment, and I should think it no more than a duty I owed to the church, if I were in thy place, to commit them at once to the custody of some keeper.

‘I conjure thee, venerable Prelate, not to listen to their complaint; “the poison of asps is under their lips, and they do but flatter with their tongues.” I conjure thee, by the vows thou hast taken to support the church, to summon at once to thy court at Norwich these refractory sons of the church, that they may be made to answer before thy dean and chapter for the evil they have done; that if they do not cease publishing their absurd notions of religious freedom, their mouths may be stopped by thine authority, which, if thou dost fail to use, I tell thee before this company that I shall at once make a complaint to the Pope.

‘It is all very well for thee to make this show of popularity in this ancient palace, and at thine own board, but a bishop who is so discourteous to his own clergy, and so very partial to these recusants, is not, I conceive, faithful to his trust. I



FRESTON TOWER.

am discontented and dissatisfied with the treatment which we true sons of the Roman Catholic Church have met with this day, and I conceive that a just cause of complaint is given to the hierarchy in Ipswich; and, unless a direct distinction be forthwith made in our behalf, I shall call upon all my brethren to join me in a petition to the higher authorities, that we may be justified in the sight of our fellow-townsmen.'

A dead silence pervaded that assembly, and even the Bishop waited to see if any other speaker would venture to utter a word. All eyes were turned towards the place where he sat; yet the only person seen to move was Alice De Clinton, who, leaning towards the Bishop, begged an exchange of place with Lord De Freston, that she might the more easily communicate what she had to say in the Bishop's ear. From her well-known character, her stern dignity, and cold-blooded, chilly disposition, it was well considered that nothing amiable could proceed. It was with some degree of shame that the Lord De Freston saw this female influence exercised, as unbecoming modesty as it was the real interest of her sex.

Ellen read in her father's face his dissatisfaction, little thinking that the sight of her intelligent countenance would awaken the eloquence of her friend Latimer; but De Freston had been speaking to him and urging him to say a word upon the occasion. Alice, however, having taken her seat with immovable frigidity of feature, and silence still prevailing, Latimer rose.

'As a stranger to thee, Bishop Goldwell, and to the greater part of this company, I should not have risen to give utterance to the words of my heart had I not been urged thereto by my learned and truly liberal friend Lord De Freston. He assures me that, so far from being affronted with my boldness, thou wilt be the rather pleased that I venture to trespass upon the attention of thine assembly. At Oxford we are, as it is well-known, infected, if I may so call it, with orthodoxy, overgrown to such a state of particularity as to make things in themselves of no moment appear of the utmost consequence, and things of the most vital interest of but minor consideration. We are, moreover, intent upon learning, and never doubt for a moment that wisdom will ultimately prevail.

'If a youth who departed from this town a few years ago, and who has since become so distinguished for his learning

and wisdom were here this day, I should keep silence before him and thee, well convinced that he would be much better able to speak those truths which I conceive ought this moment to be spoken. His relatives and friends I see before me, and some of them may not be sorry to hear me reëcho his sentiments, though they may regret his absence. Speaking in our theatre, some days ago, upon the same subject this day discussed, I heard him declare, in a long and animated speech, the duties of students with regard to scriptural learning, and the study of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written; but as all could not be learned enough to understand many things difficult therein, the duty of the ministry is to explain those things, and to afford living examples of that faith which they teach and preach. He hoped to see the time when the Scriptures might be unlocked and distributed in abundance to feed the people. His arguments were based upon the grounds of truth, that the Word of God can never be too widely circulated.

‘The clergy, he declared, were but a very small portion of the visible church, and would lose nothing of their influence with the people by liberating their minds from ignorance of the Word of the living God. In speaking of heresy, he maintained before the whole university that it was nothing heretical to disseminate the Scriptures.

‘I mention Wolsey as my authority for this assertion, not only because I know that in this his native place his fame is justly celebrated, his learning esteemed, and he himself, though young, is so highly respected, but because, Bishop Goldwell, his sentiments accord with my own. I would ask any man here present, who desires to know anything of his Redeemer, how he is to do so without the Scriptures? Our Saviour said, “Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these be they which testify of me.” Now if we can have the Scriptures to search, it is our duty to look into them, that we may discover the truth as it is in Him.

‘I see before me all the principal priests of the various parishes in this town, who all are attached to the ancient See of Rome. I value the preservation of the records of truth there as highly as any of them; but I say now, that heresy consists in the introduction of impositions, not required by the Word of God. The impositions I call heresies, are *those of teaching* for doctrine the commandment of men.

‘I was at Bury lately, and saw what numbers of devout penitents were sent from all parts of the kingdom to pay their devotion to a piece of St. Edmund’s shirt: Is not this heresy? There I saw what was termed the sinew of St. Edmund, his sword, the parings of his toes; and are such things to be held sacred?’

‘The monks showed me certain drops of what they termed St. Stephen’s blood. Even if it had been the blood of Stephen, was it an object to be worshipped? is not this heresy? They showed me the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, Thomas à Becket’s boots and his penknife, and numerous other things, to all of which they attributed such a degree of sanctity, that I was convinced of their ignorance; and however much history, revelation, and faith, might induce me to thank God for the examples of such men, I could not but think it *heresy* to pay any kind of adoration to relics of such things.

‘But the spread of God’s Word cannot be heresy, nor are those who preach it heretics. God grant that our country may be the foremost to spread the light of truth over this benighted world. Nothing can be productive of so much happiness, either to the priest or the people, as this enlightenment. But I have done, Bishop Goldwell, and I have only to apologise for the length of time I have occupied the attention of this assembly.’

Latimer took his seat, not without a smile of thanks from Ellen, which not even the stern expression of Alice could in the least chill. Yet Alice frowned at Ellen as if she despised her for that look; and nothing but the rising of Bishop Goldwell to speak to his guests prevented her precipitate and indignant retirement.

CHAPTER XVII.

ST. IVAN’S WARNING.

SILENCE prevailed amongst the guests as the venerable prelate rose to reply. Looks, yes, fiery looks, shot to the head of that board against the learned Latimer; and even Lord De Freston, with all his well-known bounty, liberality, *orthodoxy*, and piety, did not escape the furious glances of *St. Peter’s* priests; nor of the violent advocates for the

Pope's supremacy. They gnashed upon him with their teeth; and could have wept for very vexation. So serious did the matter seem, that there were many peaceful townsmen who wished most heartily that they were at home with their wives and children, instead of being witnesses of this unbecoming hospitality.

The Bishop, with great knowledge of the world—a truly liberal heart, yet not without deep prejudices, which in that day were not so easily subdued as in this, replied:

‘I have ever considered it one of the best privileges of my palace of Wykes, that here the stranger may speak unmolested, that we may all reap the benefit of each other's experience in learning, science, travel, or the wonders of nature, art, or industry. On this account has the hospitality of this roof been devoted to the purposes of an open free court; wherein as long as men behave themselves with courtesy, so long shall they and their communications be respected.

‘It has been my lot, frequently, to hear interesting discussions upon science, upon the ancient interpretation of words. Frequently, both naval and military works have been propounded, the uses of the rudder, and very lately, that new and wonderful invention, the compass. The discoveries of distant shores have been spoken of; the manners, arts, customs, and peculiarities of people scarcely heard of before are made familiar to us; and we have all participated in the interesting information.

‘The very openness of my table has afforded the power to suppress mere hearsay reports of things, and to bring forward those that are trustworthy. But nothing has so much puzzled the brains of many leading liberal men, as the now rising discussions upon the subject of religion.

‘Each speaker claims for himself sincerity, and we are bound to respect what he says as coming from a heart devoted to a holy cause. Yet how opposite do I find the tendencies of both. On one side it is maintained that the Scriptures should be freely given to the people, and be expanded as the waters of the broad sea over the earth. Another maintains that it is unprofitable so to do; that the Scriptures should be confined to the contemplation of the learned; so that the priesthood alone should be the readers, preachers, and expounders thereof, and that the people should be hearers and doers.

‘Now there is much truth in both these positions. We

well know that if one nation goes to war with another, that which has the best disciplined army will generally prevail. If soldiers were to fight just as they pleased, and be under no orders from their superior officers, they would soon be but a rabble route, and be easily defeated by steady and well-conducted troops. If battles are to be fought, it is evident there must be *command* and a commander; *obedience* and men to observe it. Mutual confidence is necessary to ultimate success. Even officers have to obey their superiors, and though each must rely on the aid of Heaven for success, yet each must obey some superior on earth.

‘So do I maintain that obedience is necessary in every department of the church, and that if the spread of the Scriptures among the people shall tend to disaffection instead of obedience, we do wisely to keep the records of religion confined to the knowledge of the priesthood.

‘My opinion, therefore, is given freely upon this subject. It is our duty to obey the Pope as our chief commanding officer, who holds his head-quarters at Rome. Your officers receive their commissions from him, and are responsible for their obedience to him. And, as one of his marshals, I command you to keep holy your sacred vow of obedience, and to fight the fight of faith under his banners.

‘I do not see that Wolsey should have any weight whatever in the councils of the church. He is, no doubt, a good and clever young man; and is held in very proper estimation among his friends in this, his native place; but others in the church are as good and wise as he, and their judgment is not to be despised. Older heads opine that it is not at all necessary to salvation that a man should read the Scriptures; and I, for one, think if the people are thereby to be stirred up to rebellion, they had better never read them at all.

‘We do not intend to cite you, Bale and Bilney, to our court, at Norwich, to answer for the dissemination of doctrines which we deem calculated to stir up strife and contention in the church. Nor thee, Latimer, for thy harsh declarations against the Prior and monks of St. Edmund’s Bury, albeit we do seriously admonish thee not to let words of indiscretion escape thy lips. To all we freely extend the customary privileges of the Palace of Wykes, and declare *that you are irresponsible for your expressions here this day, but I warn you to beware how you take advantage of this*

custom only to be here observed, and venture to express these vague opinions in the world.

'We command you, by virtue of our ecclesiastical authority, to spread no more those doctrines which we do consider tending to mutiny in our camp, and exhort you as good soldiers to keep your ranks free from disaffection.

'Though we freely pardon the errors of all this day, and shall dismiss you in peace to your respective homes; yet we are assured, that if these contentions should continue beyond these walls, some delegate from Rome will receive ample powers to punish all refractory children who may provoke the displeasure of the Holy See. We spare you now, and bid you all obey, and all farewell.'

At the very instant in which the Bishop rose to depart, a voice from without exclaimed—'Make way for the Hermit St. Ivan!' and, with breathless agitation, the venerable old man strode up to that part of the hall directly opposite the Bishop. It was evident to every one that he was fatigued with over exertion. He leaned against a pillar, as if to recover himself—refused to be seated, though he kept every one standing around him. He twice essayed to speak—lifted his arms to heaven, and demanded, by his actions, that they would pause a moment to hear him.

The sight of the man was enough to interest any one. His head uncovered, his staff in his hand, his eye beaming with philanthropy, though evidently excited by his intended communication. He had, indeed, hurried into the hall, he had seen the vibrations of the waters, and knew that the walls of Wykes' Bishop's Palace could not stand long. He knew, likewise, that unless he could deliver himself in an authoritative and alarming manner, that many souls must perish. He had no desire they should, and therefore he assumed a sort of prophetic manner of address which the imminence of the danger alone warranted.

His warning is given in such quaint, old poetry, and is yet so forcible, that to narrate it in a set speech would destroy its effect; and to give it in its old style would be tedious to the reader. He must pardon, therefore, its transposition into language more in accordance with modern phraseology, though, perhaps, not so genuinely characteristic of the hermit.

St. SEE'S WARNING.

'The time is come, proud Goldwell, hear!
 I speak to thee no more with fear!
 Though round thee shining lords attend,
 And priests with burgeses may blend;
 And haughty in thy palace fair,
 Alice De Clinton has her share,
 And mocks to scorn whoe'er she will,
 And bids the hermit's voice be still.
 I bid her listen to my lay,
 I call her from this scene away;
 And tell both thee and her and all,
 They must obey the hermit's call.

The time is come! the warning lake
 Already doth the palace shake.
 There stands by thee the haughty maid,
 Whose pride and cruelty are said
 To govern thee and urge thee on
 To deeds no bishop yet hath done.
 The poor despise her though they bow
 In fear of frowns from such a brow.
 I, too, have felt within my cell
 Her hate can burn as demon's spell;
 For none who humbly live to love,
 To her can acceptable prove;
 And were not here a better found,
 These walls would tremble to the ground.
 But her I warn to haste away,
 Nor longer in this palace stay,
 Lest she and thee, and hers and thine,
 Be buried by St. Agnes' shrine.

'The time is come—the doom is spoken,
 Spells of life and charms are broken;
 And thou mayst live as yet thy day,
 But here thy bones thou shalt not lay!
 No more on thee, Wykes' Bishop's Hill,
 With verdure green and pleasant rill,
 Shall smile upon thy turrets' dome,
 Nor more to thee thy people come
 To meet thee in this place of peace;
 Its pleasant days must quickly cease;
 And men from yonder hill shall say,
 "How soon does grandeur pass away!
 There stood in state Wykes' Bishop's Hall;
 How sudden was its rise and fall."

The time is come; I look around
 On those who now within are found;
 De Freston, hasten thou away,
 Nor let thy maiden longer stay.

Lest thou shouldst rue the hapless hour
 Thou didst forsake thy lofty tower,
 And seek to minister thine aid
 Of friendship to a haughty maid.
 Go! haste away. Oh, couldst thou tell
 How deeply in my lowly cell
 I oft have prayed for thee and thine,
 Thou wouldst respect the hermit's shrine.

'The time is come! fair maid of peace,
 Ellen De Freston, thy release
 From danger here will only prove
 A greater danger in thy love.
 But haste away! thou dost not know
 The anger of thy deadly foe.

'The time is come! Good townsmen flee.
 These walls are tottering, and must be
 Known as a place of midnight feast,
 Where owls and bats by day will rest.
 But never more will matin bell,
 Or vespers' sound, be heard to tell
 Wykes' Bishop's priests the anthem raise,
 A duty to the saints they praise;
 But bell and belfry both shall fall
 Before another matin's call.

'The time is come, thou haughty maid,
 Whose eye now shining on the dead,
 With stain of pride and cruel scorn,
 Falls not on one who feels forlorn.
 Thou'lt feel the loftiness of pride
 When raised, unknown, unseen, denied.
 Thou think'st thyself to be a queen,
 And com'st to nothing in thy spleen!
 He comes to raise, and take thee home:
 Proud maid he comes—the time—'

The old man's voice here totally failed him. A pallid hue was seen to spread itself over his countenance, which underwent a complete change. His head fell gently back against the stone pillar, and the hermit St. Ivan stood a corpse in the hall of Wykes' Bishop's Palace. At the same moment, the glass of those beautiful windows cracked from the very top of the arch to the bottom, and fell inwards—a rumbling noise was heard—the outer walls fell down; and bishop, lord, lady, priest, burgess, townsman, visitor, monk, traveller, friar, and mendicant, together with porter, warder, serving-men, and slaves, all fled in terror over the drawbridge, leaving St. Ivan standing against the pillar, the only one who was unconscious of fear, inasmuch as he was dead.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FALL OF THE PALACE OF WYKES.

TERROR was depicted in every countenance as the draw-bridge, that mass of stone, iron, wood, and brick-work was seen to give way, and divide with a crash, falling into the waters of the deep moat which surrounded the palace. Every inmate of that place who could move escaped before this catastrophe took place; and a motley group of terrified faces stood looking upon the troubled waters, the yawning land, the falling walls, as one after another of those massive pieces of stone fell inwards upon the beautiful tessellated pavements of the courts, and refectory, and cells, which had been so kept by the Bishop's serving men.

It was as if an earthquake had suddenly shaken the building to its foundation; but it was nothing more than a sudden landslip, arising from the springs which let in the banks of the moat, so as to lessen its once formidable barrier into the appearance of a ditch. This was not apparent at this moment, for the waters were so raised by the sudden ingress of the earth, that for a time a flood spread itself over both sides of these banks. It was only when the excess of water had escaped down the stream of the Holy Wells, into the Orwell, that the barrier became less formidable.

The Bishop and his niece were not long spectators of that terrible catastrophe. He was apparently excited to consternation, and showed it by his hasty departure, with Alice De Clinton, for Goldwell Hall.

Philanthropy moved in the heart of De Freston, who, after confiding his daughter to the care of Latimer, desired him to go at once to the mansion of his relative and friend, Antony Wingfield, then in treaty with De Freston for the sale of those very premises which afterwards became his property. The young Antony had then consigned his mansion in Brook Street, and his chapel of St. Mary's, to the Lord De Freston. This chapel was called the Lady Grey's chapel; and was the spot in which De Freston requested his daughter, and such as liked to accompany her, to go and return thanks for their deliverance. Meantime, a messenger was sent to Freston Castle, for horses and men, to convey his daughter and her attendants home.

Alice De Clinton did not wait even to invite Ellen to accompany her to Goldwell Hall. She would have died before she would have condescended to show any affection towards one whom she considered as a favorer of heretics. Hence her haughty departure with her less haughty uncle, and such retainers as at such a time were not too terrified to attend upon them.

De Freston, having disposed of his daughter Ellen, turned his attention to the state of those unhappy domestics of the palace, who were then without house and home; and by his interest with the monks of St. Peter's Priory, and other religious houses, together with his more private interest with numerous rich householders in the borough, he got them all treated in such a way as to suppress their cries of lamentation at the fall of Wyke's Bishop's Palace.

Thousands of spectators soon collected round the spot, upon the green hills in the vicinity, to look upon the prostrate ruins. The central pillars alone of that proud building stood erect; and every now and then an alarm was given that they were seen to totter. The expanse of waters did not subside that night, so that the flood had reached to the very foot of the hills, in consequence of the main-buttress of the drawbridge having fallen, and choked up the passage of the stream, where the waters usually escaped to the Orwell.

Had any one been disposed to go over to the ruins, they could not have done so without a boat, and the only one belonging to the gardener had been sunk by the pressure of the falling boat-house. There was no fear, however, of any such intrusion. Men who looked upon the sacred edifice were too cautious to think of venturing over the waters, lest they should be buried under its walls.

Conversation, however, was alive, and superstition not less active among the people, for many said they had seen the Hermit St. Ivan hastening over the drawbridge into the castle, and many had heard him say that when he did so the walls would fall down. Some had dreamed one thing, some another. Some prognosticated the fall of Bishop Goldwell and his proud niece. Some had seen a strange thing fly up the chimney the night before—and one had seen St. Ivan riding upon a black cloud over the hills to the river, and was sure some catastrophe would befall him. Innumerable ingenious speculations were started, and as is very often the case in calamities of any kind, it was attributed to all sorts of causes.

'I will not believe,' said butcher Stannard, 'that St. Ivan is dead, until I know his cell is deserted; so, who will go with me to the Holy Wells? What, none willing to go? What a set of cowards you all are!'

'I saw him go across the drawbridge, and I have heard him say, he should never return alive!'

'And so have I,' replied the butcher, 'and I have heard that he is now beneath those ruins, and yet I have my doubts, and if no one will go to the cave with me, I will go alone.'

The sturdy butcher started off for the deep dell of the Holy Wells, followed at a respectable distance by two or three of the townsmen, whose curiosity had been excited: but who gave him plenty of space to show his bravery by himself, not willing to interrupt him, or interfere with his ascent to the hermit's cell. A party stood at the foot of the stone steps by which Stannard ascended to the cave. He had indeed called aloud to the old man before he ventured to ascend—but of course received no answer.

He entered the cave—he found a rustic table with a Latin Bible thereupon, a lamp suspended from the ceiling, two loaves of brown bread in a recess, and a jug of water.

The cave was dry, and strewed with rushes; his bed was formed of the same material, placed upon a ledge of sandstone rock; a few boxes of salves, and bottles of medicine were ready to be given to the poor: but this strange habitation possessed no pretensions to comforts. Yet here Ivan had been for many years, the celebrated hermit of the Holy Wells.

Butcher Stannard soon returned, convinced, and convincing others that the old man was only to be found under the ruins of the Bishop's Palace.

Gorgeous tapestry might be seen floating in the wind from the various broken down compartments. The walls had mostly fallen inwards, and the waters had rushed into the court, and escaped through the broken and other confined masses on the other side. A more complete specimen of ruin could not be seen: valuable pieces of furniture, panels, and legs of tables, were floated out of the ruins upon the moat, and these were strictly preserved, as relics, and carried to the various religious houses, as mementoes of the *once flourishing palace of the Bishops of Norwich, the first and the last in the ancient town of Ipswich.* What a wretched sight did that palace now afford: but how much

more calamitous might it have been, had the festive hour not been so suddenly interrupted by the entrance of St. Ivan. It was better that the palace should fall down than that souls should perish therein.

The site of the palace—the spot of the Hermit's cell—the stream of the Holy Wells, are still to be seen, though now the square plot of ground is an orchard belonging to the owner of Holy Wells, and the stream which then flowed in a direct line to the river is now diverted, and forms magnificent fish ponds.

Tradition still preserves the name of the Hermit: and the monks of St. Peter, after his decease, though they had been jealous of his sanctity, raised a cross to his memory, at the Holy Wells, which went by the name of St. Ivan's Cross, and became a place of pilgrimage for saints and sinners, for two hundred years afterwards.

Throughout the records of that day, nothing is discoverable but the jarring complaints of the Prior of St. Peter's and his brethren, at the influence of the hermit of the Holy Wells, who would not submit to observe any of the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, without a restitution of his lands, hereditaments, and rights in Wykes Ufford and Whitton, which belonged to his ancestors, and descended from them to himself. It is recorded that he sued the Bishops of Norwich in the ecclesiastical court of Canterbury, for their usurpation of one moiety of that property which belonged to him and his heirs, the whole of which had been seized by the church. Law was the most expensive thing to be had in England in that day, as it is in this. A flaw is to be picked in almost every man's title to his estate, through which lawyers gain an entrance to the property—and there they fed and fatten. Formerly Judges were elected from ecclesiastical bodies, and their amanuenses, generally clergymen, called clerks—they retain the name to this day: but better for them and all men, they are not the judges of the land.

No doubt Goldwell knew the claim which had been urged by Ivan De Linton's descendants to recover the one moiety of the estates in Wykes Ufford and Whitton, as the Bishop of Norwich was left executor, after the various gifts to the church, to see the rightful heir instituted. It might be that this Ivan, who was Dr. Ivan, of St. Mildred's, A.D. 1425, was not considered the rightful heir. Be that as it may, he considered himself such, and spent a fortune in

endeavoring to obtain his property. From that day, the gradual decline of the Bishops of Norwich, as far as regarded temporal possessions in Ipswich, began, and there is scarcely now a single acre of land, or a single house in the neighborhood, which belongs to that See.

Every record of that period will produce testimony of their possessions in Wykes Ufford. The Bishop's Hill still forms one of the loftiest features over the town. The deep glens of Holy Wells, at the bottom of that hill, with the stream, the moat, the site of the palace, nay, within the memory of man, the beams of the cross which stood at the head of the stream which gushed from beneath the sandstone rocks, were found crossing each other, and were dug out of the earth during the life of the late owner of the property. Many an hour has the writer of these pages spent in that glen at that spot, and many a book has he perused within the precincts of the Hermit's cave, now closely planted with alders, firs, and brush-wood.

Lord De Freston and his daughter Ellen might be found in the Lady Grey's Chapel of St. Mary's returning thanks for their deliverance. Lord De Freston lived in an age when the support of the Papacy was accounted such an undoubted act of piety, that any nobleman attempting to dispute its sway was to be looked upon as an enemy to his God and his country. Lord De Freston, though he never exercised his authority with the hierarchy, to argue with them upon useless and fanciful customs, which they constantly introduced, was highly pleased with the manner in which William Latimer had conducted himself that day, and fully agreed with him in his animadversion upon the fooleries of the monastic establishments, the wisdom of unfolding the Scripture, and the necessity of learning in those who were to be the public expounders of the truth.

After returning thanks in the chapel, he accompanied Edmund Daundy to his mansion, where the conversation was renewed concerning the steps to be taken for the inspection of the ruins, and the disposal of the body of St. Ivan.

'I do not think the priests of St. Peter's will grant him a place of sepulture within the precincts of their monastery,' said Daundy; 'neither will Bishop Goldwell be disposed to allow that he may be buried within the grounds, inside the walls of Ipswich. For the most part, the priests looked upon him as one excluded from the kingdom of heaven, frequently crossed themselves whenever his name was men-

tioned, and none of them, I am quite sure, would perform his funeral ceremony.'

'Yet the old man had some virtues, which would be no disgrace to any one! He was conversant with the Scriptures, he was kind to the poor, meek and peaceable in his demeanor, spent many hours of the day in meditation and in the exercise of benevolence, and but for his abhorrence of the superstitious deceptions of those customs which the worst days of Rome have sanctioned, might have been deemed a good Catholic. Abstemious to the utmost, his fasting was an every day temperance. Devout in the extreme—all his hours were spent in devotion; generous to the last farthing, he gave away all that was given him, and lived upon the loaves of charity. I took care that he should not want bread whilst he lived, though he always thought it came from poor people, whom his medicinal cures had restored to health. I will not ask any of the religious houses in Ipswich to give him a place of burial.'

'Where then do you propose to bury him?'

'In the chapel of the Priory of Alneshborne. I will see this fraternity to-morrow morn, and ask their permission that the bones of St. Ivan may rest in my own family vault, beneath the altar in their chapel: for the Lords of Preston, though not all buried there, have a right of sepulture reserved to themselves, beneath the high altar of their chapel. This was one of the conditions upon which the extra-parochial lands, belonging to their monastery, were granted to them. I think I shall have no difficulty in this. The only difficulty I expect to meet with will be the finding a place of rest for the body in some sacred place, until all the preparations for his interment shall be completed. I will bring my men up to the town on the morrow. In the meantime, do you interest yourself in the good graces of the bishop, and the monks of St. Peter's, first that I may search the ruins of the palace for his body, then, that it may be decently kept within the walls of St. Peter's Priory until such time as I am prepared for the burial. I intend to watch the body myself on the night of its burial, as a mark of my respect for the deceased.'

'I will do my best endeavors. I can go to Goldwell Hall, suggest the propriety of searching the ruins, under the authority of the Mayor of the town, both to preserve whatever *valuable*s can be thence recovered—and then ask, *for you, the body of St. Ivan.*'

This the good Daundy faithfully performed. And that very evening Ellen De Freston and Latimer, together with Lord De Freston, were seated in their favorite room of Freston Tower.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. IVAN'S FUNERAL.

AN interesting conversation was held in Freston Tower that evening between the three persons who wanted nothing to cement their affections, since love reigned in their hearts. Extraordinary circumstances had unexpectedly given birth to the warmest feelings for each other. Interested in the deepest sense had each become. Perhaps that of Ellen De Freston was the greatest, because she felt so much both for her father and Latimer. Again they rejoiced in being seated in their happy retreat, with their souls full of thought, as they surveyed the waves of that river which appeared by the setting sun more beautiful than ever.

'I must go with the sound of the matin bell, and ask John of Alneshborne to grant me leave to bury the body of Ivan De Linton within the precincts of the chapel,' said De Freston. 'I shall have a mournful duty, but I hope a satisfactory one, in committing to the ground the body of a man, who, with all his eccentricities, was a pure philanthropist. Our priesthood will grant no place of burial to an heretic; and from all I hear, St. Ivan was looked upon by them as something worse than a heretic, and only worthy of the burial of a dog. I must propitiate the priests of St. Peter on the morrow, and get through the preparations as well as I can. In the meantime, Latimer, I request your stay at my castle: at least until this funeral be over.'

Latimer had left Oxford with the full intention of being in Padua as soon as wind and weather would permit. Little did he think, when asking his friend Wolsey to give him permission to convey some love token to Ellen De Freston, on his account, that he should be made to feel that he himself had inspired an interest which he could not fail to appreciate. He had no compunctions in regard to Wolsey, *for he had received no commission to declare his sentiments, and had no idea of their engagement to the lovely Ellen,*

for whom now, he could not fail to feel the most animating and grateful interest. In a few days, Latimer found more occasion to concentrate his affections upon the fair object that had excited them.

That evening past away with many reflections of thankfulness, and on the morrow Lord De Freston ordered his barge, and visited the fraternity at Alneshborne Priory. All that he requested was immediately granted by that truly learned body. The night was fixed upon for the solemn funeral to take place, and De Freston made a vow, more in accordance with the superstition of his age than with true wisdom, to keep watch in the chapel of the priory, and to speak to no one, to answer no one, and to be moved by none, until the priory bell should give the sound of morning prayer.

His next care was to visit the monks of St. Peter's, and obtain their permission to let the body of St. Ivan lay in state within their walls. He had some difficulty in this, and it was only by promising to pay a handsome sum for watching the body, and for prayers against sorcerers, that he could prevail upon that bigotted body to grant him his request. The next thing was to look for the hermit. Bishop Goldwell had sanctioned the Mayor's search for various articles of value, and had given permission to remove the body of St. Ivan.

Lord De Freston and his men were the first to pass over the moat in boats to search the ruins, whilst hundreds collected on the banks to see the removal of the body, which was found erect, against the very pillar upon which he had leaned when he died. A cross-beam had fallen against the top of the pillar so as to form a shield over him. A mass of rubbish, of brick-work, broken tiles, glass, and furniture, had to be removed before the corpse could be taken out. There was a placid serenity, even in death, upon the face; his form was stiff, and the silvery locks fluttered over his features as they moved him through the ruins.

His bearers were awe-struck with the downfall of that princely palace; and, not quite satisfied in their own minds that some of the standing portions of the building might not fall upon their heads, they made what haste they could to Lord De Freston's boat.

Curiosity excited some to pass over the broken walls; and a desire to possess relics of Wykes' Bishop's Palace instigated others. The occasional slip of some congregated

mass terrified the pilferers and made them hasten from danger.

When the corpse of St. Ivan was removed to the boat, the Mayor gave orders that none but authorised workmen should be permitted to pass the bounds of the moat, and that a clerk should give an exact account of the articles found for the use of the Town Clerk and the Bishop's Secretary.

De Freston's care was now to convey the body to St. Peter's Priory, there to have it lay in state until all things should be ordered for the funeral.

It was not without great bribes that it was admitted within the precincts of the Priory, but the monks were not insensible to the costly gifts of De Freston, and of Edmund Daundy; nor insensible to the use that might be made among the common people of the fame of St. Ivan. He was, therefore, admitted, embalmed with all due ceremony, and candles were dedicated to the altar for St. Ivan. Priests had to pray for his soul's release from purgatory. A solemn requiem was sung in the chapel, and during the six days' rest in the Priory costly dedications were made to the shrine of St. Peter, at the expense of the nobleman and his friends, who were only anxious that decent respect should be paid to his memory.

How different are the customs of different periods relative to the burial of the dead; how different, likewise, in different countries! That decency should be observed, every Christian will freely acknowledge; and where society is formed upon true principles of piety, all these things will be done with propriety; but it is better to have the prayers of the poor destitute than to build the most splendid mausoleum in the world. The heart of one good man is of more real value than the whole fabric of St. Peter's at Rome.

Lord De Freston was not ashamed to show to the world that he considered the old man worthy of the customary Christian burial which, at that time, was bestowed upon the nobles of the land. Hence his preparations were made upon a corresponding scale.

The seventh evening was appointed for the funeral. It was agreed that he should be buried by torchlight at the Priory of Augustine Monks, beneath the shrine of St. Peter, at the altar of Alneshborne Chapel. Lord Ivan De Wykes, as the family were originally called when the *estates* were conveyed to the See of Norwich, had great *possessions* in Dorsetshire and Cambridgeshire, as well as

in Essex and Suffolk; but retaining only certain estates at Linton and Ipswich, the name of Wykes was dropped and Ivan De Linton substituted. These things were known to De Freston when the old man first spoke to him concerning his titles and family. It might be on this account as well that he chose to pay him every mark of outward respect. He had learnt something of Ivan's private history in conversation with him, and found that much of his eccentricity arose from a disappointment of the heart in early life.

The long procession of boats with torches was collected at the quay of St. Peter's Priory. There were twelve belonging to the Mayor and burgesses; four to the Prior of St. Peter's; Daundy's, Sparrow's, and Wolsey's barge, and others among the common people who chose to accompany the procession with muffled oars, five miles down the river, to the vale of Alneshborne. At midnight, the procession, headed by De Freston's boat, with himself and his friend Latimer, started at the sound of the solemn bells, which, from the various religious houses, gave forth their mournful note. They were all muffled. Torches were seen in the towers; and along the river side the glare of one hundred and sixty torches upon the waters showed a long array of mourning pomp. The body lay exalted on a large flat-bottomed boat, and was towed by the sailors, who were appointed to bear the coffin from its deck. They were seated in another boat, belonging to the Priory. Four portmen, ten burgesses, and a numerous company of priests and choristers brought up the procession. Their lengthened notes came swelling over the waters as they chanted the requiem of the departed.

It was a dark night, the waters were gloomy, the banks of the river seemed in mourning, the clouds looked as if they were gathering to weep, and save the wild note of the curlew as the torch-light disturbed her upon the ooze, one mile down the river, all was profoundly mournful.

De Freston's men were well acquainted with the river, and as the lights from the town began to grow dim, and the sound of the tolling bells distant, and their oars were muffled, a solemn stillness made a feeling of awe creep over their frames, as they thought of the hermit whom they were escorting to his last cave. As they passed the long hanging wood which bent to the waters, then termed Long Island, since corrupted into Hog Island, the startled cormorants rose in succession from

their roosting-places, and filled the air with their hoarse chaunt. Darker and darker grew the banks, and still darker spread the clouds above, as the train swept slowly along. The distant turrets of Alneshborne Priory became visible, and soon after torches were seen to glare upon the waters' edge; and the fraternity of monks were visible awaiting the arrival of the funeral.

As the boats approached the sandy strand against the creek of Alneshborne, the whole brotherhood assembled to receive the monks of St. Peter's and Lord De Freston; and along the shore a solemn chaunt arose from the choristers as the men eased down the coffin of St. Ivan from the deck of the barge.

Chaunt.

Holy brethren, we are come
Here to bring St. Ivan home;
Take him, take him, holy men,
As St. Peter's denizen.
Alma Mater!
Sancte Pater!
En et ecce! Ecce en!
Holy brethren! now we mourn,
Hear us, monks of Alneshborne!
Take St. Ivan, take him thou,
For St. Peter's denizen.
Alma Mater!
Sancte Pater!
En et ecce! Ecce en!
Holy brethren! pity take,
For the Great St. Peter's sake;
Lay St. Ivan in your glen,
As St. Peter's denizen.
Alma Mater!
Sancte Pater!
En et ecce! Ecce en!

The venerable brethren received Lord De Freston and the mourners with due solemnity, and made the following response to the chaunt of St. Peter's priests.

The Response.

Welcome, welcome, to our shrine,
Here St. Ivan may recline;
Bring him onward, on his way,
Holy friars of orders gray.
Ora! ora!
Sine Morâ!
For St. Ivan, brothers, pray.

Here the saint shall taste repose,
 Here the tomb shall o'er him close,
 Whilst we sing his resting lay,
 Holy friar of orders gray!

Ora! ora!

Sine Morâ!

For St. Ivan we will pray.

Welcome he who comes in peace,
 Here his honours shall not cease;
 We will chaunt them night and day,
 Bear him, brothers, on his way.

Ora! ora!

Sine Morâ!

Thus we chaunt St. Ivan's lay.

The procession was then formed, headed by the monks of the place, and by the whole body of the fraternity of St. Peter's. Then came the bier, on each side of which walked six burgesses, Lord De Freston following as chief mourner. Then Latimer, and the various friends, townsmen, and acquaintances, who, as much out of respect for the living Lord De Freston as for the dead St. Ivan, attended the costly funeral. There was Robert Wulsey, as it was then written. He was an old man, and certainly would have been much better at rest in his own house in St. Nicholas, than braving the midnight air to gratify his friend, De Freston. So grateful did he feel to him for the interest he had taken in his son Thomas, that as soon as Daundy mentioned the subject to him, and told him that it would be a compliment which De Freston would feel, he actually resolved, let the cost be what it might, to attend the funeral of St. Ivan. The cost, as the sequel will prove, was as much as any man could pay.

The corpse was borne to the chapel, which then stood beyond the walls of the Priory, in a small secluded glen, near the bright stream which flowed into the moat, and thence down to the waves of the Orwell. The torches illumined the glen, and when they all entered the little chapel, a person outside might have supposed that the building was on fire, so glaring was the accumulated light of so many torches. In front of the altar was the family vault of De Freston. Amidst the chaunts of the assembled priests, the body was lowered into the vault, the ceremony was concluded, and De Freston alone, with only the candles burning upon the altar, was left to watch, according to his

vow, till the morning matin-bell should permit him to open the chapel door.

It may seem singular that a person like Lord De Freston should submit to such unnecessary devotion, but he had made a vow to do it himself, and he was not a man to turn aside from any purpose he had once resolved to put in practice. It was in vain that the elder brother of the monastery offered himself to exonerate him from his vow, and to supply his place. He was determined: consequently the whole body of attendants had to leave him in the chapel. He charged Latimer to return to the castle, and not to think of coming over the waters again until the morning-bell should be heard from the Tower of Alneshborne Priory. The mourners, therefore, retraced their way, the burgesses and townsmen up the waves of the Orwell, and the last to leave his friend was William Latimer, who promised to return at the time appointed. Taking leave of the friendly Augustines, he ordered his rowers to unmuffle their oars and make the best of their way across the tide. A light was to burn all night in the fifth story of Freston Tower. The mourners separated, and their torches were seen quickly ascending the waves of the Orwell, and Lord De Freston was alone in the chapel of Alneshborne.

CHAPTER XX.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

NEVER, under such circumstances, did a noble undergo a severer trial than did Lord De Freston on that memorable night. The parties had separated upon the wave, the monks had returned to their cells, one holy brother alone keeping watch in the belfry tower to denote the hour of matin worship. The Lord of Freston Tower knelt by that lone altar, beneath which the hermit St. Ivan now rested, and he was performing the last form of devotion, which, according to his vow, he could then pay to departed worth. The tomb could not be closed up until that vow had been strictly observed. Superstitious and uncalled for, as according to our far wiser notions of acceptable duty this would be considered, it was deemed a high mark of personal devotion in that day.

He had vowed that nothing on earth should entice him from the chapel. The proof of sanctity attending upon this vow was to be the strictness with which it should be kept. He was to answer no voice whatever—to admit no one into the chapel when once he had locked himself in—to be terrified at nothing internal or external—that come whatever might, no word should escape his lips: but in silent meditation he should kneel at the altar and watch until the morning. In a word, he should remain there and keep his vow in spite of every temptation to make him break it.

If men would only keep watch within themselves to guard against the entrance of evil thoughts into their souls, and prevent the devil from urging them thereby to wicked words and actions, they would not want to shut themselves up in gloomy chapels, to appear before men in sanctimonious garb. There would be no need of costly sacrifices to the fancied glory of the true God, which alas! do but tend to blow out the swollen pride of man because of false notions of doing him honor. Keep the heart sound, encourage there every virtue, and let the grace of God cleanse it from apostasy and superstition, for otherwise man will soon be unfit to dwell with holiness, and make his heart unfit for spiritual consolation or comfort. —

De Freston's self-devotion was the theme of praise among the deluded though learned monks of Alneshborne Priory, as well as amongst the priests of St. Peter, or the mayor and burgesses of the town of Ipswich—and perchance the cold-blooded Alice De Clinton, in the private chapel of Bishop Goldwell, might have deemed this act worthy of her praise. But she knew it not, or else she would not have supposed him to be a heretic. It is impossible for a good heart to be always silent in its devotions. It will, it must speak to the glory of God. It has so done in every age, and will so do to the last day; but its internal struggles to conquer its external and internal foes will be observed alone by God, and be known only to him.

Whilst De Freston kept his silent watch, the grumbling clouds gave intimation of a coming storm. It had been a murky night, and sweeping folds of darkness had spread themselves over the sky: but now the thunder began to roll, and the lightning to illuminate the waters of the Orwell, and for successive moments to darken even the torches of the boats. Ellen De Freston and her maid were in the tower, watching for the expected return of

Lord De Freston's boat. On such a night, though her father had not charged her to remain there, but to let a light be burning in her usual lofty apartment, she had chosen to keep watch for her friend's return.

The light was seen in the Tower, and the boatmen were guided by it and by the light in the belfry of the Monastery as certain beacons for their safety. But every now and then the murky darkness of the clouds, and the vivid flashes of the lightning, would alike obscure these beacons from their sight. They could see the windows of the little chapel they had left faintly illuminated by the wax tapers within. Latimer felt a degree of sorrow for his lord, that on such a night he should be exposing himself to a long and dreary watch, instead of being calmly at rest upon his pillow in his own castle. It is true, that his anxieties were somewhat roused by the roar of the elements, but he had six stout rowers, who knew the channel well, and though they declared that their boat had never been so tossed about before upon the river, yet they had no doubt of soon reaching the landing place beneath the shades of Freston.

The wind was dead ahead against them, and the short successive gusts which blew directly down upon them, seemed to chop the waves into spray as they dashed along. The torches of twisted rope and pitch held by two men astern required the greatest dexterity in holding them lest they should be jerked into the waters. Nothing but complete immersion could extinguish them: for even if the wind blew them out, it soon blew them in again, and the first billow found the flame again aspiring. But every now and then the boat struck against a piece of timber, either the arm of some tree, or the mast of some vessel, or a piece of wreckage, which rather alarmed the most experienced boatmen of the party. One flambeau was sent forward, and the man held it as high as he could, to give notice of any coming danger.

'If our friends going home have not better luck than we have,' said one of the men, 'we shall hear of their being capsized or driven ashore. Thy have, however, wind and tide in their favor and will scud homewards pretty quickly. Pull away, my hearties!'

This was the language of young Harry Benns, whose ancestors had for years been servants of the Lord De Freston, and the same youth was attached and engaged to the serving maid of Ellen De Freston.

'The light burns brightly in the Tower, Master Latimer, and I fancy every now and then I see something flitting past it. I suspect we have friends watching us there.'

'I wish both your lord's watch and theirs were over,' replied Latimer. 'I like not this dark, stormy struggle.'

'Oh, never fear, Master! We have a good pilot to take charge of us! Give way, my lads! that's it! a strong arm, and good courage, my boys!'

Two very good things in their way, but both may be put to the test when other things come in their way.

Just at that moment a flash of lightning opened upon them, and showed them such a sight as made the stoutest heart among them tremble. A vessel without light aboard, or sail, or man to steer her, seemed as if she had broken from her moorings, and was driving before the wind in the very direction of the boat. She looked like a floating mountain as she came along, seen for the instant, and then involved in impenetrable darkness.

'There she comes,' exclaimed the man ahead; 'bout ship, my lads, or we are all overboard!'

Down she came—the work of an instant—she swept directly over them, turning De Freston's boat keel upwards. Happily she did not strike them midships, but caught them astern, twisted them round first—and was gone.

The shrieks of those unhappy men were borne upon the wind, and plainly heard by the Lord De Freston in the chapel of Alneshborne. The neighboring monks were roused from their slumbers by the alarm given by the brother in the watch-tower: they listened, and could plainly hear the cries of distress.

The boatmen, who had all been capsized, extricated themselves as well as they could, and clung to the boat, which, having been so suddenly upset, contained a great quantity of air, which added to its buoyancy.

'Are you there, Benns?'

'Is that you, Atkins? Hold on, my boys!'

'I say, where is my young master?'

Latimer alone was not there. Having been seated directly in the stern of the boat, the violence of the blow had thrown him into the eddy of the driving vessel, and in a moment he was drawn, as it were, in a vortex far away from his companions. The vessel, however, drove faster than he did upon the waters, and, being an expert swimmer, he had struck out boldly against the sweeping and curling waves.

When a man has to struggle for life, and knows, too, that it must be a hard struggle, he had better not waste his strength in his first efforts. Presence of mind is certainly the greatest requisite in sudden emergencies; and Latimer's first exclamation was not a shriek of terror, but a prayer, short, earnest, and expressive.

'Lord help me! I am in danger. Support me through this trial, with the help of thy right hand and holy arm.'

He had scarcely uttered the words, and lifted himself up to strike out as a brave swimmer, when a huge plank, from the beams of a wreck, came floating by him. He caught hold of it, lifted himself upon it, and, in another moment, sat across it, in humble thankfulness to God for so much mercy. He could hear his companions calling aloud for help, apparently a long way from him, drifting before the howling winds.

It should be understood by the reader, that to reach Lord De Freston's stair whilst the tide was flowing, the men had to row at least three quarters of a mile out of the direct line, that they might the more easily fetch the point at which they were to land. They were at the very utmost distance when the accident occurred. The boat then was driven back almost to the Downham shore, and consequently, as the men mounted the keel, the wind had a greater power upon the drifting mass, and took them swiftly onward; but Latimer, struggling against the chops of the waves, and at last finding a friendly plank to ride upon, was swept more along the channel.

The beacon still burnt in Freston Tower, and the anxious watchers therein were suddenly alarmed by the extinction of the light upon the waves.

'I cannot see the lights of the boat upon the waters,' said Ellen De Freston, to her maid. 'I can see a light beaming from the chapel; I can still see lights floating towards the town, and dancing reflections upon the distant waters; I can even see the Tower light from the Priory, but I see not those from my father's boat.'

'O! fear not, my lady—fear not. I dare say the wind and rain have extinguished the torches; but depend upon it they will reach the shore in safety. Do not be afraid.'

'I saw the boats part upon the waters, and my father's boat bending its course to come across the river. They seemed to be coming nearer and nearer every minute, and the torches to burn brighter; but all of a sudden I miss

them. I see no lights, all is darkness except the lightning's flash, and that shows me nothing.'

'O! do not fear, my lady. They can see our light, though their torches are extinguished; and I have heard my Henry say he could always find his way across, even if there were no lights burning in the Tower. It is a bad night, but do not let the thunder and lightning terrify you; they will soon be ashore.'

'I fear not so soon as you seem to expect. You appear to be very bold, Maria, but I fear Him only who holds the thunder and the lightning in his hands. He is very terrible!'

'It is in His help I trust, my lady. He is merciful and kind, and my Harry is a good man, and I hope God will take care of him.'

'I hope the same for others,' sighed Ellen: and again she looked anxiously upon the troubled waters. She could see nothing but the dashing waves, illumined by the sudden flashes of lightning. She could hear nothing but the roar of the artillery of Heaven, which was indeed enough to shake the stout nerves even of the brave Lord De Freston, but not enough to prevent his or his daughter's watch.

The brethren of Alneshborne, whose monastery lay directly in the course of the wind, had heard the mournful cries repeated upon the waters, and, with all speed, had quickly followed their watchman to the shore. There, shoving off their own boat, and guided by the occasional call of distress, they plied their accustomed oars upon the wave. At times they lifted up their generous voices, and fancied they were heard. The thunders roared above, the pelting rain fell in torrents, and they had nothing but hope to guide them. They could hear voices calling for help, but so dark was the night, and so heavy the shower, that they could scarcely tell from which point of the channel the cries came.

In the midst of a peal of thunder came a flash of lightning so vivid and clear that the parties actually saw each other as distinctly as if it were day; and such a shout of joy arose, as deliverers and the delivered could alone utter. A few more strokes of the oar from the monks, and they are alongside the capsized boat, picking off the men, binding the rudder to their own boat's stern, and receiving the blessings and embraces of the sailors of De Freston. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of the poor fellows thus mercifully delivered from a watery grave.

But Lord De Freston's friend. He was not there; and the sailors looked sad and sorrowful in each others' faces.

'Alas! he is gone to the bottom,' said Benns, 'I saw the great trader strike him a heavy blow, and send him along the wave dragging him with her. He is gone! holy men! and we must acquaint our master with his loss.'

'Leave that to me,' said the Superior, 'I will go alone to the chapel; meanwhile, you must come to the monastery and partake of such accommodation as our means can render.'

'We shall be well pleased to land, your reverence, for some of us have shipped more water than we can carry, and should be glad to have it pumped out of us.'

The monks took the boat in tow, and landed at their own shore, to the great satisfaction of the poor sailors.

A fire was soon lighted in that ancient hall; and old cloaks, and hoods, and dry garments exchanged for their heavy soaked woollen clothes. Nor were the friendly monks less careful for their internal comfort, having placed before them such spirituous liquors, as might best qualify or remedy the chill of the salt water in their stomachs.

The Prior himself went to the chancel-door of the little chapel, leaving the poor fellows talking about their lord and his lost friend, and wondering in their own minds whether the vow would or would not be broken. Old John of Alneshborne went himself to the chapel. The Lord De Freston heard the noise upon the waters. The sounding of the alarm-bell from the monastery, the thunders roaring, and saw the lightnings flashing; but he firmly kept his vow, for he had resolved that nothing should tempt him to break it.

A gentle but hasty knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaiming:

'I am John of Alneshborne, I come to absolve thee from thy vow. Thy boat is upset, thy friend is lost; oh! leave off thy watch and come and help us.'

But no answer from within gave any indications of slackened duty or of wavering vow.

'Open the door! watch no longer, thy men are exhausted. They are in the Priory! they want thy help! O, noble lord, let me entreat thee to come and advise us what we are to do. The light still burns in Freston Tower; shall we pass over to the castle? What shall we do?'

Not a single word came in reply, though the noble heard the news with a deep pang, only to be imagined by those

who felt for him. Yet he put up a silent prayer for support, and even that the morning's light might bring him better tidings. He felt as if he should hear better news, if he kept his vow; and, if he did not, that some fresh horror would approach with the matin-bell. Never was father, friend, or noble, more deeply tried; yet he kept his watch, and the Prior returned from his ineffectual attempt to move him. That night was, indeed, a night of horrors.

Some of the monks attributed all these accidents to the admission of the hermit's body into their chapel; and took upon themselves to lecture their elders for ready acquiescence in the will of Lord De Freston. Others thought it a judgment upon Latimer, as he was the only one lost. They all made vows to be more strict in the performance of their duties, and some of the sailors confessed to them their sins.

'It was a bad night when we started,' said Harry Benns. 'I could tell by the clouds we should have a storm, and perhaps the judgment you speak of may have fallen heavily upon the priests of St. Peter's. A storm is but a storm, good monks, and there is a God above to rule that, as well as ourselves. He has delivered us out of peril, and we have reason to rejoice and be thankful.'

'Young man,' replied the Superior, 'dost thou know the means by which thou wast saved? St. Peter was our help.'

'I know that you and your brethren of this Priory were the instruments in the hands of God to save our lives; and I give God thanks first, and thee next; but I do not see how St. Peter helped us, any more than the dead St. Ivan.'

The monks looked at each other, as much as to express astonishment at the youth's impiety, and one said to the other, 'I wonder this fellow was not lost!'

'Let us hope the best,' replied the Superior, 'his ignorance is the best excuse which can be made for him. He will soon know better. I will take care and inform his lord; so that he shall do penance for this slur upon St. Peter.'

The conversation then turned upon the lost Latimer; the monks all agreeing that he was not an ignorant man; but one who had certainly entertained notions contrary to the ordained decrees of the Pope; one who had ventured not only to think for himself, but to argue with others, and even with the learned fraternity of Alneshborne. He was, doubtless, *punished as a heretic*, and his fate would be a warning *to many how they dared to open their lips against St. Peter.*

They thought that good would come of this, even to the Lord De Freston, whose pious watch they did not fail to laud; and to praise him highly for having kept his vow through such unexampled difficulties.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FATE OF THE SWIMMER.

LATIMER was drifting on the tide, his long straight piece of timber, very unsteady in its progress, at one time going at an angle as if it would drive to the shore of Freston Tower, at another steering with a wide course towards the Priory. Its progress was slow only when it came among those long winding weeds, fine as the smallest ribbons, and ten or twenty feet long, which would occasionally twist themselves over the board.

This he felt to be his worst position, for whenever his plank was delayed, he found the greatest difficulty to keep his place upon it. The incessant spray, too, was such as to blind him, and scarcely permitted him to see the light of the tower on the Freston side, or upon that of Downham Reach. Still Latimer was thankful that he had found this friendly help in the hour of need.

He looked at the light glimmering from that happy spot in which he had spent the most enlightened moments of his life. He looked and longed for that friendly shore: nor did he forget to pray both for her whom he loved, and for her father, whose superstition, even at that moment, he conceived to be the cause of the catastrophe. He could not help thinking that if that watching had not been, he should not then have been a solitary sufferer upon the waves of the Orwell. Again, he thought it might have happened, even if De Freston had been on board the boat, and a thrill of joy ran through his cold frame at the thought that he was safe.

It was evident that his plank neared the Freston shore; for, as the lightning flashed, he beheld the castle, and the tower, and the trees, and even imagined that he distinguished the very stair in a line with the light of the tower. *Just at that time, too, his limbs seemed to be released from the clinging sea-weed and his floating spar to rush into deep*

water. It darted forward as if released from confinement, its course seeming to be towards the shore. It was evidently in the deep channel, and Latimer thought it was the very channel which he knew swept up to the Freston shore. The light of the tower was now behind him, and again the weeds stopt his plank. It was then he thought of making his greatest effort.

'I am leaving the shore,' he said to himself; 'and my plank will soon be drawn down by the weight of the weeds, and I shall go with it. I must now try my strength, and with God's help, I may reach the land.'

He cast off his coat, he tore off his shoes, stript himself as much as he could, and with prayer heavenward, and his eyes upon the beacon, he cast himself upon the waters. In a moment, he felt those long winding weeds twisting themselves around his limbs. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He had often swam the waters of the Severn and had been well tutored against weeds. To struggle against them he knew to be vain. The old fisherman on his native waters, had often told him that the only way to escape them was to lay himself out as fleet as he could, and never to strike until they untwisted themselves, which they would be sure to do if he would not resist them. He did this directly, and though it delayed him, yet delay in this instance was avoiding danger. He struck out as fleetly as he could until he escaped these treacherous weeds, and to his great joy he came into deep water.

His eye now rested upon the beacon, his arms expanded, his chest breasted the waves, and hope, that sweet companion, hope in the mercy of God, did not forsake him. It was a hard struggle, however, to buffet the opposing waves, with both wind and tide against him. He had youth, health, strength, hope, and love in his favor; and all that a young man with a good heart could do, he did to reach the wished-for shore.

There is, however, a limit to human exertion, beyond which no man's strength can avail. He was ignorant of the distance he had to swim. A light looks sometimes nearer than it really is, and the poor struggler's heart was greatly tried, as, with all his efforts, he did not seem to near the shore. Yet the light seemed to burn higher up in the sky; and as the lightning illumined the waters, he thought that the dark woods were nearer.

Did the classical scholar think of the Hellespont as he

breasted the waves, or remember the fate of the far-famed Leander? The night was such as to create despondency, without referring to the classical allusion. But the Christian Latimer knew what Leander did not—that God was his help. He had not presumptuously braved the waves for a secret amour, and, much as he admired the true love of Leander, he felt himself in a very different position, though Freston Tower was then his aim, and he hoped that Ellen De Freston might be expecting his return.

Great were his repeated exertions, but he felt his strength beginning to fail him! He looked up at the light, and he thought it less distinct. He felt a strange dimness overshadow his brain, a nervous prostration of strength, and a weakness, which made him anxious only to exert himself the more.

The light from the tower suddenly disappeared. Oh! how his soul seemed to sink; and not only his soul, for a dimness, like a film, seemed to spread itself over his eyes, and his hands and his feet to sink lower, and to strike feebler beneath the waves.

Strange mists are beginning to fill those longing eyes, and sparkling, star-like lights to flit across his vision. ‘And is it thy will, O Lord!’ was the last exclamation from his fainting lips, as he lifted his head in the darkness, and his feet sank motionless downwards. That very motion in one moment convinced him of God’s mercy; that it was His will he should be saved. He felt the ground; his feet touched the shore. With a bound of joy, such as angels may be supposed to feel at the returning steps of the repentant, he sprang forward—the tide had previously turned—the wave helped him—and the flash of the now friendly lightning showed him the stair of De Freston just before him!

One effort more—a loud cry of joy, and for help—he seized the step of the stair—vain his effort to ascend; too weak, too feeble, too exhausted, he fell, still grasping the lowest step of De Freston’s landing-place. All consciousness was gone; instinctively he grasped the step, and every wave became less powerful, until it only washed against his feet.

Ellen De Freston had cautioned her maid to take the lamp out of the way of the window whilst she opened the casement looking down upon the waves. Hers was rather a dangerous position, in a lofty tower surrounded by trees, in the very midst of thunder and lightning. Many minds

would quail before such terrors ; but love is very strong, and when aided by education, and divested of all superstition, it is a power of dependence upon God stronger than a castle.

She felt that her father and her friend were absent ; that they were returning from sacred duties, difficult to fulfil, and requiring the assistance of her loving aid. Who can watch so well as they who wish for our safety ? And who can do this better than an affectionate child ?

Ellen De Freston opened her casement, anxious to hear some sound of the plashing oars, or some voices upon the Orwell. She thought she heard, through the lull of the storm, a faint moan. She listened again—she did hear it.

‘Hark, Maria! leave the lamp; come to the window. Hark! dost thou not hear a moan?’

‘I do, my lady—I do! It is some poor wretch upon the shore!’

‘Haste thee below, maiden. Come, let us haste! But hold! we must not take away the beacon.’

‘Shall I run to the castle for help?’

‘No, quickly descend, and ascend again with the torch that hangs upon the porch door. Quick! quick! Maria. Fly! I can still hear the moan of distress. We must be above our sex in the moment of danger.’

The torch was soon lit. Neither felt the coldness of the wind, nor the fury of the storm. Some poor sufferer must be cast upon the shore; and when is a woman’s heart so deeply alive, and so warmly engaged, as when conveying help to the disconsolate. The man that cannot appreciate female philanthropy knows not what true pity is. It glows so vividly, it comes so blessedly, it shines so graciously, that the most warlike men have, in all ages, been subdued by it.

With rapid steps did Ellen De Freston and her maid hasten, by the burning torchlight, to the shore. Their first care was to hasten to the stair, by which they could descend to the level of the waves. They reached it.

Holding down the torch, they see a form below—they descend—the light shows them at once the features of Latimer, and their tender hearts are struck with horror. A wild shriek reaches the castle of De Freston, and arouses the inmates, who were awaiting their lord’s return. The ancient dame of the castle, with servants and men, came running down the green sward towards the light which they saw burning by the stairs.

They soon perceive their young mistress leaning over the apparently lifeless body of a young man. They soon recognized the features, and lent their aid to remove him to the castle.

Glad, indeed, was Ellen of their help, and quickly did she follow them into that place of hospitality whence a sufferer never was excluded, or failed to receive the kindest attention.

But such a sufferer as then entered the walls, and under such circumstances, commanded all the interest of affection and pity.

He was quickly conveyed to a warm bed. Oh! what deep anxiety dwelt in the mind of the maiden, as her unconscious friend was placed at least out of further danger, and she received the assurance of her old nurse that he was alive. She dropped upon her knees, put up her prayers for help, and every returning minute confirmed the report of his revival. Exhaustion was so great that the sufferer had no voice; his eye only could speak his thankfulness, and this seemed eloquent to heaven. Yet it beamed too with gratitude upon that dear friend who had first relieved him from his cold, dark fate on the shore of the Orwell.

It was long indeed—for hours are long to the suspended hopes and fears of any—before the faintest whisper could narrate the miseries of that dismal light. In faint, very faint, whispers did the sufferer unfold to his kind attendant the catastrophe which had occurred.

Ellen knew her father's intention to keep watch in the chapel; but she thought of his anxieties, what they must be if any report should reach him of the fate of his crew and the loss of Latimer. Happy, very happy, was she in being the blessed instrument of his recovery, though even that might be a longer work than she expected. She was thankful that a whisper could be heard, that a consciousness of her care had come to the sufferer.

This, indeed, had come long before he could express it. When he could, it was exquisite pleasure so to do. Oh! how grateful do we all feel to the kind hands which minister to our wants in sickness! When are we more virtuous? When are we more thankful? When is our love more lively than when, unable to do anything for ourselves, we find a helping hand to lift up our weary head, and to place it upon our softened pillow? Religion comes never

sweeter in her influences than when she approaches our sick bed, and tells us how grateful we ought to be to our God.

How sweet is the first sleep after struggling nature, restored from exhaustion, relieved from exertion, is lulled into repose, by the rest of tenderness. 'Blessed, indeed, are all they who provide any comfort for the sick and needy; they shall find relief when they are themselves in need of help.'

In prayer for Ellen, came Latimer's first repose; and the maid of the castle then gave orders for a boat to be prepared for the first sound of the Priory matin-bell.

De Freston was the first to hear that sound and to rise from his watch, to open the chapel-door, and, with a calm composure, to receive the congratulations of the brotherhood. Well did he know that he could afford no assistance to Latimer, if he were drowned in the Orwell; and well he knew that the monks could best administer to the wants of his men. He walked forth, therefore, from his devotions with no surprise; nor was he astonished to find his boat ready, the water baled out, all his men equipped in dry clothes, and quite anxious to pass over to Freston Tower.

He thanked the learned fraternity for their kindness, paid all the customary fees, and promised what he knew he could well perform for their attention to his people. He walked to the shore, thinking of his daughter; and before he could embark—though the tempest had passed away, yet the waters were greatly troubled—he beheld that daughter approaching from her Tower to convey tidings which every soul upon that beach was glad to hear.

'Alas! my child,' exclaimed De Freston, as his beautiful Ellen rushed to his arms, 'where is Latimer?'

'Safe, my dear father, in your own castle.'

'Then God be praised for his mercies!'

'Amen! amen! amen!' was the response from all; and soon were they all, beneath happier auspices, passing over those now less formidable waves, to the welcome precincts of Freston Tower.

CHAPTER XXII.

WOLSEY.

How fared the friends of De Freston, Daundy, Wolsey, the aged Sparrow, Samson, Felawe, Fastolf, Gooding, Cady, and such as were connected with the ancient borough of Ipswich, who were anxious to show respect more to the living lord than the dead St. Ivan? That night was death to the venerable Wolsey, the father of the scholar. The boat he was in got aground on Long Island, and the waters, at that period, were so full, as to fill all the flats of the Greenside, now called Greenwich Farm; so that the whole of that night was spent upon the shore, by this aged man, who was exposed to the rain and wind, and he never recovered from the ill effects of it. Robert Wolsey had been in his own boat, manned with his own six men, who were accustomed to convey his stores from his wharf and lands at Stoke; for Robert Wolsey was a man of some substance in those days—a large agriculturist and dealer in ships' stores, and especially in the victualling of all his Majesty's ships in the ports of Ipswich and Harwich.

The old man returned home the next day, having been taken off Long Island by his rich relatives' men, who came in quest of him the morning after the storm. Dame Joan was full of anxiety at the night, and at the delay, and dreaded the worst; but the worst was yet to come, for Robert Wolsey returned alive, took to his bed, and though nursed with care, and supposed to be almost convalescent soon after making his last will and testament in the presence of Mr. Richard Farrington, suddenly declined and died, to the great grief of all his friends and connexions.

Wolsey was summoned from his college to attend upon the funeral of his father, and to administer to his last will and testament. His grief was heavy at the loss of a kind hand; but he started when he heard of the interest his friend Latimer had excited in the heart of Ellen De Freston. Never did his hopes receive so severe a blow as when he learnt, from his mother's lips, that Lord De

Freston had consented to acknowledge Latimer as the future guardian of his lovely daughter. His mourning had a double weight—a burthen insurmountable to many, and even in his strong mind, not without a degree of weakness which changed the current of his years, and made him what he never would have been, the highest and most exalted subject in the realm, and afterwards the one most prostrate.

Few men were more wise for their years than Thomas Wolsey, when Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford: few, if any, ever attained greater celebrity for his extraordinary progress in logic and philosophy: so that at twenty-four years of age, it might be said of him that he was, take him for all things, the wisest man in the University. Melancholy indeed were his reflections when he attended the funeral of his father, and heard the news of Ellen De Freston's engagement to Latimer. Up to this period of his existence, the secret had been kept within his own soul, unless a slight breath thereof reached his mother's ear. It never would have been known beyond that ear, had not a very old poem, called 'Wolsey's Lament,' revealed it; and accounted for very much that was alike strange in his early years and upon no other grounds to be accounted for.

Wolsey's grief at the loss of his father was given out as the reason why he visited no one, would be seen by no one—excluded himself from all his former associates, and even deserted the mansion of his noble Lord De Freston. Ellen sent him an invitation—Latimer, unable to move to Ipswich, hoped he would come to him. He wanted to talk over College affairs; but Wolsey's heart sickened at these things. Dame Joan had the task of making excuses for him, which she did, assigning his utter inability to enjoy anything. A certain time he must remain at Ipswich to settle his father's affairs, prove his will, and administer to his effects. He felt that the sooner that time was over, the better it would be for him. Vain were all the kind letters, messages, and even personal attentions which the Lord of Freston Tower and his daughter paid to him. He would neither receive nor answer them: but wandered over the hills of Stoke, where he poured out his melancholy spirit.

There was a spot upon his father's estate which commanded from its summit an extensive view both of the

Orwell and the Gipping. His parents used frequently to visit it on a summer's evening; and the old man had built a sort of summer house, and made a plantation round it. It was a lovely place, and rose abruptly, almost like a crag, from the green hills sloping around it. The landscape was at once grand, wide, and sweeping, commanding a direct view of the whole town beneath it, and the waters circling along the walls of St. Peter, and the ancient quay far away to the right of the spectator. Thence might be seen all the churches and religious houses in the vicinity, the shipping upon the Orwell, the boats ascending the Gipping, which at that time, instead of horses and waggons, conveyed the hay from the meadows, or the straw from the lands to the port of Ipswich. To this pleasant spot, did the now melancholy youth repair. His brow was careworn, and his heart ill at ease and sick with disappointment. He needed prayer to rouse him from his torpid state, or the cheerful voice of some confidential companion to take off the load of his distress; but he was too proud a spirit to own what he felt, or to open his lips to any one upon the subject. Yet would he sit hours together in that summer-house, away from every human being, and bend his glance upon the scene, and think of all that was gone by, not only in his own life, but for ages past.

Latimer had occasionally known him in his melancholy hours. He heard of his conduct, and could not conceal from himself, or others, the wish he had to go to him; but the weakness, arising from his dangerous illness, was of such an extent as to prevent the possibility of his seeking him, and ministering to him in friendship. Had the attempt been made, it would have been rejected; for Wolsey never would have said to him: 'Thou art thyself the cause of my distress.' His lament, however, which was written at that period, speaks the tone of the man's mind better than any words which can be said for him.

Wolsey's Lament.

Ye skies above me shining fair,
And clouds transparent floating there,
How bright ye seem! how swift ye fly!
Ye seem to be in extacy.
Why do ye shine so purely bright,
On soul as gloomy as the night?
Ye mock my sorrows as ye lightly roll,
And seem to say, 'The scholar has no soul!'

I have a soul—I see ye shine ;
 Would that my light were such as thine !
 Ye ride triumphantly along,
 Delighted as with cheerful song ;
 But, oh ! what mockery to see
 That you can thus be glad and free,
 Whilst I am chained with heavy loaded grief,
 Nor sky, nor clouds, nor sun can give relief.

O, glorious sun ! thou shinest there
 The beacon of this hemisphere,
 Calling to life the seeds of earth
 And myriads to happy birth.
 They dance on silv'ry wing with glee,
 Made merry through the warmth of thee,
 Whilst I alone, 'neath thine all-warming ray,
 Feel not thine influence—so dark my day.

O, hide thee ! hide thee in a storm,
 Or take the darkest, blackest form ;
 Perchance my glominess were shock'd,
 And from mine heart, my grief unlocked,
 Might fly to thee, and happ'ly say,
 'Sun, I am brighter than thy day ;'
 But shine not now so brightly o'er my woes,
 Thou mock'st the heart that darkness doth compose.

Ye trees so green, so freshly green !
 What vigour in your stems is seen ;
 Why, robed in mantles of delight,
 Do ye thus mock my aching sight ?
 Ye look so lovely in your smile ;
 Have ye no pity in your guile ?
 Why look so rich, enchanting to the eye,
 Of him who, like a severed leaf, must die ?

Your leaves must wither, fall away ;
 Another spring you'll look as gay ;
 Your roots receive the vernal shower,
 Your buds put forth their leafy power ;
 And grateful shades to love ye give,
 And bid the songsters happy live ;
 But, oh ! no love for me is found to dwell
 Within your shade, your love-enchanting spell.

Ye swallows passing on the wing,
 Catching at every tiny thing ;
 Gliding so swiftly o'er the plain,
 And then returning back again ;
 Ye summer friends with happy hearts,
 What pleasure life to you imparts !
 Ye know no winter ! grief doth bring no care,
 To such as you, ye children of the air !

Oh! do not mock me! I would fly,
 Ay, lightly too, as happily,
 Could I but feel I had a wing
 Of love, could lighten such a thing
 As I am—heavy-hearted man—
 In this, my short and dreary span.
 Go, fly away! depart to distant land;
 Mock not my spirit with your flirtings bland.

Ye hills around me, why so gay?
 Vanish! oh, vanish ye away!
 Why stand ye there in fertile pride,
 My heart and senses to deride?
 Ye looked so lovely; but of late,
 I could have contemplating sat
 Where now I sit, and long had wished to stay.
 But flee ye! flee ye from my sight away!

How oft in shadowy forms ye rose!
 Not then exulting o'er my woes;
 But courted as Parnassus height,
 From wing of love to give me flight.
 My native hills, I weep, I groan,
 I feel, ay, wretchedly alone!
 Will ye be green to mock my broken heart?
 O! hills of Gypeswich, depart! depart!

Ye walls³ monastic, here and there,
 With turrets rising in the air;
 Sure not in England can be found
 Town with more consecrated ground.
 The streets are lost, they seem so small,
 Before the space ye claim for wall!
 Are monks and friars in their cells so free,
 They do but laugh at such a wretch as me?

So let them laugh with sidelong glance,
 I do detest their ignorance!
 Oh! if my soul could gain its hope,
 I'd give my native town some scope
 For learning, far above the trash
 Of superstitious, tasteless hash!
 But woe is me! I know not where to go
 To soothe the torment of this deadly blow.

Thou stream majestic! Orwell's tide,
 Why dost thou here so gently glide?
 And wash, with waves as soft as down,
 The borders of my native town?
 Have I thy bosom breasted well,
 With gently undulating swell,
 And shall I never more thy waters press?
 Oh, Orwell! rob me of this deep distress!

I'd kiss thy waves! I'd bow my knee,
 Could'st thou relieve mine agony;
 But now thy smile ungracious is,
 And speaks to me of others' bliss;
 Whilst I, who loved thy waters green,
 Am desolate and lonely seen.
 O! ye loved waters of my youthful day!
 Robbed of my love, how can ye love display?

Thou winding Gipping, where I strayed,
 In boyhood on thy slopes I played,
 And loved to angle from thy banks,
 And sportive in my childish pranks,
 To gather wild flowers from thy side,
 How canst thou now my woes deride?
 Stream of mine infant steps, my tears would flow,
 Were I beside thy gay banks walking now

Yet thou dost move to meet the tide
 Of Orwell's waters, like a bride
 In garments white, and pure, and chaste,
 Oh! why so cheerful in thy haste?
 Ah! there ye give the mutual kiss,
 As that of matrimonial bliss,
 And never parted, never know ye pain,
 But flow united onward to the main.

Ye friends within my native town,
 Me, kindly, ye are proud to own;
 A father's form was lately there,
 With placid brow, and hoary hair,
 He's gone where I shall shortly go,
 And there but terminate my woe.
 O, friends of youth! I cannot now reveal,
 The bitter anguish of my word, farewell!

Mother, ay, mother! in thine heart
 I found my own dear counterpart;
 For thou, in youth, wert all to me,
 Until this eye had turn'd from thee,
 To give admiring thoughts to one,
 Who ne'er reflects them on thy son.
 O! mother, mother, never shall I know
 The heart's revival from this fatal blow.

Hills, woods, and valleys, is't a dream?
 Ye beauties of the Orwell's stream!
 Castles, and churches, monasteries,
 And all your rich varieties,
 Hereafter be ye dull to me,
 No more your beauties let me see,
 In aught that can another scholar move,
 To taste the sweetness of this scene of love.

Ye smile so sweetly—not for me—
 I groan within to look on ye ;
 Ye look so lovely, not to shine
 On anything I welcome mine ;
 Ye breathe so softly on mine ear,
 Death seems to kill the atmosphere ;
 Why do I not this moment here decay,
 And, sighing, breathe my very soul away ?

O, agony ! I turn mine eye
 To dwell on distant turret high,
 Where oft in joy extatic past,
 I've hoped my happiness would last.
 Where life with hope and love began,
 Ambition roused the rising man.
 O, darkest woe ! O, weary, dismal hour !
 I loved—and lost—the maid of Freston Tower.

Weep, eyelids, weep your fountain dry,
 Ye ne'er can soothe mine agony ;
 Lips, never ope again to speak,
 Save when the bursting heart will break ;
 Tongue, cleave thou to thy parched roof,
 And never give one lisping proof
 That she I loved hath ne'er that love returned ;
 My loss is greater than my love hath earn'd.

I cannot bear yon sails to see,
 So smoothly gliding merrily ;
 Time was, they gave me joy to view
 Their contrast to the water's hue ;
 And I was happy ! happy then !
 To know both boats, and sails, and men.
 Now know I none ! and none can welcome give
 To him who soon this busy scene must leave.

Oh ! whisper not, ye zephyrs mild,
 Oh ! whisper not to man or child,
 Nor tell it in my lady's bower—
 To Ellen of De Freston's Tower !
 To friend, or father, that I sigh
 For her with deepest agony ;
 Let not the noble or his daughter know,
 That Wolsey suffers from a rival's blow.

I'll far away for ever flee
 From this unknown catastrophe !
 I'll seek in science my relief !
 Science will only swell my grief ;
 I'll court the cloister, try the priest,
 All will believe I loved it best !
 That my celibacy, for conscience' sake,
 Is for the holy orders I would take.

I'll rule my will, I'll curb my love,
 I'll bow submissive as the dove;
 O, Ellen! yes, for thee I bow,
 And never, never shalt thou know,
 Till in another world we meet,
 How sat the heart thou could'st not greet!
 Deep in my soul thy virtues I can feel,
 But, that I love thee, tongue shall never tell!

Farewell, my friend! thou shalt not know
 How thy success has caused me woe;
 Though, like Prometheus, I am chained,
 I'll kindle fire which none have gained,
 For all shall see, and all partake
 The sacrifice I then shall make;
 O, Latimer! my friendship thou wilt prove,
 May'st thou ne'er feel the agony of love!

My native town, my native wave,
 My native hills, my parent's grave,
 My friends of youth, my days of joy,
 My hopes of fame, my life's alloy,
 My woes, my cares, my fears, my sighs,
 My sorrows, and my agonies,
 Must bend to fate, and future years must tell
 How my soul loved ye, when I said farewell!

This poem is extracted from one many hundred lines long, which when a poetical age shall come, may, perhaps, many years hence, be thought a great curiosity. It is in the possession of a gentleman who will doubtless preserve it, if he does not publish it.

This portion seems to be written upon Wolsey's property upon Stoke Hill, at the very spot where the high windmill, called Savage's Mill, afterwards stood—perhaps may now stand; and where the miller, if at all like Constable, the miller's son, one of our favorite British landscape painters, could not have failed often to have witnessed the beauty of the scene as described in 'Wolsey's Lament.'

It was soon after one of his longest reveries in this spot, that he received a message from Bishop Goldwell to go to him at Goldwell Hall, and Dame Joan informed him, that the Bishop was accompanied in his call that day by a very fine young woman, his niece, Alice De Clinton. There is a mood in a man, most strangely wayward, which prompts him to take a sudden thing into his head which he had for a long while rejected. The cup of woe, which men are made to drink, often for their good, is very bitter; and if the

soul seeks not God for aid, it will be led only into further misery which it sees not, until, like an Alpine avalanche, it becomes overwhelming in its fall. In the humor Wolsey was in, he instantly determined to go, and stay at Goldwell Hall.

What a sudden change! The Bishop was a personal stranger to him. His vanity was perhaps touched by the attention as a compliment to his abilities. He thought not one moment of his refusal to visit Freston Tower: but to the astonishment of Dame Joan he immediately consented, and became that very day a guest, and indeed an honored guest, at the Bishop's Palace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHANGES.

BISHOP GOLDWELL, who had been Secretary of State, and was as good a judge of character as any man, pronounced Wolsey to be a man of a thousand: for he said, to his cousin Nicholas Goldwell, whom he made his arch-deacon:

'He is a man equal to any emergency. He has a genius adapted for enterprise; a spirit equal to the highest actions—and a perfect knowledge of men, and a good address. Nicholas, thou wilt do well to cultivate that man's acquaintance!'

When Wolsey attended at the private mansion of Bishop Goldwell, he was received with all courtesy.

Wolsey's character began to show itself powerfully at that period. He assumed a courteous manner, which he ever after maintained, winning affection from those who became attached to him. He had ease, a commanding voice, and very dexterous address. He was refined in the choice of his words, which he pronounced with the most persuasive accent. His knowledge was vast, and his powers active. In a word, he won the Bishop's heart, and he was himself won also.

It was a singular circumstance, that the lofty demeanor he thought proper to observe to the pale Alice De Clinton, *made that haughty lady bow before him.* There was a self-possession about this handsome young man, that made Alice

think she had never before seen such a personification of dignity. In one moment she was made to perceive that she was in the presence of a man whose pride of heart was greater than her own.

'Never,' said the Lady Alice to her uncle, 'did I behold such a compound of style and majesty in any man!'

'Nor I either, Alice: and I can tell thee, moreover, that this outward appearance, doth not, as in sycophants, form a covering for ignorance, for Wolsey is internally the man he appears. He has knowledge, intellect, and perception, such as I never met with in all my diplomatic acquaintance, and I have seen a little of the world, Mistress Alice!'

'Thou hast shown me a little of men and manners, but none that have interested me as Wolsey has.'

'Alice, take care! I have already designed this youth for Rome. He must go thither; he must be seen of learned men! I find he loves the church, and is disposed to be a priest. I have pointed out to his ambitious soul the dignities, honors, and emoluments, which the Pope of Rome has to bestow. His breast seems fired with a holy flame, and thou must not interfere with it.'

'Oh, fear not, my Lord Bishop and worthy uncle, fear not my influence over such a man. I have too much regard for our Holy Mother Church, ever to think of disqualifying him for taking the vows of service to the Pope. He is far too high to be ever tempted to his fall from such a post; and I should be the last to offer him such temptation.'

'Well said, my niece! thou hast a good sound heart!'

'I am astonished, uncle, that Latimer should have ventured to quote such a man, as entertaining any heretical opinions concerning church views. It appears to me, that Wolsey would in one moment have annihilated the arguments of that clique, who were so bold for innovations.'

'I am certainly agreeably surprised to find this youth so firm. I had fears indeed as to his being of that wavering disposition which is beginning to be prevalent. But in all my conversations with him upon affairs of state, books, men, and things, I find him a perfectly congenial spirit; and nothing in the least heretical in his views. He is like Latimer in one respect, in his contempt of the monkish follies of the overgrown superstition of the Abbots of Bury.'

'But dost thou not agree with him therein?'

'I do, for the most part; but not in all things. He is a

young man, Alice, and will think differently as he grows older.

‘I hope he will be a great man. I think he will; for I can scarcely imagine the Pope to be more dignified.’

‘Hush, Alice; hush! It must be many, many years before Wolsey could have any claim to the Popedom; and there may be many changes before that time. *Thou* mayst live to see it. I shall not!’

And here the conversation dropped.

Nothing could have hitherto been more disposed to the widest and most liberal scope of ecclesiastical polity than Thomas Wolsey. He had repeatedly conversed with Ellen, Latimer, and Lord De Freston upon the many impositions of the Popedom: so much so, that all Oxford had been alive to the views which Wolsey had so manfully expounded, and treated of so truthfully, that reformers began to think the learned scholar of Ipswich would be a host in himself. But then his views had Ellen De Freston in the foreground; and he found himself anxious to propagate the love of truth above every other consideration. Ellen De Freston had vanished; and the Pope had taken her place. Certainly, a less pleasant object, but the spiritual ambition inspired by his view seemed to soften, or rather harden, the regrets which arose from disappointed love. Wolsey was now a different man. His conversations with Bishop Goldwell confirmed him in his altered prospects. The Pope’s supremacy became his favorite theme; and a few weeks before, the man who had no intention of ever becoming a priest, was now ordained by Bishop Goldwell, and soon after took his departure for Oxford, where he became as celebrated in the defence of the Pope, as he had been conspicuous for a more enlightened polity.

Men’s circumstances do sometimes make them change their opinions; but those opinions could never have been based upon the immutable grounds of truth, which could be changed with any change of outward circumstances, that vary as the wind. But the mischief was done. The change had taken place; and Wolsey had left Ipswich before Lord De Freston became acquainted with the fact. Wolsey, after his return to College, pursued his career of tuition with the utmost diligence, and became the tutor of the sons of the Marquis of Dorset. Few who came under his care could fail to improve in the elegancies of literature, as well as in knowledge of the world.

His sudden departure for the seat of learning was attributed to his shock at his father's death by some, yet his total absence from the society of his friends at Freston was considered a remarkable thing; but when men understood that he had entered the priest's office, they concluded that the separation of friendship arose from some dissimilarity of views upon matters of religion. Lord De Freston, after the celebrated discussion at the palace of Wykes, had given an invitation to those two champions of truth, Bale and Bilney, to partake of the hospitality of his mansion. It was here, during the slow progress of Latimer's recovery, that these honest friends took it by turns to read and converse with the learned scholar upon the sick-bed.

Men whose hearts are thankful to God for his signal preservation of them in time of extreme danger, are always ready to exclaim, 'O, what shall I say unto thee, thou Preserver of men!' Latimer's mind and soul were full of thankfulness. He was more learned than his visitors, but not more sincere. Men of strong minds, with a just abhorrence of deceit and superstition, and a fervent desire for greater grace and knowledge of God, could not but be edified when they came to converse of His mercies. The hearts of these friends being given to God, were thankful every hour, for their converse was of that holy, pure, and lovely cast, which was sure to derive fresh vigor from the expanded view of mercy displayed before them.

It was in one of these afternoon visits, that Latimer heard from Daundy of his friend.

'I have observed,' he said, 'ever since his father's death, that Thomas has been shy of all his friends; that he has been moody and melancholy, and very different towards his mother. He used to be of a free and open disposition; was glad of the society of his relatives, and especially of those who dwelt here, to whom he owes so much more than he can repay.'

'I have heard,' said Bale, 'that he is ambitious, very ambitious; and the Church of Rome, and the Papal Hierarchy, afford a magnificent field for the ambition of a man of Wolsey's abilities; but I do not envy him. He must submit to many impositions, must practise many deceits, must wink at many fooleries, and with his mind, can hardly put up with such unmeaning ceremonies as he must daily behold.'

‘You know him not, my friend,’ replied Latimer. ‘Wolsey is a very determined man, firm in his purpose, and if he should rise to power, will do much good. I grieve we have not seen him. I should like to have held converse with him upon these matters, which we have all so pleasantly discussed. God grant him grace.’

‘Amen!’ was the response from every heart.

But fears were then entertained, by those who knew nothing personally of the young priest, that he would not do much good to the cause of Christianity, however devoted he might become to the Papal religion. Rome and her errors—her idolatries, her superstitions, her infidelities, absurdities, abuses, and anti-Christian practices—were now freely discussed; and many a deep sigh escaped the souls of those men, when they reflected upon the probability of some dreadful persecution arising, to oppose the love of God, and his commandments, by the malice and inventions of men.

‘I know not,’ said Bilney, ‘if in this land, we shall ever see the Church purified from its corruptions. I cannot bear to see the grace of God changed into unmeaning ceremonies, pompous penances, bead counting, prayer-doling, fines, stripes, penalties, punishment fastings, feastings, pilgrimages, and such a countless variety of ignorant and wicked inventions, as contrary to nature and religion as light is to darkness. I cannot bear to see those priests with their heads shorn, their long rows of black beads hanging down to their feet, their stuff gowns, cowls and cassocks, passing along the streets, and requiring of every man they meet a genuflection, at the sign of the cross they carry in their hands. I saw one yesterday seize a poor, ignorant, half-witted fellow who did not make obeisance to him, with violent anger, more like a demon!—oh! how abhorrent to the idea of a minister of Christ—cast him to the earth, and made him kneel in the mud and kiss the cross he held in his hand. The poor fellow trembled exceedingly, and took the cuffs and kicks of the priest as if he were a dumb ass. I felt as a brother towards the poor man; I lifted him up; and, despite the furious madness of the priest, I told him to his face that he deserved to be punished by the civil power for his violence. He dared not strike me; I believe he knew me, for he said:

“*Heretic! thou shalt answer for this interference. The civil power! I defy the civil power! It has no authority*

over Rome! Thou shalt find that it shall avail thee nothing!" And he shook his garments in his rage. Oh! what passion lurked under that revengeful soul! I walked away with the poor man, and may expect some visitation for this act of common humanity.'

'I have already had the complaint made to the civil authorities, and it is said that thou, Bilney, didst violently assail the priest in the discharge of what he considered his religious duty. He maintained that the man was confessing to him a crime.'

'It was seen by many. Some blessed me for this act—surely they will come forward and speak the truth!'

'Such is the terror of a man's mind at being denounced as a heretic, that I question whether any townsman in the borough dare come forward and say that the priest was in the wrong.'

'This, O, worthy magistrate! this is the state of religion in Ipswich, that oppression is to be exercised in broad day, and the people see the violence, and dare not complain. Oh, dreadful day! when rulers shall no longer be a terror to evil doers, but to the innocent; when the weak shall be without the protection of law, and priests of fury predominate instead of the gospel and God's grace. I pity thee, Mr. Daundy! I pity thee, as a magistrate, in such a town!'

'I fear, Bilney, I shall one day have to pity thee if the priests get thee into their clutches. What wilt thou answer to Bishop Goldwell, against a host of witnesses which they will take care to bring against thee?'

'What? but that I am innocent, and appeal to the laws for protection!'

Daundy shook his head significantly, for he well knew the little chance which any individual had, if accused by the priests of Rome, of any crime contrary to their canons. The civil authorities might exercise their jurisdiction over the people, but ecclesiastics of Rome submitted not to their laws. Bilney was strongly urged to go into Cambridgeshire, to his friend Arthur, lest the cause of the Reformation, then beginning to dawn, should lose his services by his being cast into prison.

Conscious innocence is very bold. It may retire until called forth to suffer; but when its possessor is wanted, he will be found equal to the emergency for which he is required. By innocence in this sense, is not meant entire

freedom from in-dwelling sin; but innocence and uprightness of faith, which hates to see another suffering wrongfully without secretly desiring to defend him against the oppressor.

Bilney and Bale spent many days with Latimer and Lord De Freston, who began at this period, in consequence of the mercy and pity he showed to these men, to be suspected of heresy. They escaped this time from persecution, much through the respect which all men paid to Edmund Daundy, at Ipswich; who, though an enlightened man, was considered to be a good churchman.

A good, benevolent, and charitable man he was, as thousands have found who lived to be partakers of his bounty long after his death; and even at this day, through all the various changes of laws, customs, religious persuasions, and alterations of time, Daundy's charity is dispensed.

That Lord De Freston and his lovely daughter profited greatly by the conversation of those days, their future attentions to these good men plainly proved. They never forgot the days of Latimer's recovery.

They were happy days to Ellen, and not less so to the scholar, who daily grew in every grace which could adorn either his private or public character.

Life is very sweet to men who can feel they are improving it for eternity. It is sweet, because they walk in the ways of pleasantness and peace, notwithstanding the persecutions of those who know not God.

Latimer was a young man, with views then before him of the most brilliant kind on earth. His own father was a man of good property, having an hereditary estate of considerable worth in those days, and he had the prospect of marrying one in every way gifted with grace and qualities of mind, independently of large possessions in the county of Suffolk; so that he might be said to have earthly hopes beyond the common lot of man. Yet Latimer argued very justly, when he said to Ellen one day, as he sat in Freston Tower, and looked upon the waves:

'What would all these things have been to me—nay, dearest Ellen, and what wouldst thou have been to me—had God seen fit to let me sink to the bottom of the waves, on that memorable night, when I was so mercifully preserved?'

'I can only say, Latimer, that we must be ready to part

with everything, at every moment; for they are none of them our own,' said Ellen, 'and learn to give ourselves and all we have into his hands.'

'True wisdom, my dear. May I never forget the changes which have been wrought within these few weeks! May I ever remember the Lord's hand, accept all I have as from Him, do all I do as unto Him, and yield all my thoughts, hopes, and wishes to His will!'

'Ah, dear Latimer! in such faith, how delightful it is to wait all our appointed time, until our change comes!'

It would be useless to give the account of Latimer's journey to Padua, his interview with Erasmus, his giving up his Fellowship at All-Souls', Oxford, and his return to Ipswich after these things.

Strange changes quickly followed, which shall be discussed as more in accordance with the narrative.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFFECTIONS.

YOUTH has powerful struggles with itself to command its various affections in the order of wisdom. Early education, it is well known, not only from the wisest man's declaration, but from the world's constant experience, will do much in the tuition of self-governance. Men talk of tempers, passions, and affections, as if they were the predominant powers over the soul. These may be all subdued and brought into subjection by the constant exercise of prayer for grace. A man always does well to subdue his natural infirmities of temper, and to pray against their power, to control his passions, and to calm his affections. He cannot do these things without help.

Wolsey's was a wonderfully strong mind in his youth. Yet he had very violent passions, as men of great talents frequently have. He fled to Oxford for occupation; devoted himself with ardor to his classical pursuits, became bursar to his college, built the famous Magdalen Tower, and instructed the Marquis of Dorset's children, in his school, and yet was not the happy man he looked to be. Though methodical in all he did, his spirit was not gifted with humility.

He was very proud of his tower, spared no expense from the college funds, or from his own private purse, and was very angry with the president and fellows for accusing him of extravagance, when he knew that he was doing all he could for the future honor and ornament of his college. He suffered at this time a very great deal of mortification, and, in writing to his mother, confessed that he was almost tired of his college career.

Latimer wrote to him repeatedly; but, as may be supposed, this was no particular comfort to his proud but disappointed spirit. To be reminded of Freston Tower, and of the days of his youthful ambition, when he was in his lonely college-room, or walking in the gloomy cloisters, was indeed vexatious to his haughty and unsubdued soul. This, however, was nothing compared with the trial he had afterwards to endure, the very bitterest which the human heart has to suffer. It was occasioned by the following conversation:

'Let us ride to meet our uncle; he is coming to-day, according to his promise, to stay with us for two or three days,' said Lord De Freston, 'and I have no doubt we shall enjoy his conversation. He has seen the purchase of Sir Antony Wingfield's house completed for me, and when the time comes, my dear children, for your marriage, I hope you will find that house in Ipswich convenient for your abode. I cannot part with you for a greater distance, as your society is necessary to my happiness.'

'And why should you, father?' Latimer and I ought to count it our peculiar privilege to be able, at any time, to promote the comfort of one who has been so kind a protector and parent to us both. But look, dear father! I can see our uncle riding along the strand, beyond the bounds of the park. There he is, with his faithful wolf-dog by his side.'

'You are right, Ellen, there is no mistaking his long gallop. The horse, dog, and master are alike eminent of their kind. Daundy is a fine specimen of an Englishman, in person and in heart. His horse is of Flanders breed, and quite what a horse should be, in bone, figure, and action. And his dog, though of the largest and roughest Irish breed, is one of the most sagacious I ever beheld. I am not surprised, remembering the attack of the mastiff, *that any of his breed should be no favorite with him. He would never go out without him.* There must be a patch

of rushes laid for him at his master's door. This shall be my care. Come, Ellen, you and Latimer must ride to meet him.'

It was not long before horse and groom appeared at the castle gate; and Ellen and the happy Latimer cantered along that beautiful park, their steeds as happy as themselves to enjoy their pleasant freedom. As the greensward was open before them, they did not follow the stately road from the hall, but bounded along, sometimes passing under the shade of the knotted oak, whence darted the old English red deer, then the graceful tenant of the borders of the Orwell.

It was a lovely scene; youth, health, and cheerful spirits, together with that unison of mind which existed with them, made the sun shine pleasanter, the trees look more green, and the very sod over which they cantered more soft. They descended from the last long sweeping hill to the park-gates on a level with the shore, which were opened by one of the worn-out foresters, whose youthful days had been spent in the service of the grandfather of De Freston, and whose hoary head now bent in the service of the last of the De Frestons. As the old man doffed his green cap to the young people, they drew in the rein to speak to him.

'Allen! how are you to-day?' said Ellen.

'Thank you, kind mistress, all the better for the good things you sent me. My old dame is laid upon her bed, or would be here to make her duty and reverence.'

'I am glad she rests. Do not disturb her. We shall be back again, presently.'

'Blessings on you, I could stand here for your return, could I but see you all the way you go.'

'That you will do better, Allen, from your lodge-window, therefore go in.'

'A happy old man is that,' said Latimer to Ellen as they rode away from the old gothic-carved and massive gates, and turned their horses' heads to the shore. The praises of the poor are not always to be had for money. The master may bestow all his gifts to feed them, and yet not be charitable towards them. To bestow injudiciously, or indiscriminately, however bountiful the gift, will often create desires, and jealousies, which will not admit of thankfulness.'

'I agree with you; on this very ground has my father acted in all his distributions of charity. Long service and fidelity he rewards. Industry, honesty, and cleanliness, he

upholds. Laziness he would suffer to starve before he would supply food for its discontent; and I can tell you, moreover, that not one single donation would he bestow upon any of the mendicant order, now travelling the country under the garb of holy vows. No, not though they repeat the "Pater Noster," "Ave Maria," or show their bare feet blistered with their self-devoted journeying.'

'I sigh to see talents prostrated to beggary and superstition as they are in our day. Religion, Ellen, is become a superstitious torment, rather than a holy comfort. Men seem to me to be under a curse rather than a blessing, and to walk trembling from fear of different fraternities, more than in the love of God. Oh! Ellen, when I see, as, alas! I too often do, men and women entering the dark cells of our monastic institutions, and with bare feet walking along the dark aisles and cloisters, and bowing at the tomb of corruption, themselves overcome by the sombre shades of the cold, silent, superstitious places in which they move, I often think how poor must be their conceptions of the God of light, if they can confine their notions of Him to the cloister!'

'But God is love, Ellen, and this love is manifested in his Son, whom He gave to death for the salvation of our souls. If men did but love one another for this great salvation, O, Ellen, we should see but little of those terrors and abuses which now threaten the world.'

Along that strand, and a very few paces from the waves of the Orwell, was seen the well-known figure of the venerable but active Edmund Daundy, a man whose name will long live in the town of Ipswich, as connected with its welfare, with the early education of the learned Wolsey, and with every charity in the town. He had an only son, who was then in Holland, perfecting the trade of the port of Ipswich, with the rich burghers of Amsterdam, and as he was amassing wealth in that country, and had formed a domestic connexion there, the father only held him to his promise, that he would not forget the place of his nativity, but would, in any case of dispute between the nations, return, and dwell at Ipswich. And he did so in after years; when the fine old man, now galloping his black horse along the strand, was gathered to his fathers.

Galloping, or rather cantering with long strides, came the long maned charger, with the grey and shaggy wolf-dog keeping pace beside him. That was a dog but seldom seen in these days, except upon the heights of Snowden, or the

wild districts of the Highlands of Scotland. The old Irish elk hound is the most like him, though this has become almost extinct. Power, activity, energy, and sagacity, were the characteristics of the old English wolf-dog. Even the mastiff and the blood-hound were no match for him. He was a picture of terrific ferocity, when once he stood erect, the color and mane of the hyena upon his back, with head and tail, uplift, like the lion. His bushy rudder, however, was more like that of the Newfoundland, his head was shaped like the grey-hound, and his limbs calculated for an enduring chase.

Cæsar looked up at the comers, and for a moment paused, and stretched himself upon the sand, as the friends reined in their steeds for the cheerful greeting.

Hands and hearts were united in welcome, and Ellen remarked. 'Even Cæsar looks complaisant.'

'He loves a run, my young friends, as well as you or I, the ride. Cæsar'—and at the sound of his master's voice, Cæsar's shaggy feet were on his master's stirrup, and his long head beneath his glove—'Cæsar, these are my friends. Fall back! fall back!' and the faithful dog took his place at his master's heels, as with slow paces the party proceeded towards Preston Tower.

'I am coming to the castle to-day upon very particular business, in which I suspect that you, my young friends, are both concerned. I have completed the purchase of Brook Street House, and have forwarded the title deeds by my servant, with my baggage. I hope you will both live long and happily as my neighbours.'

Let those who have ever been in similar situations, and have found a friend to take a lively interest in their happiness, suggest the reply. It would not be very studied; but rather the expressions of mutual gratitude, than which no man can hear anything more pleasant.

'I am beyond measure distressed Latimer,' said Daundy, 'at the abrupt departure of Thomas Wolsey. Never found I such a transformation of character in any man as in him. Dame Joan tells me, life and animation were completely gone, as far as regarded his spirit; that he was more like a being entranced than the lively boy of former days. Was he ever subject to depression?'

'I have known it occasionally so at Oxford: but I attributed it to over-anxiety in his studies, and the deep interest he took in University proceedings, more than any

constitutional affection. I have ever found at such times, that my friendly chat of Ipswich, and his friends, have had the effect of raising his spirit.'

'These things seem now to have lost their charm,' replied Ellen. 'I fear we shall have but little influence over him, as he has rejected us all for Goldwell, and the cloister.'

'Had I not known that he had taken orders, I might have suspected that some other attraction induced him to pay such deference to the Bishop's Court. I hear that Alice De Clinton has been subdued by him.'

'Is it possible? What in Wolsey could have made Alice bend?'

'I know not, Mistress Ellen. All ladies bend to those they admire; and this dignified and cold statue may see a charm in Wolsey of the same kind as that you have seen in Latimer.'

'Oh! would it might be so; but how can that be, my dear friend, when Wolsey has received at the hands of her uncle that only barrier between their affections—ordination—and its consequent celibacy?'

'That is to me the mystery! I hear that Alice never was so enlivened by any man's society as by his. Her cousin, Archdeacon Goldwell, told me that Thomas had most wonderfully improved her disposition, and by the simple means of not appearing to know she was ever present. All courtesy he paid to the Bishop. All attention to his visitors. He shone in conversation, erudition, policy, and Church government, and bitterly noticed the innovations of the day. But he took no notice of Alice, and might be said to be as contemptuous towards all who approached her. Wolsey was quite her master, and I hear the proud damsel is sick at heart!'

Astonishment seemed the prevailing expression in the face of Ellen; who probably marvelled at Wolsey's coldness towards one who was his superior in fortune and rank.

De Freston came to meet his aged friend, and then the young people were able to converse by themselves. They came to the conclusion that Alice De Clinton had persuaded herself that Wolsey would be a bishop, perhaps a Pope: and that she might live to bask in the splendor of his greatness.

The Tower rose in grandeur amidst the trees as the

party approached the park, when Lord De Freston, leaving the side of his friend, hinted to Latimer that he wished for a private word with Ellen.

The young man rode forward, and Lord De Freston took his position by his daughter's side.

'Ellen, my child, thou alone hast the power to bring this young man to his friends. I find, through the activity of your uncle, that Brook Street House is ready for your reception, and I, my child, am anxious to see thee happy. Write thou to Wolsey, tell him how glad thou wilt be to see him, and say, that as he is so dear a friend to thee and Latimer, it is my prayer to him, that he will unite you at St. Lawrence Church in the month following. I will add my petition, and my faithful servant, Arthur, shall convey to Oxford our united communication.'

The letter was written, and all parties united in the request that Lord De Freston had suggested.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LETTER.

WOLSEY is seated in his college-room over the gateway leading into the principal quadrangle. He has been engaged, during the day, in superintending the schools attached to the college, and has now thrown off his heavy academical dress and broad hat, and in a plain wooden chair without cushions, but with back and arms well polished, is seated at a table inspecting the plans laid before him for the finishing of the celebrated Magdalen Tower.

'Yes,' exclaimed the delighted youth, as he looked upon the plan with eager attention, 'Latimer may surpass me in pleasing Ellen; but I will be remembered when he shall be forgotten. His tower may grace the banks of the Orwell, and please his fair mistress's eye, but this—this!'—again inspecting the plain elevation, and the ornamental plans—'shall astonish even the eyes of the University.'

It seemed, however, that painful recollections arose as he viewed that work which still stands in its lofty grandeur on the borders of the Cherwell, at that day flowing *nearer to the tower than it now does.*

'Certainly,' he resumed, 'the Cherwell is not like the Orwell; but Oxford shall surpass Ipswich, and my tower shall put Freston Tower in the shade. I will have a grander room in the fifth story than Ellen has in Latimer's tower. But shall I find greater intelligence than I found there? Ah! who knows but that even Ellen De Freston and Latimer may envy me the power I now possess of making the entrance over Cherwell Ford, into this renowned seat of learning, more beautiful than anything of the kind they have ever seen.'

Long did the bursar dwell upon the thought of his tower, and little did any one in that college imagine that Wolsey's taste for building received its first impulse from recollections of admiration Ellen De Freston had expressed when that comparatively insignificant tower, now standing on the banks of the Orwell, was built. It is the remembrances of early praise bestowed by those he loves upon his youthful works, that prompts the spirit of a man in after years to perform works still more worthy of admiration.

Wolsey's taste for building was first displayed in the erection of Magdalen Tower. He could now dwell upon great and ambitious thoughts, but not without connecting them with many pleasant reminiscences. As he had taken holy orders, the future was closed against him for every hope of domestic comfort. He was forbidden, by his vows, to think of woman, as the sharer of his cares or the promoter of his comforts. He had once thought of one whose mental qualifications bade fair to give a zest to his whole life; but William Latimer had supplanted him, and Ellen De Freston was happy. Well, was he to be dissatisfied? was he to pine away his existence? were there to be no joys unconnected with this fancy of his youth? Alas! the very struggle of his proud heart and susceptible nature told him how difficult a thing it was to control the early impressions of that pure attachment to which the God of nature and of grace had made him subject.

At this period of Wolsey's life, there could not have occurred a more congenial occupation than this project of the tower. It accorded well with the thoughts of his heart, at that time ready for any enterprize. The peculiar pleasure he found in raising the structure of Magdalen Tower was known only to himself. Ostensibly, it was done for the honor of his college, but more prominently in his mind existed the thought of out-doing the work of his successful rival.

He had various plans presented to him, but the one that pleased him best was that which reserved its ornaments for the highest stories. 'Man,' he used to say, 'is like a building; his life should begin upon a firm, plain, solid foundation, and improve as he advances, until he reaches maturity; then, if worth anything, he may crown his years with the ornaments of existence, and show forth all his beauty and strength; but if he begins with ornaments, he will end in dulness.'

His tower was an inimitable illustration of this doctrine: plain, solid, firm, and unadorned, it ascended from its basement to its superstructure. Its architectural decorations were reserved for the fifth and upward story. Alas! poor Wolsey. Like his celebrated tower, his splendor was reserved for the highest pinnacles which, compared with his basement, were sure to provoke envy. The future Cardinal had then before him the vision of fame, as connected only with Magdalen Tower. He scraped together all the funds which could be collected, he made half the University subscribe to his project, obtained all the fines he could, made the tenants of Magdalen endowments pay a certain bonus for the renewal of their tenures, and for his pains drew a hornet's nest around his head, even among the fellows of his own college, who condemned his extravagance and extortion, even whilst they openly admired his project. Great men have always to contend with little difficulties, which plague them very often much more than obstacles of greater magnitude.

In the midst of the scheme of the tower a sudden and unexpected visitor was announced by the entrance of his long-coated serving-man, who said that a man from Suffolk had arrived at the college gates, and desired to see him instantly.

'Shall I admit him at once, sir? He comes upon a superb horse, and one which must have a good master, for it is as fat as our Magdalen bucks, and sleek as the Vice-Chancellor.'

'What can he want?' said Wolsey to himself, as his old servant, having received his directions, descended the stone steps to the magnificent portal of the college.

'I say, mister!' said the Suffolk man, who had travelled through many a muddy lane, impassable to vehicles, to reach Oxford, 'is this the house Master Thomas Wolsey lives in?'

'Yes it is, and if thou likest to remain in it, we shall

make thee welcome; our bursar never lacks hospitality to the stranger!'

'Is it possible that Master Wolsey can be the owner of this palace?'

'Ay, to be sure, part owner, general purveyor, and I'll warrant as good a master as thou hast got.'

'That remaineth to be proved, though. Do you see, I've as good a master as a man wants; and let me tell ye, time was that your master owned my master for his lord, and bowed his head to him, just as I'll warrant you do to Master Wolsey. But before I go along with you, you must along with me, and show me where the stables are; for I should not like to rest on a good bed myself and my poor horse be standing out all night.'

'Thou shalt find good accommodation for man and beast. So lead thy horse along. Our stables are as famous as our tables.'

'Ah!' thought Arthur Burch, 'Mistress Ellen should see this house. I did not think Master Thomas lived in such a place. I don't wonder at his liking it.'

The horse was soon stabled, nor would Arthur leave him until he had assisted the far-famed grooms of Magdalen stables to give him a rub down.

Jokes, even in those precise and formal days, one hostler would have with another; and it was no little amusement to the knowing pals of the seat of learning to see the country bumpkin mistake a college for one man's palace.

'Your master's house,' said Arthur, 'is larger than that of mine. Do all these horses belong to him?'

'Well, that's a good one. And to whom dost thou suppose they should belong? How many horses has thy master?'

'Four short of thine.'

'Ha! has thy master twelve?'


'He has in all; if I take into the lump old Stumpy, the chesnut punch.'

'What does he do with twelve horses?'

'Why, ride them, to be sure. What does thy master do with his?'

'Keep them for us to ride, to be sure!'

'Well, master does not ride all his horses. There be three for my young mistress, three for journeys, three for *work*, and three for master. Occasionally, howsome'er, we *all mount in procession*, and then we look as a lord's



retinue should look. Is Master Wolsey's stud as well employed ?'

'Master is very good. He lets all gentlemen who visit him in this great mansion take a horse whenever they please. It is for this reason thou seest so many saddles and bridles on now. And, hark ! John, thou'rt called. Lead out the brown mare to the block's foot and never mind the blockhead.'

This was said with a knowing wink to John Hibbert, the groom's boy, afterwards Wolsey's state-groom, and was meant to make a jest of Arthur Burch, in whose simplicity, however, there was nothing to be ashamed of.

It was the evening hour in which the fellows of Magdalen indulged in the recreation of a summer's ride, then so frequent along the banks of the Isis, that a man of Magdalen was thought nothing of, except he were an equestrian. Arthur was astounded at the number of friends, serving-men, and gentlemen acquaintances, which Master Thomas Wolsey must have ; and he bethought him then, what a famous thing it must be to be a learned man.

Presently, he was soon conducted to the stone staircase leading to the bursar's rooms, and was confronted with the man whom he once looked upon as my lord's hanger on ; and now beheld, as he thought, the lord of all that princely building.

Wolsey started, as he recognised Lord De Freston's servant.

'Arthur, what now ?' he exclaimed. 'What brings thee out of Suffolk ?'

'My master's orders.'

'Dost thou deliver them verbally ?'

'No, sir, by letter.'

Here he delivered one enclosed in a leathern case, which, though couched in quaint terms, may not form an unpleasant diversion to the reader. Its matter was of sufficient moment to induce Wolsey to say :

'Arthur, thou mayst retire ; my servant's room is at the foot of the stairs. Tell him thy wants, and they shall be supplied.'

'Thank you, sir ; but I shall want little else than an answer to my lord's message. I should like to see this fine house, and something of the city. I hear ye be all very learned people here.'

'Peter will show thee something of the University. Thou mayst retire.'

Arthur retired, filled with the most inconceivable admiration of Master Thomas's greatness; and soliloquised as he descended the stone steps:

'I always said Master Thomas would be a great man. He always walked like one, spoke like one, and seemed so easy with all great men, and so learned too! No one can be great without learning. It must be a fine thing.'

The letter was written in the following words:

'To Thomas Wulcey, bye th'r hand of Arthur Burch, oure survivin-man. This comeyth from Lord De Freston and Ellen his well-beloved daughter.

'We commend ourselves unto thee, Thomas, in pease and love, and are well assuride itt is noo lesse joye to thee to heare fro' us than for us to hear fro' thee. In truithe and honeur thou art much extemyde. Wold it wor our fortune convenientlie to have seen thee when in our nebourhede, when thou didst journeye last from Ox'nforde to Ippyswiche. We heare that thou art a prest, Thomas, devoted to hevyn. We do heare this fro' thy mod'r Johan, and fro' thy friende and uncle Edmund Dayndye; and that Bushop Gouldwelle dyd ordayne thee. We are informyde that thou art so contentyde in this matter that the bushop's haundes have ben doublee well bistowide. If all succede with thee wee shall rejoyce. Wee wish thee prosesperous in thy determyning; and hope yt is for the best for the Church sin thy learnin is gret and thy demenor gude; for ther levithe no man more hartilye devoteded to God. We wish to tell thee it is in thy pow'r and provinc to serve us, by givin us agen thy companie. And wee think thou canst hardlye deny'de us as wee send all way to beseeche thee come.

'If itt soo had fortunye that wee had sen thee we wou'd have explainede to thee what wee now do. We hould thee to thy promyse upon the holy ewangelysts to be presente at the ceremonie of marraige whensoever and whersoever suche shall take place tween Ellen De Freston and whomsoweer it may be. Now that thou art a prest, Thomas, we shall looke for thy help which we hope for at St. Lawrence Church in Ippyswiche the XII day of next moneth.

'Willyam Latymer wrott latelie to thee, as he haythe declayrede, telling thee how muche he suffrid not hearings from thee: and then informynge thee of his plesure to have thee his friende present at his nuptials. Not doubtyng of thy mynde to promoat the joye of oders wee hope thou wilt come. Our plesur will be gret in thy companie at Frestone Castel; and thy moder Johan will be glad to have thee. So, Thomas, wee shall hope, that on this behalve thou *wilt not forsaye us, but unyte William Latymer and Ellen De Frestone in the bonds of matrymonie.*

'Wee hope thy answer by the haunde of the sayed Arthur Burch, and are thy loving friends,

'DE FRESTON
'and ELLEN.

'To Thomas Wolsey,
'Magdalyne College,
'Oxnforde.

'JUNE XVIII, A.D. MCCCCLXXXVIII.'

This epistle created a deep impression. It had been enough for him to discover his own blighted hopes, with regard to the first and fondest attachment he had formed in life. But Wolsey then had no thought of the ambitious projects which afterwards swayed him.

The pride of the man never was greater than in the tone of argument he held with himself at that time when his nature said 'Do not go,' and his spirit said 'Go!'

'Yes, I did promise, and I will perform the ceremony, or, at least, I will be present at these espousals. It shall never be said by Alice De Clinton, or her uncle, that I shrank from a duty which required nothing but exertion to discharge. Ellen, Latimer, De Freston, nay, my mother, and all Ipswich shall see, that I care not for friends or relatives, and that the boyish fancies of my former days shall be forgotten in the duties of my office.'

Then he sat leaning on his elbow, with hand upon his forehead, thinking of what he should write. Thinking, indeed, he was, all that night; and not one word could his proud spirit pen to his friend Latimer, or to Ellen, or her father.

His servant came to ask his commands about Lord De Freston's messenger.

'Tell him,' replied the priest, 'I will give him his answer at six o'clock on the morrow.'

So the restless spirit tossed him to and fro all night, and when the dawn arose, Wolsey arose with it, and might be seen walking under the magnificent trees of Magdalen Park. When he returned to his rooms, Arthur Burch was in great distress. His horse had been taken ill in the night, and, as the farrier said he would be quite unable to proceed on his journey, he came to petition Wolsey for the loan of one of his numerous stud.

'I have but one, Arthur, and that I shall want myself. Mine is but a poor substitute for thy noble Flanders black. Yet I can hire here better than thou canst. So thou mayst have my nag.'

Arthur's eyes were open, and his tongue soon gave utterance to his astonishment.

'What, a'nt all those horses yours I saw in the stables? and a'nt all this great house yours? and a'nt you master of all these folks? They told me you were a-going to build a great tower, like Master Latimer's at Freston; and yet you say you've got but one horse!'

'All this is true, Arthur, and I have but this room, and that I call my own, and yet it is not my own, for I cannot sell it, or give it to any one. It belongs to the college. I am going to build a tower, but with the college money. Yet one day, Arthur, it will as much surpass Freston Tower as the King's palace does thy master's house. But we will not talk of these things. Go thou and look to thy horse, and if not fit to journey, take thou mine.'

'But the letter, your reverence?'

'Say I wrote none; but that I sent word by thee, that I will be there anon, ready to do what duty may be required of me.'

So Wolsey dismissed Lord De Freston's servant, and prepared himself to follow him to Ipswich.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE JOURNEY.

A JOURNEY from Oxford to Ipswich in these days is as the swallow skimming along the air, save that his pinions make less noise than the gliding railway.

Wolsey resolved to journey to his native town. Arthur's horse had recovered, and Arthur himself, taking advantage of a cavalcade to Aylesbury and Bedford, had already started.

In those ages, men travelled in company for security, and a cavalcade was made up of people of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, each feeling some sort of protection in the presence of the other. Now-a-days, men are drawn along by fire and water, feeling no kind of security in each other, and yet, though the greater the speed the greater the danger, they are devoid of fear.

Wolsey was not long in finding a party going to the metropolis, in whose company he could ride with safety, and

speak, as every one then did, of the dangers of the road, without any fear of robbers. Travellers even from Oxford to London had then some trepidations about the free-booters of High Wycombe, or of Hampstead Heath; and like prudent men, made their wills before starting, and they have need, as prudent men, to do the same now. They made their wills then, filled their wallets, belted their purses, mounted their steeds, and, well-armed, proceeded on their way, with pistols well primed; nor did they journey without swords or cudgels.

The party which Wolsey had joined was mostly composed of wool-dealers, who at that time were sheep-dealers as well. They were journeying to London, to meet some Spanish merchants, who had begun to purchase the fine flocks of England, to pasture upon the plains of Toledo. This was carried to such an extent just then, that Government had to interfere, and did so at the suggestion of Wolsey, who had become aware of the extensive exportation of flocks from this country.

On his white-faced cob, and not despising his academical or priestly appearance, sat Wolsey, making himself as agreeable as possible to his company.

'You will sell half the flocks of England, Master Cuthbert, if you go on with this species of merchandise much longer. What will become of our own wool-trade, if you thus sell the very sheep's backs upon which it grows?'

As to that, master, we have nothing to do with it. No matter to us so long as we get a profit, and these Dons give us a good price; and I say, prosperity to the sheep trade!'

'But do you consider that you injure your country in this traffic?'

'How so? We do but buy and sell at the best market; and what's a country to us, if we cannot make something out of it?'

'Our wool-trade is great; but every flock you sell must diminish our means of supplying the demand upon us, and increase it in other countries. Have you no desire to see your country flourish?'

'Yes, and I hope it will, and last our time. The price of sheep is wonderfully got up of late.'

'And not to be wondered at either, when you take off so many. If I were a statesman, I would take care of the trade of my country, and not destroy one of the best staple commodities we have.'

'Why, master, you don't think we poor dealers want to ruin others, do you?'

'No! you may not care much about that; but the sheep are more profitable in our country than they can be out of it, and I have no idea of enriching others by our own poverty.'

'Well, master, now I dare say you'd buy books out of foreign countries if you could.'

'That I would, to enrich my own, and not to impoverish them.'

'Well, master, then why mayn't others do the same by us? What's the difference betwixt traffic in sheep and traffic in books?'

'A wonderful deal of difference. We buy books to increase the knowledge of the world.'

'And we sell sheep to increase the clothing thereof. What's the difference?'

If you sell the staple commodity of a community, you create a want of general employment, and injure trade for the future, in that country. Our flocks produce the finest wool in the world, and, consequently, our wool-combers and their families thrive; but if you sell the flocks which produce the wool, you immediately take off their families from their accustomed employment, and your own people are destitute. Books are but few now-a-days, and scholars are far less. Printing is but in its infancy, and is a matter of art and ingenuity. If I were a legislator I would protect the flock-growers against you wholesale flock-sellers.'

'Well, master, all that's easy said, but not so easy done; but yonder troops of gipsies look as if they would have no objection to ease us, either of our sheep or our money.'

'Ay, and I would control them as well; and see if I could not get rid of an idle set of vagabonds, who do nothing but live in the wastes upon the plenty of others, which they either pilfer, petition for, or purloin, just as they please.'

'You would make a rare statesman, if you could rid the country of such folk: but I think, master, you would be too hard upon us poor flock-dealers.'

It was well the party advancing on the road towards Hampstead were as strong as they were, for there was then at that place a formidable encampment of that artful and imposing people, who had gained such a footing in the midland counties as to make it dangerous to affront them,

or to refuse their demands. Woe to the unfortunate traveller who had anything worth losing in his purse, and lost his way in that neighborhood. It was even dangerous for small parties to travel unprotected. The gipsies and the robbers were in league against the liege subjects of the realm. Nothing worthy of being called a surprise occurred to any of the party until they had passed through the metropolis, and those who were journeying towards the eastern counties became less apparently able to defend themselves.

Wolsey changed companies in London, and had now joined a party of Flemish manufacturers, who were going down to his native town, to teach the weavers there the manufacture which afterwards raised Ipswich to such notoriety. These men were a contrast to those with whom he had journeyed to London. These were consumers, and teachers of consumers, of that very article for the preservation of which, to this country, he had been so strong an advocate. He was now more convinced than before of the folly of sending the flocks out of the country when such good workmen came from foreign countries, to teach our men their value.

He found these foreigners intelligent and industrious, acting under the guidance of a leader, who undertook to give them wages from the time of their starting from their own country. With them he entered freely into conversation, speaking to them in their own language, and astonishing their minds with the knowledge he seemed to possess of their country and people as well as of the town to which he was bound.

It was upon this journey, too, that Wolsey had an opportunity of discovering that he had made friends with a worthy, nonest class of men, as stout-hearted as they were strong-armed; and that they were ready to look upon him with respect as their superior, though by no means better mounted or provided with cash.

Not far from Inगतstone they were met by a very formidable body of the idlers who infested that neighborhood, half gipsies, half robbers—men and women, travelling in company, tinkers, shoeing-smiths, and braziers, yet of such a wild character, that they never failed to tax all they met who happened to be too weak to resist.

They were headed by a tall, swarthy man, commonly called the Inगतstone Bear, or Wild Man of Brentwood. He was known as King of the Gipsies far and near.

He had come over from Spain, having escaped the violent persecution at Toulon, which those unfortunate people had aroused, in consequence of their having had a deadly encounter with some Turkish traders, whom they had murdered to a man.

Stanton, as he was called among his own people, was a sinewy and bony man, who never did any work, but led his people about the country, occasionally haranguing them in a circle, and appointing the different men their specific duties. The King of the Gipsies understood the handicraft of all his people. He also had a very quick apprehension of character, such as he found among the gentry and commonalty of England, though he pretended to understand nothing of their language.

The party of Flemings then journeying to Ipswich in company had hired a guide who undertook to see them safe through the country. Whether this man was in league with the gipsies or not, it was never strictly ascertained, though this was much suspected.

About eight o'clock in the evening, three miles of the Chelmsford side of Ingatestone, near Hide Green, a large party of these idle fellows, headed by the Wild Man of Brentwood, chose to stop them, and to demand, in terms not to be misunderstood, whatever they could spare. Wolsey, desirous of peace, undertook to state the nature of the journey the Flemings were pursuing, and the consequent poverty they were all in at present. As to himself, he told them he was a scholar, and that what little money he had was at their service: but he stipulated that the poor Flemings should be permitted to proceed on their journey without molestation, on his surrendering his own purse.

The Flemings were ignorant of Wolsey's generosity until they saw him give up his money. They then saw that he had purchased their liberation. They were not the men, however, tamely to submit to imposition, or to suffer another to be imposed upon in their company. One fine young fellow, who seemed to be well backed by the rest, came forward to the King of the Gipsies, and demanded the purse back again. To his own surprise, the gipsy gave it him; and he immediately delivered it to Wolsey, who with a quick eye, and as quick a command, told them at once to be prepared for an attack; for once having made a *compromise with the King of the Gipsies*, the demanding

again the surety given was a certain declaration of war, and they must expect it.

The warning of Wolsey was taken in earnest. The Flemings had been hitherto in their loose jackets, seeming to have nothing but their working tools. In one moment each man had a formidable weapon, scarcely known in England, but used with great dexterity by the Flemish, and which gave them, as will be seen, a perfect ascendancy over their antagonists. This weapon was a ball and thong. A ball of lead or iron, which they could cast out of their hands, and draw back again with well-trained facility, called a 'Battledoer.'

They had scarcely collected themselves in a band round Wolsey and three others, before a shrill whistle from the King of the Gipsies announced the commencement of hostilities. The women and children ran screaming up the green to their encampment, whence several men might be seen hastening to the scene of dispute. The heavy Flemings, on their long-tailed shaggy horses, were not accustomed to move very quickly along the road; but were as little accustomed to be stayed in their steady progress.

The King of the Gipsies presented a bold front; for, coming forward from his numerous subjects, he insisted upon the whole party going back the way they came, or paying the toll which they had once paid and taken away.

The Flemings were not disposed to turn their backs; their tactics were of a very simple kind. If the attack was made in front, four from each side drew up in a moment, to support their leaders. If in the rear, three on each side drew up for the defence; and if on either side, there were seven on each side perfectly prepared. This little oblong square was formed with dexterity and resolution, and evidently discomposed the gipsies at the very first step; for when the leaders moved on, the King of the Gipsies receded instinctively. In another moment, however, his word of command was given, and his men came on, with bludgeons, stones, and iron hooks, to the attack. One or two gipsies only appeared to have fire-arms, and of these they made so much parade that it was strongly suspected that they were unloaded, or that they dare not fire them off. A volley of stones, however, soon came rattling among the Flemings, who from that moment moved on with a front rank of ten horsemen and a flank of eight, undismayed by the numbers of their antagonists.

The very first volley of their leaden missiles had all the effect of a discharge of musketry. The balls were thrown with such precision that men fell as if they were shot; and the immediate recoiling of them, so as to send another shower, as quickly as a man could pick up a stone, was what these fellows did not wait for. They fled immediately, the King of Brentwood Forest among them, whilst the brave Flemings, passing over the bodies of their stunned foes, moved on without further molestation to Chelmsford.

The only man injured in their party was their guide, who, being knocked from his horse by a blow on the forehead from a stone thrown by the gipsies, was carried into the town of Chelmsford, and there left with the Abbot of the monastery.

Wolsey now became the conductor of the party, and, greatly pleased with their conduct, he felt a pride and pleasure in introducing such men into his native town. Messrs. Hall and Baldry were the parties to whom they were engaged, and our young scholar did not fail to speak of them by letter to his uncle, Edmund Daundy, in terms of such commendation as they deserved.

They arrived without any other molestation, and Dame Joan received her son, for the last time, into her house, and found him grown a greater man than she had ever known him, but at that time far from happy or cheerful. She never knew him to smile upon her after that day.

‘Mother,’ said Wolsey on his arrival, ‘I am come to perform a promise extracted from me, in your own presence, on the memorable evening of my gallantry, when the ox shin-bone did execution upon the head of the mastiff.’

‘What was that, my son?’

‘To be present at the marriage of Ellen De Freston—ay, and more, not only to see her given in marriage, but to unite her with my friend Latimer.’

‘Oh, why, my son, why perform the ceremony? I know you have loved Ellen, but—’

‘But, hush, mother! hush! breathe not a word of this. Let it die. I am a priest, mother. I must not marry—I cannot. I must deny, denounce, and destroy any such idea in my soul! Your prayers, mother, in silence; but tell it not to De Freston—tell it not to my uncle—breathe it not to the world—that thy son, Thomas Wolsey, ever had such a weakness.’

‘How, my dear son, wilt thou ever sustain the shock? I cannot bear to think of it.’

‘Thou must assist me, mother, with all thy courage and thy kindness to smile upon the bride and the bridegroom. Doubt not my strength. I can do what I will with myself, but do not thou betray me or my weakness. I would retire to prepare for the morrow’s interview at Freston Hall. Once more I will see the Tower, the Orwell—the scenes of my youth and of my early love—and then, farewell for ever.’

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE INTERVIEW.

THE morning sun rose as clear and lovely on the day that Wolsey left Ipswich for his last visit to Freston Tower as it did upon the day of his first visit. But how different were the sensations of the man in the few short years which had intervened between the hour of buoyant love, and that of painful compliance with a request which any other man would have studiously avoided!

It was quite true that he felt himself independent; but was he really so? It is true that he was not dependent upon the smile of De Freston, or the generosity of his relative, Edmund Daundy, or upon any friend in Ipswich.

He rode out of his native town, along that beautiful strand, in the morning sun, with a gloomy heart—a heart which nature, or rather the God of nature, had gifted with a sensitiveness and grace which now the spirit within him had resisted, but had not quite banished. Whoever sins against philanthropy cannot be happy in spirit, let his knowledge embrace an insight into every book that ever was written or printed in the world. Nothing but the love of our fellow-creatures can make any work of any mind pleasant to the soul of the Christian. Men may be selfish in gaining knowledge, but what is the use of finding a treasure, if it is only to be selfishly enjoyed? for intelligence, except it can be used to enlighten others, would make its possessor only the more miserable.

Wolsey used to journey in the days of his poverty with pure love in his heart—love for De Freston and his

daughter—love for his father, his mother, his uncle, his friends. He loved none of these now, and this made the Orwell so dull and gloomy in his sight.

He was on his way to that hospitable hall, where all was mirth and harmony within at the prospect of the marriage which was to take place on the morrow. The banks of the river were as green as in former days, the swallows were as lively, boys were bathing, ships were sailing, boats were moving, birds were singing, nature smiling; the difference was in Wolsey, and not in the things around him. The monastery of St. Peter's frowned upon him as he crossed the ford of Stoke, monks were chanting matins, country folk bringing in their produce from the farm-yard, and smiling health animating some lively lass who was paying her first visit to the great provincial town of Suffolk.

Stern were Wolsey's features, as deep thought sat upon his brow. He saw not the bows which foot passengers gave him. His eye seemed fixed upon some mental object. He was absorbed in his own reflections, thinking of those who were his friends, and of the manner in which he should receive their welcome.

De Freston had been his patron in days past; but De Freston could be of no service to him now. He was now a priest, and a priest must not feel as other men do. He must be more dignified, more reserved, more distant, more exalted. He was a priest of Rome; he must forget that he was ever a poor scholar at Ipswich, fostered and cherished by many friends, and sent to Oxford by their kindness and patronage. He was a priest of Rome! Rome must be now his patron; Rome must claim every secret impulse of his heart, and all his kindred must be forgotten. Something of offence arose out of De Freston's preference in bestowing the hand of his daughter upon Latimer. Something of offence suggested itself in Ellen's preference of his friend, and towards Latimer a sort of aversion sprang up on account of his successful rivalry. But human nature must be subdued. The decree of Rome forbade any such ideas to be entertained; not on account of any exigency of the times, but because the priests could not, without this decided law of privation, be trained in the way of implicit obedience. If Wolsey really loved Ellen, he would have *been glad to hear of her happiness, even though she had preferred his friend Latimer.*

In self-sacrifices for the promotion of another's happiness, there is ever a noble and graceful love, which carries with it unspeakable admiration. But this passion of Wolsey's had given way to a misanthropic philosophy, which ever after induced him to look with disregard upon the ties of mutual affection.

At the time he was moving along the strand, he was as sharp an ascetic as any monk whose monastery he afterwards caused to be destroyed. At last, Freston Tower broke upon his view, glittering as it did in the morning sun of a lovely June day, without any exclamation of pleasure. No longer did his heart bound at the sight, as if he was about to see those who loved him, and those whom he had loved. Time was that he would have wished for a horse to have borne him to that lovely Tower, and few would have gone fast enough to have answered the quick and lively energy of the young aspirant for everything laudable, honorable, and good. Now he was moving in solemn state, without any apparent emotion of joy or sorrow.

By Bishop Goldwell he was much admired, and had received wonderful encouragement from him to devote himself to the good of the Church. Alice, too, the proud Alice, had promised to work him a piece of altar tapestry whenever he should be presented with preferment. Did he then contrast this unfeeling woman, superstitious and cold as she was, with the mild, amiable, and lovely Ellen?

He was espied from the Tower by the fair one, who waved her hand from the sunny chamber, where they had so often met.

'Here he comes, Latimer. Here he comes! but how slowly he moves. Perhaps he is thinking of the days of his youth, and weighing in his learned mind the thought whether he is happier now than he was then; for he takes no notice of our salutation, though his face seems lifted to the Tower.'

'He is perhaps conning over some passage of the poets, or thinking of some deep logical question of the schools. He is very often lost in thought.'

'But this is not a time, William, for Thomas Wolsey to forget us. He must surely be thinking of us. He cannot fail to discern us. Or does he think it beneath the dignity of his office to come on merrily to the marriage feast?'

'I know not, Ellen, but that you may find Wolsey a

little changed in this respect. At no time of my acquaintance with him did he fail in self-esteem or self-deportment; and we have not often seen him on horseback. Had we not better receive him in the hall?'

'Is it so, indeed, William? and are we to forget that in this very room we have spent so many joyful hours of literary pleasure? I shall be almost sorry that I wrote to him to come, if thus it should seem by his progress that he was performing a penance rather than promoting love! Let us, however, receive him with respect in the hall, as he has become so great a man as not to recognise us in the Tower.'

Wolsey had recognised his former friends; he even saw their hands waving from the fifth story; but the man had no answering delight to say, 'My heart is glad' or, 'God be praised that you are well!' All feeling was dormant, even the salutation of the poor old lodge gate-keeper elicited no recognition.

'Dame, I say,' said the old man, as he addressed his aged partner, 'pride is come home from a distance, and I have opened the park gates to the visitor.'

'What art thou talking of? what dost thou mean?' she replied.

'I mean to say, that I have opened the gate to Master Wolsey, and he is gone up the park; and if he meets my lord and lady as he has done me, he'll turn all our merry-making into misery.'

'What, the lively Master Thomas grown proud! Well a' day, well a' day! Men's fortunes will sometimes change their faces, and Arthur Burch told me Master Thomas was grown a great man!'

De Freston was made aware of Wolsey's coming; he waited not for his formal announcement; but came from the hall across the drawbridge in company with Ellen and Latimer to welcome their friend.

— Oh, that word *friend*! How dreadfully is it abused! How often made a mere conventional term, and used in the world just as interest may prompt, or anything be got by it. One true one is better than a host of pretenders, and a man without that one is miserable. To look for many, is not to know the world; to value one when you have found him is to possess wisdom. Ice, in summer; hail, in harvest time; and a swallow in winter, are as congenial, as a cold and heartless friend meeting you in the day of your rejoicing.

Fond hearts met Wolsey at the entrance to Freston Hall. Fond hearts beaming with love, rejoicing in his arrival, and bounding to make him welcome. But they could not fail to remark how stately he had grown! how very dignified! how distant, grand, and great.

‘Ha! Thomas, my friend! Welcome to De Freston’s Hall!’

‘I thank thee, thy daughter, and *her* friend!’ with a most courteous bow of seemingly profound respect, which at once killed all the natural joy of the interview, and told the nobleman that an ambassador from Rome had arrived, in the place of that cheerful friend who was once the delight of his hall.

Wolsey was stately, not uncourteous. He had schooled himself most admirably, and acted his part with all the precision of an accomplished performer.

So gentlemanly in his external deportment, but resolved to show no intimacy; so very easy in his manner, that no one could be affronted; and yet so little heart, that Ellen could have burst into tears at the strange alteration of the man who once was her liveliest companion.

The very domestics, anticipating from Arthur’s account the arrival of a great man, and who had so associated Thomas Wolsey with all that was cheerful and gay, becoming, and pleasant, were petrified at the stately gaze with which he seemed to contemplate the architecture of the hall, and the little notice he took of any one in it.

‘We have friends to meet thee, Master Wolsey,’ said De Freston, evidently convinced that some more distant form was now necessary. ‘Some of thy oldest friends will be with us at the hour of noon. They will be delighted to greet thee, after so long an absence.’

Wolsey’s reply shot like a shaft—ay, and a well-aimed one it was—to the hearts of Latimer and Ellen.

‘I suppose thy friend, Bishop Goldwell, and Alice, his niece, have consented to be here.’

‘Indeed they have not; nor have we invited them, for, since the day of Ivan’s death, we have never exchanged a word.’

‘I can only regret it,’ replied Wolsey. ‘He is a man whose acquaintance I should have courted, and his niece a fit companion for thy daughter. I thought they had been intimate.’

‘*Their characters are very dissimilar.*’

'That should be no bar to friendship.'

'But I know that Bishop Goldwell does not admire thy friend Latimer, and that he is the aversion of Alice.'

'On such an occasion as this, distances should be abridged, and differences of opinion softened, wounds healed, and friends united.'

'I agree with thee, Wolsey; thy doctrine is herein sound, but somewhat opposed to thy practice.'

'Ah! how so?'

'Thou thyself art not thyself as formerly. Thy bearing is widely different; thy manner, speech, and conduct, have undergone a great change.'

'I am a priest; yet I am here to-day by thine invitation. Why not Bishop Goldwell and his niece?'

'They are not our kin.'

'And I now have no kin, no connexions, no property, no friends, but the church, to which I am henceforth devoted.'

'Does that destroy thy former friendships?'

'It cancels every one! I have given them up!—forsaken them all!—and I shall follow the Church of Rome, of which I am her devoted servant.'

'And so,' said Ellen, 'I may address thee no longer as my learned and dear friend—my choice companion—my tutor—my relative and associate, but simply as "Your Reverence?"'

'I am come to perform a duty, Mistress Ellen, and if thou wouldst have me discharge it gracefully, I pray thee mar not the dignity of mine office by any allusions to the past.'

'I cannot forget what thou wast, Thomas Wolsey, both to me and to *thy* friend Latimer, once our loving companion.'

'And now,' said Wolsey, with a bow of studied courtesy, 'the humble servant of both!'

'No, Thomas Wolsey,' replied the maiden, 'thou art not humble at all! Thy priesthood, Thomas, sits mournfully on thy years; and the wisdom which used to ornament thy brow seems lost in outward stateliness. I like thee not in thy change.'

'May be, Mistress Ellen, thou may'st one day think differently, and then praise that reserve which now thou dost misinterpret.'

'*It may be so*, Thomas Wolsey! but my heart must be

contracted instead of being enlarged; my soul must bend to form and ceremony, and not to love; and I must admire Alice De Clinton, and imitate her bearing, and forget the friends who taught me truth, that I may be admitted to the favor of a priest!

Even the self-possessed Wolsey was abashed at this charge. His well-schooled reserve was about to give way to generous impulses, and thoughts of joy and thankfulness to God for such kind friends and benefactors were beginning to rise in the heart; but over them all, rose his vow of devotion to the church; and, denying himself where self-denial was uncalled for, he rejected the spirit of love, and feigned a momentary sickness.

He retired to his room to get the command of himself, leaving the friends of his youth to talk over his estrangement. He nevertheless attended the banquet, sat on the right hand of the betrothed, was attentive and most punctilious in his devotions, spoke when addressed, and yet offered no opinion of his own, nor put himself forward to lead the converse; heard all, and reflected upon all, surprised all, and pleased none; yet did he conduct himself with such dignified exterior, that no man could say he transgressed the strictest rules of decorum, or thought not of others as much as of himself. It was difficult to decide upon such a point.

To his uncle, to his friends, to the assembled company at that festive meeting, to De Fretson and his daughter, to Latimer and his father, who had through his son received such a favorable account of him, he was the same dignified, unaccountable being. Sir William Latimer was never more astonished at seeing such a character as Wolsey then appeared. His son had assured him that he had been the means of his introduction to the University, and that he was his bosom friend: nevertheless, nothing could be more distant than Wolsey's manner and conversation with him.

He retired early to his room, to prepare himself for the last ceremony he ever performed in his native town, and the last time he saw his friends at Ipswich, though he never forgot the early steps of education which he had there received.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

A MARRIAGE in the year 1408, and in a nobleman's family, was almost like an affair of state. In the metropolis, such an event might not have been uncommon; but, in the country, it was in that day so joyous an event, that he was considered but a niggard nobleman who had not the whole country to participate in his festivity.

Such a maid as Ellen, too--so universally beloved in her own neighbourhood, and so celebrated for every female virtue of her time--was sure to command the generous and gentle attentions of all who had any regard for their betters. There might be some morose dispositions, who staid at home, brooding over melancholy forebodings, and caring nothing for a marriage, for bride, bridegroom, bridal attire, bridal friends, men, maids, banquets, or any kind of festivity; but there was then no lack of well-wishers, who really loved Ellen De Preston, and wished her happy.

Alise De Clinton, had she been at all of Ellen's disposition, would have been her companion upon this occasion; but she lacked not friends of the noblest class to fill her place. The fair daughters of Fastolf, and De Broke, from the Haugh, were at Preston Castle, together with four other maidens of quality, to accompany her to the wedding.

The morning broke most lovely! The merry bells could be heard from the town of Ipswich ringing cheerily: the Lord De Preston and Edmund Planché were as universally loved for their amiable qualities as they were known to be rich and powerful. Everything indicated a large wedding. Aish were signs of bladders, and men and women's voices mingled cheerily. The bells around Ipswich echoed the joy, and when people looked round their town as one in the distance, there was what was called a wedding procession. In short, every body expected something of the happiest nature in the world.

London night. It was a very fine night, and the moon was shining brightly, and the stars were very clear. The wind was from the south, and the air was very fresh.

the porch of St. Lawrence. It was no loss of time to them to be seen to participate in the happiness of a lady whom some one or other of them had known, for her kindness to some poor relative, or for her gentleness and amiable bearing.

Fame, when not courted but deserved, will come with a reward which is as pleasant as it is unexpected. Actions done upon the Christian principle of brotherly love are sure to be successful in the end ; they carry with them their own reward, being done from faith, and a sense of duty.

Such were those of the whole life of Lord De Freston and his daughter. Such were the motives which influenced him in his patronage of Wolsey ; such were his daughter's motives in the interest she felt in his rising fame. But whilst hundreds around them were grateful, and rejoiced to show the interest they felt in Ellen's happiness, that one, the scholar and the friend, felt nothing of gratitude, little of affection : he felt only the deepest, the most heartfelt mortification.

Early on the morning of the 8th of July, 1498, did Thomas Wolsey, Priest of Magdalen College, rise. Whether he slept or not, those who saw him could only give a surmise, and from the swollen appearance of his eyes, and the excessive pallor of his countenance, it was thought that his reverence had passed a very restless night.

He was not stirring earlier than William Latimer, who, when Wolsey descended from the internal balcony of the hall, was, with Edmund Daundy, preparing to depart for Ipswich, that both might be in readiness to receive the *cortège* of the bride at the house of the latter in St. Lawrence. As they stood in the hall, Thomas Wolsey descended. He bowed haughtily in return to the generous salute of his uncle and his young friend.

'I am ready to depart for Ipswich, gentlemen, and to solicit of the officiating priest of St. Lawrence permission to perform the *marriage ceremony*.'

These last words created a kind of adhesive firmness of his tongue to the roof of his mouth ; for, when his uncle replied that he had already secured that permission, there was but a bow of acquiescence, and a dignified move towards the massive hall-door. The party went forward. Three of Lord De Freston's horses stood caparisoned for them at the porch ; but a delay was created by the proud priest saying to the groom in waiting—

‘My own horse!’

‘My lord thought your own would be fatigued, and requests that you will use his,’ said the man.

‘My own horse, sirrah!’ was the uncourteous reply. The gentlemen were equally as astonished as the groom; but seeing that Wolsey quietly retreated into the hall, they could but desire the groom to be as expeditious as possible in bringing the said nag round to the door.

It was evident that Wolsey would have his own way, and not put a foot into the stirrup until he had.

The horse was brought round. The bridegroom, bridesman, and priest, departed with a retinue of horsemen for the town. It was a stately ride. Nothing seemed to please Wolsey. He received all that was said to him with silent indications of assent, as if they were only such commonplace sayings as he might expect to receive from the attendants upon his greatness. So passed they to his native town, where, at this day, nothing remains in any way connected with him but a postern gate of brick, leading to the school-master’s lodge within the area of the schools, and not, as some have called it, the principal entrance to the President’s Court.

They arrived at the mansion of Edmund Daundy at seven o’clock on the morning of the eighth of July.

Dame Joan, Wolsey’s mother, was there before them, with many of the friends, wives, and daughters of the best families of the town and neighborhood, who came to participate in the joyous doings.

‘I give thee this, young man,’ said Wolsey to the groom on taking his horse, ‘that thou mayest learn that a reward is worth having when it is deserved. At ten o’clock do thou be at the portal leading to the chancel door of St. Lawrence Church. Thou knowest the priest’s entrance, his private entrance, from the lane. There be thou with this horse, caparisoned exactly as he now is—his trappings on, exactly as thou seest them now. Let nothing be taken out of thy possession. There is an angel for thee. Another angel doth await thee.’

Wolsey gave the man a golden angel, of the value of six and eightpence, a gift which commanded much more attention than many such pieces would do now-a-days.

He not only promised obedience, but kept it punctually.

‘Thou wilt accept once more, Thomas Wolsey, thine aged uncle’s hospitality. Come in.’

'I have a vow at the altar of St. Lawrence, which I must pay this morning. I can enter no house until that is paid.'

'How long wilt thou be?'

'Until this marriage is over.'

'We shall hope to see thee then?'

'Thou mayest then hope.' And Wolsey departed for the church.

Whilst he bent at the altar of St. Lawrence Church, glad to escape from anything like cheerfulness, he was steeling his heart for a trial to which the pages of romance could scarcely afford a parallel. Never once did he reproach himself for the cruelty of his behaviour towards those who really loved him, and had given him the greatest possible proofs of attachment. Never once did he reflect that his then state of deportment towards Ellen was barbarous or unjust; his whole soul was enveloped in the cloak of his own selfishness. His heart was full of gall and bitterness, grief and agony. And as he knelt before that altar to which he had devoted himself soul and body, did he pray for that high, that holy, inward peace, which the man who sacrifices every selfish feeling for the good of another would so earnestly desire? His heart could have burst at the very position he had then placed himself in, but for that indomitable pride which prayed for future aggrandizement, that the poor scholar of Ipswich might rival, or rather out-rival, the Lord De Freston and his friends.

His vow was but an excuse for the feeding of his own solitary disappointment, but for the opportunity of brooding over the melancholy superstition to which his nature and his enlightened mind were adverse, but to which his seemingly injured affections had fled for solace.

Whilst Wolsey was thus mournfully fasting and praying, and the gay world was shut out from the gloom of his devotion, parties of maidens formed in rank, a long and pleasing file, went with their baskets of flowers from Daundy's mansion gate towards St. Peter's Ford, by which the bride was expected to enter the town, and as they went, their leaders lifted up their voices and sung one stanza, at the conclusion of the last two lines of which the whole company joined:

Come all ye merry lasses!
Come bring your flowers gay;
Come all in smiling masses,
And strew the bridal way.

Leave sorrow far behind you,
 And be not you forlorn,
 For Love alone should bind you
 To greet the bridal morn.

CHORUS.

Then haste! oh, haste, this happy hour!
 To meet the Maid of Freston Tower.

It was a lovely morning, indeed; and Ellen, the Maid of Freston Tower, with her dear and anxious father, and her whole train of fair damsels and rustic maidens, and tenants' daughters and servants, were seen descending Freston Hill, from the park side to the strand. It was a long and sweeping *cortège*; the bridesmaids and the bride attired in travelling costume, attended by noble gentlemen, the friends of the various parties, swept along that happy strand amidst the blessings and praises of those poor people, who left their morning toil by permission of their masters.

It was a sight in those feudal days worthy of being recorded in a better ballad than the old one extant in the archives of the borough of Ipswich, written by old Dan Lydgate, monk of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury; though he was a genuine poet of his day, and few could vie with him in allegory, or in narrative, or in words; and yet old Dan wanted that sense of feeling that meditates in love upon things passing around him. He described them with flowery colours, and now and then with a daring liberty almost approaching to licentiousness. He was seldom pathetic or reflective—yet he is a good old poet, and describes his times quite as well as Byron does his, with far less morbid selfishness.

From far and near, Ipswich was like a vast fair; but there was no gambling, hooting, hallooing, cheating, drinking, bargaining, and brawling. Instead of these, there was a cheerful wedding, upon which every face smiled with delight.

Beautiful indeed was the attachment between two such souls as those of the son of Sir William Latimer and the daughter of Lord De Freston, enhanced by similarity of taste, a love of truth, literature, and talent, and by every virtue which adorns or ennobles human nature. An abhorrence of anything unjust and oppressive pervaded De Freston and Sir William Latimer, and was instilled into *their children*.

The country was alive with joyful faces, and not only the hamlets of Ipswich, but from every village down the Orwell, as far as Felixtow Beach on the one side, and Shotley Point on the other, boats ascended the tide to the gaily festive scene. Songs were got up by the village singers. One ballad, or song, or chaunt, or whatever else it may be called, is preserved, which affords not only a lively description of the feeling then felt towards the daughter of Lord De Freston, but it is not devoid of elegance or metrical beauty, though it may not be exactly accurate in rhyme :—

The Boatmen's Bridal Song.

Come, row the boat, row ! from Levington Creek ;
The boat full of roses as e'er it can stick.

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go !

Come, row the boat, row ! 'tis the bridal day ;
And woe to the maiden who stays away.

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go.

Come, row the boat, row ! o'er the Orwell's wave,
If the youth or the maiden would happiness have.

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go.

Come, row the boat, row ! from the Haugh's green side,
'Neath the Wolferstone shade let our oars quick glide.

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go.

Come, row the boat, row ! with all your power,
For the maiden is gone from De Freston's Tower.

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go.

Come, row the boat, row ! for the fairest maid,
The roses we'll strew ere the dew-drop fade.

Come, row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

For the pride of the castle, fair Ellen, we go.

Then row the boat, row ! ye Levington boys,
For who would not welcome the true lovers' joys ?

Row the boat, row !

Yoho ! yoho !

To the bridal of Ellen, fair Ellen, we go !

The very metre of the old song gives an idea of the boat pulled by stout rowers in the vigor of youth, bent upon a scene of festive rejoicing.

Levington was the first village on the Orwell, celebrated for the cultivation of the rose, which the Lord of the Manor of Levington Hall, Hugh de Fastolf, encouraged, and gave permission on the day of the celebration of Ellen's marriage for the villagers to gather from the hall garden as many as they could place in their boat for the occasion; so that the village maidens who went up the Orwell in the Levington boat, were literally in the midst of roses.

They arrived at St. Peter's Ford, to the no small delight of hundreds who sought for a bunch of flowers to scatter on the maiden's path.

And ill the luck that maiden's lot,
Who had her flowrets then forgot,
Lest sorrow should her marriage mar,
Or fill the bridal day with care.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

CHILDREN clad in white for the occasion—children, whose parents, as well as themselves, had been partakers of the bounty of Edmund Daundy—were, with their cheerful happy faces formed into two long rows from the mansion as far almost as Wolsey's house. Each had a significant flower in her hand, that she might join her partner, who held a corresponding flower on the opposite side of the street, when the signal was given that the bride was coming.

In this manner, the two nearest of the coming procession moved immediately forward, exclaiming, or chanting the short couplet—

'Tis the bridal day,
Prepare the way,
Lead on! lead on! lead on!
Come join our throng,
Come sing our song,
Be merry every one.

None began to sing until they joined flowers, and each

couple, following the leader, added their voices to those which went before, until the whole street burst forth into singing.

The graceful Ellen, amidst her honorable maidens, walked through the respectful throng, and was met by a party of matrons, friends, and relations, who conducted her to the house of Daundy, where Latimer and a great company of friends were ready to proceed to the church of St. Lawrence.

All was done that could add to the gaiety and joyful publicity of the marriage, and according to the custom of the times, the poor were not forgotten, but were allowed to participate in the scene. The noble parents, arm-in-arm, followed the bride, whilst Latimer and his young men, invited by Edmund Daundy, were in readiness to receive them at the steps of his house. It took but a few minutes to exchange the riding costume for the flowing veils and simple white vestments of the beautiful bride and her maids, and then the happy pair, with their attendants, proceeded to the church, whither Wolsey had gone before. The organ Daundy had presented to St. Lawrence had been purchased in France, and was for its day a wonderful instrument. Plaintive notes had been for some time issuing from its tubes, adapted to the stillness of the solitary occupant then kneeling at the altar, as if he were performing the most abstracted and spiritual devotion.

The heart of that man was not to be envied. It had tormented itself with such determined endurance, that nature was completely quelled. But it was not in him to let even Ellen know that he was suffering from the sting of disappointment. Nothing would have been easier than for Wolsey to have found an excuse for not performing the ceremony. There was decided cruelty in the thing, knowing, as he certainly did, the state of his own heart and sentiments towards Ellen; but the pride of the man was predominant; and in a church and age when to mortify the body with rigorous privation was a sign of the highest faith, it was not remarkable that an ambitious man like Wolsey should act as he did.

That Wolsey was a man who could command himself, by a resolute effort, was manifested in this early indication of control; but that he did it with a bad grace, these pages will prove.

Self-denial is a great virtue; but morose and conceited

self-immolation is no part of pure religion. It is of the same nature as the delusion that influences the devotees of the East, who, with hooks in their flesh, swing themselves in a circle till they lose strength, reason, and life. The Suttée might be as great as the learned Wolsey, and perform even a greater act of devotion than he did, for she willingly and cheerfully gives up her body to be burnt; but this proud man, against his reason, against his judgment, and in spite of himself, married the woman that he loved to another man, and neither wished nor prayed for her happiness. Had his act been one of faith instead of superstition, it would have been attended with consequences far more productive of comfort and happiness to himself and others than it was. Faith can surmount difficulties, and glory in so doing: but faith never places stumbling blocks of iniquity in the way of the soul, that it may leap over them and appear glorious in the sight of men. Learning in that day was then confined in a great measure to ecclesiastical establishments, and though ignorance greatly prevailed among the monks and monasteries, yet men of letters were occasionally found among them, who were bright stars of their day. If a noble was a man of letters, he was indeed accounted a wonder. It was something then to write, but to write with any degree of purity was a singular accomplishment.

On this account Lord De Freston and his daughter were highly esteemed. Wolsey had been alive indeed to the interest and influence she had exercised in his favour: but she had not been the least aware of having caused him any deeper feeling than that of gratitude for her exertions. His conduct had become changed—very different from that of former days, and certainly in her eyes it was not improved; but she attributed this to the position to which he had even then been elevated. So altered were his words and manners, that although he had come so far to marry her, and to comply with her request, she almost regretted that she had disturbed his learned pursuits at Magdalene. There he was, however, to perform the ceremony; and as the organ gradually increased its swelling tones, as the bride and bridegroom walked along the nave of the church, the murmur of the multitude and the steps of approaching feet, warned Wolsey that he must prepare himself for the duty he had undertaken.

He rose from his knees with the studied gesture of a

man about to confer a great obligation, and summoning all the energy of his robust frame, and the pride of his whole heart—he appeared as immovable and as firm as a commander of Roman cohorts going into battle. Every person in that church, saving the bride, looked upon him with wonder; but she with downcast eyes had not ventured to look up, even to behold the countenance of the man who had been so much her friend and companion from her infancy.

Lord De Freston thought him ill, and was upon the point of asking the curate of St. Lawrence to take the duty, when the firm, strong, clear, and singularly sweet voice of Wolsey, gave evidence that he was not so ill as to require any assistance, though his face was white as marble, and his lips livid as death.

Just as the parent delivered up his child for ever into the hands of her future husband, and Wolsey received that fair hand to unite it with that of his friend, he was observed to shed a tear, which fell upon the hand he was then holding. The maiden lifted her eye to meet that of the priest's. There was agony depicted in it—intense agony, that struck deeply into the tender heart of Ellen, and so completely overpowered her, as to make her lean upon the arm of Lord De Freston for support. She looked not again at Wolsey—she heard his voice, now softer and more subdued; and whilst she was united to Latimer in the bonds of matrimony, she became for the first moment of her life conscious that Thomas Wolsey might have loved her. She felt a pang, not for herself, but in the thought that Wolsey might be suffering from disappointment.

He did not give way: he performed the ceremony, pronounced the blessing, ended the service, and returned to the altar, and simply told the verger he had a vow to complete, so that the whole party returned without him to the festive scene at the house of the opulent merchant of Ipswich.

It was observed by Latimer, De Freston, and Daundy, that Ellen's usual flow of spirit, and happy expression of countenance were disturbed, and when the anxious bridegroom sought by a plain question the cause of depression, all she could say was—

‘I will tell you another time, only be assured that no friends here have in anything made me sorrowful, and that it will only be a short temporary depression, and even now *I feel revived.*’

How truly good and tender are the feelings of a Christian heart. This wise, virtuous, and affectionate daughter felt at the moment, that she, her father, and friends might have been too pointedly interested in young Wolsey's career; and have unintentionally suffered him to hope for an alliance which had never till that morning had a thought in her brain. Her quick and sensitive spirit soon saw through the change of conduct which Wolsey had assumed, and she shuddered to think of the possibility of the sacred office of holy orders being taken up in the moment of disappointment.

She was relieved in some measure by the announcement, which arrived, that Thomas Wolsey had left town; for with her perceptions at such a moment, it would have been a source of suffering to her to have seen him at the grand feast which was then given in honor of her nuptials.

Wolsey had cast off his vestments, and repaired to the priest's gate, at the entrance from the back lane adjoining the churchyard. There stood his own steed, with his travelling cloak and rough skinned trappings in which he carried his change of linen. He was soon in his saddle—gave the promised angel, and taking the circuit of the town walls, proceeded immediately on his way to London. He turned his back upon his native town, on the very day of its most worthy rejoicing; for, celebrated as Ipswich always has been for political animosities, its people in that day, as well as in this, were glad of any common event in which all parties might unite without contention. And such was the moment of their universally respected fellow-townsmen's popularity, when Lord De Freston, his daughter, and the bridegroom partook of the good man's hospitality.

Wolsey, however, had left the town, and at that time felt himself cut off from it for ever. He had not so much as taken leave of his mother, nor acquainted any one with his intention. He wore a face of lamentation as if he were going into exile, or to perform penance for his sins. So severe had been this blow, and the effort he had made to bear it, that he would willingly have forgotten every event of his childhood—his mother, his kindred, and his connexions.

He pursued his way, a lonely and disconsolate man, leaving cheerful faces behind him, a sight he could ill have borne to see, whilst the merry bells sent out their liveliest tones, as if to mock the heart of a man who could not

enjoy the happiness of another. Merry days do not last for ever, and marriage days are not, among the wealthy, of long enjoyment.

As Wolsey traversed the long narrow lane, with his pack-horse slowly pacing up the hill, the last peal of the Ipswich bells fell on his proud heart, and he wept. Man could no longer see him. He had no longer to act a part before those who knew him. He was overcome by the associations of his youth.

‘No flowers for him were strewn that day;
No maidens graced his bridal day;
He trode the roses in the street,
And crushed them with indignant feet.
Another’s bliss to him was woe,
And he sustained the deepest blow.’

But merrily, merrily still rang the Ipswich bells, and the proud priest’s heart was touched.

Never was friendship more pure than that shown by Lord De Freston and his friends to Wolsey; but never was there less response to those kindly affections in the heart of man than in Wolsey at that moment. All he felt, he felt for himself; all he had done, had been done to gratify himself; all he looked forward to was for himself. His mother was nothing to him; his friends and townsmen nothing; Lord De Freston nothing; Latimer nothing; and if for Ellen he once felt *anything*, she now was nothing.

The great man sighed — he groaned; but in another moment he said, ‘Wolsey, be a man! Spurn the past. Fulfil thy destiny, and forget that ever thou didst love.’

CHAPTER XXX.

THE REVELATION.

THE marriage day had passed away as the fleeting hours of mortal life do, quickly, and never to return; and so it should be, for if the past be but a prelude to future improvement, few would wish it to return.

Latimer and the Lady Ellen were seated in the large room of the mansion purchased by Lord De Freston, situated in the centre of the town of Ipswich. The present theatre now occupies part of the site of the mansion

which, with its grounds opposite and behind it, took up a large space, now densely populated. One old room in the Tankard public house still retains a portion of its pristine beauty, and was then the handsomest room in that ancient hall. It was here that the bride and bridegroom received their friends, who from all parts of the neighborhood came to pay them respect.

Their extensive garden then occupied the area from the corner of Brook Street down to the great foundation school, in which Wolsey had received the rudiments of his education; and the convent grounds contained the school which was under the superintendence of the Prior of St. Peter, who had the power of fixing the salary of the master.

It was a garden containing walks for the public, and in it was the celebrated chapel of the Virgin, to which Ellen repaired after the fall of Wykes Bishop's Palace. The ancient mansion overlooked that garden, and Ellen and De Freston were seated in the beautifully oak-pannelled room, conversing upon the past. They spoke of Alice De Clinton, of the old palace, of the hermit of Holy Wells: and the reader may be sure they did not forget the memorable night when Latimer reached the stair of Lord De Freston's grounds, close under Freston Tower.

Love likes to reflect on the mercies of God, and souls truly happy do ever remember the past with such spirit of thankfulness, and makes even imminent dangers the subject of congratulation.

'Do you remember, Ellen, that you promised to tell me why you were momentarily cast down on the day of our wedding festivity?'

'I do, William, and I can now freely converse with you upon the subject. You must have observed the young priest's agony when the tear fell upon my hand, which he joined with your own. I then looked up at his face—and can I ever forget the expression? Never! It told me, William, of a truth, which seems to account to me now for the strange alteration of his behaviour to me, my father, his own relatives, and yourself.'

'What was that, Ellen?'

'Simply this, William: that Wolsey had a hope, to which he then bade farewell for ever, that he might have possessed this hand to which you were then entitled.'

'It may be so, Ellen. But why then place a barrier for ever against all hopes of matrimonial alliance by entering

into the church? He always appeared to me to be destined for the office he holds; and yet I do remember his occasional depressions at Oxford were only to be alleviated by a reference to Freston Tower.'

'Was it so, Latimer? Then I fear the poor youth had imbibed a preference for my society, which is indeed flattering to me, though so fatal to himself. We were very partial to him. He was always pleasant, though at times impetuous and dictatorial in his arguments. Can you not now pity him, William, if he did imagine, in the ardor of his literary pursuits, that I should one day be his companion? All things considered, he must have endured what scarcely any other man could have borne. I do now see through the whole of his conduct. I fear he has done violence to his better nature in the steps he has taken to prove to us all the sublimity of his faith.'

'I can now account for all his strange behaviour—yet, if he had succeeded—'

'What, William?'

'I might have been as wretched as himself.'

'May my whole life prove that I estimate the sacrifice you would have made of self upon the altar of friendship. But how will Thomas Wolsey take this blow?'

'That remains to be seen. He is not a man to sink under misfortune. He will devote himself to great objects. His learning will be a passport to greatness, and Oxford will afford him a fine field for the display of his talents. He will be a great man in the church.'

'I wish he may be a good one! His views are seemingly very much exalted by his priesthood, and personal pride has not permitted him to display either that amiability or generosity of opinion, in letters or in religion, which formerly he seemed to possess. It would be strange if his great mind should be narrowed by his assumption of the priesthood.'

'It would indeed be a great misfortune; for a nobler nature than Wolsey's, and a more generous, frank, and liberal disposition, scarcely ever inhabited the breast of man when I first introduced him at Oxford. His manners, his knowledge of letters, his talents, were all open, clear, candid, and at the free gift and service of others. He is now a priest of Rome. He cannot forget his learning, but it is doubtful whether he will use it for the good of his countrymen or for his own ambition. Rome, I fear, will scarcely

let him think and act for himself, and certainly not for the great objects which now seem to be attracting the eyes of the learned in the spirit of the Reformation. Wolsey might do great things; but will he? Had he but the heart of Wickliffe, what might not England see him produce.'

'We shall see, Latimer. He cannot be ignorant; he may be bigoted and worldly-minded, but he cannot be ignorant of the truth. We are to visit our dear father at Freston Hall to-day. How I love to see him enjoying his books and our company! What a pleasure is it, William, to a daughter to promote the happiness of her father!'

'And what a pleasure to a son-in-law to know that parent loves him as if he were his own child. Oh, Ellen! if there be a joy on this earth, it is when we please our parents and honor their grey hairs, and bless them for those providential comforts which, beneath the mercy of God, they are enabled to bestow upon us. We shall visit our old haunt in the tower, ever fresh to me, Ellen; never out of my eyes. I often dream of it, and sometimes see the lamp burning in your favorite room; and then I am riding on the broken timber in the midst of the waves, or struggling against the tide to gain the shore—I awake, and think, and am thankful!'

Noon was the dinner-hour in that day, and the bride and bridegroom, respected as they were, could not pass through that busy town of Ipswich without many a blessing; for, great as they were, and connected with the noblest and wealthiest, they forgot not the poor, and were not themselves forgotten.

With joy did they revisit the scenes of their early attachment, and awaken the spirit of love among a people always ready to acknowledge that which was honest and lovely.

De Freston had made good use of that time, which was now more solitary in one sense, but more engaging in another. He had been reading with more profound attention the records of the olden time—the history of the Fathers, and the progress of that revelation through the instrumentality of the inspired Apostles, and those who lived nearest to them. The more he read, the more he became convinced of the sublime doctrine of the Great Atonement, and the purity and holiness of that religion which the ancient Fathers professed. He was forcibly *struck* by the simplicity of their canons, and the manner of *spirit* in which they sought to conduct the affairs of the

church. He made himself master of their doctrine, arguments, and lives, and observed how strictly they sought to establish the essentials of vital piety, founded upon the Scriptures, rather than the introduction of novelties and the development of fancies. The more he read, the more earnestly did he pray that his reading might become beneficial to his own soul, and to that of others. His was a great mind, a pious mind, with a solid, rational, and lively faith, which was indeed a rare thing in that day among the nobles of England. There was, indeed, a spirit abroad, as has already been seen, inducing inquiry, questioning the right of the Pope to be above all Scripture and Revelation; and some few were even then beginning to search the Scriptures for themselves, that they might be enabled to give an answer to the important question: What is truth?

Among them stood Lord De Freston, foremost in the neighborhood of Ipswich, one of the first to institute that inquiry among the learned monks of Alneshborne, which led to the conversion of Prior John, and to the enlightenment of his fraternity. It has been stated that he was very intimate with the learned John. That intimacy had increased since the marriage of his daughter, and had been productive of much intercourse between the domains of the priory and those of De Freston.

It was no surprise to Latimer or his wife, when they arrived at the castle, to find John of Alneshborne a guest at the table of their father. It was a surprise to them, indeed, to find this learned monk a convert to the already greatly advanced wisdom of De Freston. For a monk to entertain opinions having the least approximation to the universal spread of Divine truth, was a wonder in that day; but to find one, the head of a learned fraternity, remarkable for retirement, penance, and bodily infliction, become an advocate for the dissemination of the whole Word of God and the Truth, was indeed a marvel.

John of Alneshborne was a rare instance of humility, and though he was respected by all the religious houses with which he was connected, both in England and on the Continent, his views gained him many enemies, much persecution, his final ejection from his priory; but a happy rest in the mansion of his friend and patron, Lord De Freston, who had been instrumental in leading this learned man to a far more liberal view of divinity than the life of

solitary nothingness which he spent within the cloistered walls of his establishment.

As he had been conducive to his study of the Scriptures, and of the early usages of the Christian church, contrasted with the presumption of the Popes and their universal subjugation of men's consciences to dogmas, instead of doctrine, and all their outward prostrations, impositions, fooleries, idolatries, and indulgences, in the place of inward purification and love of God and man, so when he was degraded and deprived of his power, this noble lord was the first to open his doors, and say, 'My house is your home.'

These events transpired after the period of which this narrative is now treating. But the way was then preparing even when Ellen and her husband paid their first visit of any length to the hall of their youth.

'Ha! Prior John here!' exclaimed Latimer. 'It gives me great joy to see thee on this side of the water. I thought I should one day see thee here and shake thee by the hand in our father's mansion; and here thou art. Ellen, here is an old friend with a new face.'

The monk started, for even then he felt it strange that his countenance should in the least betray the alteration of his heart and mind.

'How dost thou call my face new, my son? Am I grown more grey; or are the lines of my features become more sharp?'

'No, father, no! but yet there is an alteration in thy very appearance—in the smile with which thou greetest us, and in the expression of thy countenance, which, though the prevailing feature be anxiety, is yet something new for thee to wear.'

'Upon my word, young man, thy perceptions are wonderfully sharpened by matrimony. Thou mayst perceive in me what I cannot discover in myself. Perhaps thou wilt be disposed to attribute this alteration of my features to the kind and hospitable reception of the lord of this mansion.'

'I may do this sincerely, father, and it is always a good sign when the nobles of a land call forth the lively learning and cheerful spirits of those who spend too many of their days in retirement. I rejoice to see thee here.'

'And I to be here, my son; and to see thee and the fair prize thou hast borne away from the banks of the Orwell.'

'Nay, father, I have not yet left the lovely banks of this noble river, though I have become a resident in the town of

Ipswich; and I shall be happy to exercise the duties of hospitality towards thee, as well there as in this present place; and I tell thee again, that I believe thine ascetic face will assume even there a more generous character than it does here.'

'Alas! my son, I have spent years of solitude in my priory, and am little accustomed to the intercourse of any but our own fraternity. If long habits of privation, and a complete exclusion from that world in which I was once too great a participator in my youth; if, indeed, the heavy burthen of my sins, and of one great crime can be atoned for by years of penitential devotion to solitude, and prayer, and study, such as I have pursued, I may hope that I have some merit in depriving myself of the society of my fellow creatures, that I may commune with my God.'

'Ha! my father! And dost thou think thou hast atoned by these privations for thine early indulgences in sin? Thou and I see things in a wonderfully different light. To my mind, thou art seeking thine own righteousness and not submitting thyself to the righteousness of God. If thou couldst flagellate thy flesh until thy skin was excoriated from the crown of thine head to the sole of thy foot; if thou couldst count thy beads from sunrise to sunset, and from night until morning every year of thy life; if thou couldst walk barefoot from Rome to Jerusalem, or from one end of the world to the other; shave thy head, wear sack-cloth all thy days, and never smile upon youth or life; thou couldst make no atonement for the very least of thy sins; much less for any crime which weighs heavy on thy conscience?'

'Ha! my son, wouldst thou have had me go on in my career unto perdition?'

'No, father! assuredly not; but I would not have thee go to perdition in another way, by renouncing one sin for a greater.'

'How so, my son?'

'Thou hast renounced society, of which thou might'st have been an ornament, and the opportunity of doing good to thy fellow-creatures, by leading them to see their errors, and helping them to correct their lives, by thine example; and hast taken upon thyself to work out thy salvation by thine own righteousness; or, at least, by calling that a life of faith which is, indeed, a life of presumption. Pardon my boldness, father, but we will converse of these things

another time, and let me tell thee it is the consciousness of this truth which makes thee wear a different face.'

'My son, thou art right, but I owe not this conviction to thine argument, but to his whose guest I am.'

'And I am his debtor for kindness which my life cannot repay.'

'I have listened,' said the Lord De Freston, 'to your conversation; but let us not make hospitality to consist of words. Come, my dearest friends, I am a debtor to you all, and the only way I can repay you is to place my house at your service.'

'And so make us greater debtors still.'

'As long as we owe each other nothing but love, we can give, take, borrow, lend, exchange, and demand compound interest for our loan, and yet be none of us usurers, but friends; so let us to the banquet hall.'

It was in such spirit that these friends met, and, as may be supposed, the interchange of affection was of that kind which, free from bigotry and superstition, promoted goodwill and charity, and was honorable in the sight of God and man.

Still this very intimacy between such enlightened beings became a tool for working mischief, in the hands of those whose ignorance was only excelled by their cruelties, and, as we shall see, led to the sorrow of some, but to the joy of a great many.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PUNISHMENT.

WOLSEY returned to Oxford resolved to think no more of Ipswich, the Orwell, Freston Tower, Ellen, or the scenes of his youth. There was a singular reaction of life in him about this time, for which some of his warmest friends could not account. The learned, laborious, enterprising scholar, became the indefatigable architect, devoting the energies of his great mind to the ornamenting the loftiest stories of his magnificent tower.

The funds of his college, assisted by contributions from noblemen and gentlemen connected with Oxford, and from all whom he could inspire with something of his own

spirit, were devoted to that building. Both Wolsey's and Latimer's Tower are still standing; one still preserved in all its grandeur as a noble feature of Oxford; the other, lonely and deserted, still looks over the lovely river Orwell, and is the wonder of all who sail down to Harwich.

Wolsey's Tower, splendid as it was, was not without deep mortification to the great man. Men who understood not his design abused it, and reports of his extravagance were set afloat. When mentioned to the bursar, they only excited his contempt; for Wolsey well knew that he honored his college by not robbing her of funds left for the encouragement of learned men, and whilst he expended so much in raising a monument to his own magnificence, he did not misapply one single angel to that work which was legally and justly devoted to other purposes. The fact was, that as the Tower was near its completion, and was seen to be so fair an ornament to the University, he received from other colleges pecuniary assistance, and never burthened his own with the expense.

His mind was greatly diverted by the interest he took in the accomplishment of this undertaking; and if any one was impoverished by it, it was Wolsey himself, who expended his utmost farthing in its completion.

Yet, however diverted, he was not insensible to the carpings of some, and the inadequacy of his private finances. So that when the work was done, the scaffolding taken down, and it stood exposed in all its elegance, like every other great performance of man's hand and mind, it gave not its author the satisfaction he anticipated, but occasioned him much annoyance.

Few men live to see their own works admired, and it is well perhaps they do not, for if their only pleasure in them is the thought of man's admiration, and not the employment of their time and talents from a high sense of duty, which alone gives pleasure, they would be elevated and depressed by critical declamations to an unreasonable extent.

Soon after Wolsey had built his Tower, he left the University to go and reside upon the living of Lymington, which the Marquis of Dorset had bestowed upon him for the care and attention he had paid to the education of his sons. His fame had been by this time pretty well disseminated among all the nobility and gentry who valued literature. The Boy Bachelor had become the great Oxford man; and Magdalen Tower had given him a name for taste

and elegance which, in those days of internal disruption between the Houses of York and Lancaster, had been almost forgotten.

When Wolsey left Oxford he seemed to break off from the accustomed restraint of scholastic discipline, which he had acquired during his situation as tutor and schoolmaster. Men were surprised to find the staid and learned priest the free and joyous companion in the country, the life and soul of the great houses throughout the counties of Somerset, Dorset, and Hants.

The Marquis of Dorset had introduced him to the resident gentry around him, and he met at his hospital board Sir John Nafant, who became particularly attached to him. He delighted to hear him discourse, and encouraged him in all his sallies of wit. From Sir John he received repeated invitations to partake of hospitality; and, though their years were dissimilar, their tastes for literature and knowledge were alike.

Wolsey made a great impression upon this worthy knight, who not only conversed with him upon affairs of state, as then existing in England, but corresponded with him on foreign affairs, and was equally astonished at his comprehensive estimate of the resources of the kingdoms of Europe.

Sir John did not forget to make a very handsome tribute offering to Wolsey, in acknowledgment of those talents which he displayed.

To none had Wolsey revealed the early disappointment he had met with, which he neither then nor afterward—though fields of ambition and vain-glory lay in his way—could totally forget.

Neither cloistered walls nor lofty battlements, neither profound learning, nor great estates, can change a man who has once imbibed licentiousness of spirit, and suffered it to usurp the place of love in the human heart. A man who does wrong, and persists in it without shame, let the wrong be the transgression of any moral commandment of God, will find a very poor excuse for his conduct, however much he may be devoted to learning, and to art or science.

No robes, however white, which a man can put on, will cover the licentiousness of a corrupt heart. No crown—not even the triple one which adorns the head of the Pope—*can free a man from the troubles of conscience. Better for him to cease to do evil, and learn to do well, than to*

bestow all his estates upon the priesthood, who may mutter masses for his soul, which can never be released from sin but by the obedience of faith.

Sir Amias Pawlet, a knight whom Wolsey met one day at the table of the Marquis of Dorset, was a man of very different character to Sir John Nafant. He saw with a jealous eye the ambition of this young priest, who seemed to delight in holding him up to the company as an ignorant county magistrate. Wolsey was certainly not gifted just at this time with that amiability of mind and temper which could brook the overbearing arrogance of a man who seemed to think himself superior to all others in the country.

At the table of his patron, Wolsey scarcely refrained from exposing his ignorance. He narrated a very simple and pithy story about a pullet who assumed all the dignity of the dunghill, and looked down with contempt on all other fowls. He exposed the want of judgment and flip-pant manner of the pullet with such force and pointed wit, that Sir Amias, who perceived it to be levelled at him, was greatly disconcerted, and threatened Wolsey, for being a public slanderer, with the penalty of the law.

It is certain that Wolsey's proud spirit was not humbled, but that he, with a little more pretension to learning, was not less tyrannical. Sir Amias Pawlet cared nothing for him. He was a man of principle—a plain, straightforward man—grave, austere, and proud. He was not deficient in spirit, and a love of truth and propriety, though he was neither equal to Wolsey, Sir John Nafant, or the Marquis of Dorset, in letters or knowledge of the world. He was one of those strong-minded men, attached to the good laws of the land he lived in, and jealous too for the dignity of the church to which he belonged. He was not, at the time treated of, a convert to the then growing liberation of the souls of men from the corruptions of that superstition which encompassed all Christendom, but he was sensibly alive to the necessity of propriety in the character of the priesthood, and a man who was too earnest and sincere in his profession of religion to admit of any licentiousness.

It was not likely that such a man, coming in contact with the learned and expansive genius of the young Wolsey, should shine before him. He did not, for he bent not to the idol of popular greatness, when he saw in him a regard only for things expedient, and a certain freedom of speech and behaviour, even in the company of the gentry of those

counties, which ill became the Oxford divine, the tutor of the Marquis of Dorset's sons, and the great scholar of Magdalen.

'I like not your country squire, most noble peer,' said Wolsey to the Marquis: 'he is ignorant and positive, sturdy and absolute, and would do better for a jailer than for a magistrate of this county.'

'I like not your visitor, my lord,' said Sir Amias to the Marquis. 'He is much too clever and intriguing for my liking. He, no doubt, would be a very convenient father confessor; but I should as soon think of looking for absolution to your lordship's bloodhound as to him.'

Now the Marquis was fully convinced that the priest of Lymington and the knight of the shire were distasteful to each other; but as he respected both, he kept his own counsel, and did not interfere with their respective animosities.

It was no small sin in those days to speak anything disrespectful of the priesthood. Rome had such authority over the nobility, had invented so many intrigues of priestcraft, and had obtained such an ascendancy over the families of the great, that she employed qualified spies in every house to subject the inmates to penances, and works of her own imposition, even for the slightest offences, with which she could have nothing to do, and which could never take away one single fault.

Sir Amias, however, was not to be imposed upon by any requirements on the part of the priesthood to which they did not themselves submit: and in his own family he was strict and conscientious, and expected his priest to be the same.

It was about this time that one of his own servants returned from the neighboring fair in a state of intoxication. The man was brought before his master, who at that very time was conversing with the confessor of his own family.

'How now, knave? this is not the first time thou hast been in bad company; thou didst promise to avoid such men if I forgave thee. Thou shalt be put into the stocks, that all the country may know thee for a drunkard as thou art.'

The half-witted man, who was sufficiently sober to comprehend what was said to him, and was sufficiently filled with sack not to be afraid of his master, looked very knowingly at him and the confessor.

'I's been in good company, master, very good; and if the stocks are lifted up for my legs, I hope you'll give me some o' the good company I ha' been in, to keep me in countenance there. There's many more like me, master; and there's one there as good as yoursel—or your reverence,' bowing to the priest. 'You're very even-handed, master, and my good company I've been in might qualify even a better man than me to be a little merry. I's only like my betters.'

The knight looked at the priest; and the priest looked at the man, and both were puzzled at his words—but they did not speak at the moment.

'Why you looks doubtful, both on you. Go and see; I's not so drunk as not to know an owl when I sees one, though it might be the dusk of the evening when he flies; Go you with master: you'll see!'

'Where are we to go, and what are we to see?'

'Go to the Masque and Mummers—and if you don't see one you dare not put in the stocks, then don't put your own servant in; but if you dare to see him, and dare to take him, and dare to trap him too—why then trap me with him, and we'll be very good company for each other. So, master, I'm your man; and when you find a poor fellow imitating his betters, let his betters find the same law is made for him as for one o' the worst like me.'

Sir Amias rose. He was not a man to flinch in the execution of the law intrusted to him as a magistrate; and to his honor be it recorded, he was not an unjust man, who would screen the rich at the expense of the poor. Had it been the Marquis of Dorset himself, he would have treated him exactly as he would a drunken vagabond, who had not a shilling to help himself.

'There is too much truth in this fellow's audacity,' he replied, 'to let this matter pass away unnoticed. It will be thrown in my teeth by every servant I have, after this, if I dismiss this villain and see not the company he has been in. Come, I will claim your companionship. Let us go undisguised and openly, that he, and all men may see what we do in the face of the law and our country.'

Sir Amias desired his servants to take the knave to the village stocks. 'There wait,' said he, 'my company; and if I find a companion in the state of intoxication he is in, let him be the King's son, my loyalty to his father shall *make the law take its course, even with this fool!*'

So spoke Sir Amias, and his resolution was equal to his words. The knight and the priest set forth, and went as directed to the Masque and Mummers. He had no definite idea as to the issue of his proceeding; but like a brave soldier, strong in the fulfilment of his duty, he marched up to the scene of riot, taking with him such constables as he thought fit for the occasion.

A man of less determination might have been deterred from going to the scene. A man with less sense of honor would not have done as he did; and a man, who feared God and honored the King less, would have been afraid to put the law in execution upon a man who presumed to be of an order above all law, and yet chose to transgress.

Amidst a set of mummers, masks, and profligates, smugglers, and debauchees, who should be holding forth, with spirits inflated with sack, but Wolsey, the priest of Lymington. Sir Amias did not parley with him in the least; though, in a moment, the fiery priest turned upon him all the gibes of the company, and in his drunken revel, held him up to ridicule before them.

It has been said, the knight was uncourteous; but though he knew that man would accuse him of spite, he cared not for any one in the discharge of his duty. The law is never stronger than when it deals equal justice to all. Sir Amias felt that he could not punish his own servant for a fault which the leader of the parish was himself guilty of, without making him an example of the same punishment.

He at once put the law into execution, and with such determined resolution, that the very company who, the moment before, were disposed to laugh at the knight, were the first to join in roars of ridicule at the priest of Lymington in the village stocks. He was, indeed, laid by the heels by the gallant Sir Amias, a spectacle of justice such as did no injury even to the man who endured it, but served him right, not only because he ought to have known better, but because he did know better, and was the worst of the two.

The two drunkards were a contrast, even in their cups. The servant boasted of his company; and the priest railed against the law, the knight, the stocks, and the people, and threatened them all with the anathemas of Rome. Neither he nor his companion were released till they were sober. One lost his situation as the servant of Sir Amias, and the other found himself so uncomfortable in the company either of nobles or commoners, after this affront to his dignity,

that he resigned his living into the hands of his patron; and accepted the office of secretary to Sir John Nafant, who was then governor of Calais.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MONASTERIES.

THE space allotted to this work will not be wide enough to embrace the gradual progress of Wolsey to that greatness which he attained. The object in view was to show that he was anything but a mean man in his birth, though had that been so, it would have been no disgrace, and that he was brought up in his youth with an early love of everything that was generous and praiseworthy. It was not until his youthful disappointment had left him nothing but the pursuit of his own gratification in the fields of ambition and vain-glory, that Wolsey's character changed from a lover of truth, virtue, and humility, to become an aspiring, time-serving politician.

It is strange that a man who had assumed the priesthood, at that time the vehicle of letters in some few, but of enormous bigotry and superstition in the mass, should bury his love of truth in the vast vortex of worldly ambition. He left truth to shine in his native place, whilst he pursued the phantom of idolatry through all the labyrinths of expedient invention. His love of literature he could not abandon. It was part and parcel of his life, which remained with him through all his progress, and has served to extend his fame through ages of darkness, even to the present time. His erudition was, beyond all doubt, genuine and powerful.

He took no particular delight in encouraging individual instances of mental superiority, though the learned Erasmus speaks so flatteringly of his sumptuous entertainments to the stars of genius, as to make a seat at his table one of the things most desired in England. From the great men of letters in his day, he never called forth a sentiment of gratitude for any encouragement he had given them. With the exception of Sir Thomas More, scarcely any literary character received any support from him; and in him he supported a successor.

His views comprehended the revival of the whole people

from ignorance by the means of scholastic discipline; and his ideas of the diffusion of learning were connected with schools, seminaries, and colleges, the very architecture of which should speak the taste of their projector.

Wolsey had, in early life, imbibed a species of contempt for the monastic impositions, which retained the people in ignorance, but he could not become indifferent to the lustre of the Papacy, to which his soul aspired; no, not even for the sake of truth. It was hence that the patronage of the literature he so much admired as the production of the universities and schools became confined to men who upheld the Papal dominion.

He obtained power as legate to subdue the monasteries, only because he conceived that their wealth would be converted into a channel more conducive to the dignity and grandeur of Rome; and as the popedom was, in his ambitious eye, the very kingdom of all kingdoms of the earth, and he was the man to sit upon that throne, he thought that by entitling himself to the respect of England for his encouragement of learning, he should one day receive the distinction he coveted.

He was made to do much for letters, but little for the truth. His persecution of the reformers will sufficiently prove this. But whilst Wolsey journeyed to power, the friends of his youth journeyed to heaven through a straight and narrow path which was not suited to his ambition.

Lord De Freston, Latimer, and Ellen, and a few more independent and eminent spirits in the neighborhood of Ipswich, became candidates for the crown of glory through the medium of persecution.

Love, truth, fidelity, wisdom, knowledge, peace, and joy, together with some warm friendship from kindred spirits of intelligence, made the years roll on, not without a glowing interest, hope, and persuasion, that ultimately the doctrines of the dawning reformation would prevail.

As Wolsey's power increased, there was a certain increase of learning which added much to the desired improvement of morals among the Romish clergy, who, at that time, were notorious for licentiousness, because of the ease with which they could both obtain and grant pardons. The monasteries, though the seats of hospitality, were also the seats of imposition and secret vice, which became at last so glaring *as to awaken strong minds to a sense of their shameless prostitution.*

Wolsey, who had risen to the dignity of Cardinal, took advantage of the cry then rising, to sweep off the lesser houses, and to impose certain fines upon others for the benefit of his foundations of learning. He occasioned, as would naturally be expected, great grief in some districts, where the monks were far less vicious than in others; but it was a strange infatuation in him, that whilst he was pulling down with one hand the monasteries and monks, he should be with the other encouraging the nunneries, which were then attaining such wealth as to make them desired by the great.

News reached Ipswich, that the great man himself, though so austere and severe towards the inferior clergy, was anything but a pattern of virtue.

'I have here,' said Latimer to the Lord De Freston, 'a singular production of Dan Lydgate's, and if our friend in power should catch sight of it, it might so happen that even Lydgate would lose his priesthood:

'Alice De Clinton,
Prioress of Winton,
Summer's for thee no more;
The Cardinal's favor
Has in it such savor,
Thou shalt not long deplore.

Winter were summer known,
Melting for such a crown,
Alice De Clinton's call:
The proud one can change
From her haughtiest range,
O'er the turrets of Goldwell Hall.

The Abbess De Winter,
No matter the splinter,
Is fit for the priory found;
And the Winter nuns,
Whom nobody shuns,
Shall in Winter fires abound.

O, who would not bend,
To the Cardinal's friend,
Be she what she may chance to be;
For 'tis better for her
Such a place to prefer,
So becoming her dignity.'

'Singular, indeed, it is. I hear that Warham has complained to the King of his favorite's proceedings, and that *Wolsey is likely to be in disgrace.*'

'I heard as much through Wentworth, only yesterday, who was telling me, also, that the Cardinal had made his peace with the King, by protesting that the appointment of the Abbess of Winton was only under the hope, or at least, with the proviso, that the King approved it.'

'Did you hear the King's commands to the Cardinal? "See to it, Wolsey, this appointment displeases us. We are not used to exalt proud ladies, who can be humble only as it may suit my Lord Cardinal. Thou mayst protect thine own favorites, but not at the cost of the church, my lord. Therefore, for shame's sake, let us not have this monstrous fair one made the Abbess of Winton."'

'Ah, my Lord De Freston, this is no news then unto thee; but I can perchance tell thee something which, as yet, thou knowest not; for only as I left Ipswich did the messenger arrive. The imperious Allen and his executors have arrived to suppress the monasteries of Suffolk, and confiscate all the revenues to the crown. A court will be held to-morrow at the priory of St. Peter's; and Alneshborne, as being one of the smaller fraternities, will be one of the first to suffer.' Our friend John must be apprised of his coming.'

'He will not be surprised. Already has he received tidings of the suppression of the religious houses in Essex and Cambridgeshire, and though a vague thought had dwelt with him that from Wolsey's knowledge of the regularity and piety of his order he might be spared, more especially as the great man, when a little man, was a welcome student within the walls of his priory, yet we shall find him prepared to obey the Pope's legate in temporalities, and that is all he supposes that will be required of him. We will visit him ourselves, my son.'

It did not take long for De Freston's boatmen to speed over the waves of the Orwell to Alneshborne Priory. Short, however, as was the time, they found the whole fraternity assembled in the hall to hear the summons already issued by authority of the legate. So quickly did the Cardinal's emissaries proceed to the work appointed them.

They arrived in time to hear the Pope's Bull read, authorizing the dissolution of the monasteries of Romboro, Felixtow, Bromehil, Bliborow, and Montjoye, and upon the site of the ancient foundation of St. Peter's, at Ipswich, the building a new seat of learning. And for the better effecting of which great and godly purpose, all the revenues

belonging to the said monasteries were to be forthwith entirely at the disposal of the Cardinal, and to be used by him, in furtherance of his proposed object, to the glory of God, and the honor of the church of Rome, etc.

Signed,

CLEMENS, PAPA SEPTIMUS.

The most singular extension of authority was that which ran thus :

‘In pursuance of the powers vested in us, we the Cardinal, as the Pope’s legate, do hereby grant unto the united brethren of Alnesborne, full powers of absolution from their monastic vows ; and to be exempt from all suit or service to the Priors of Woodbridge, or St. Peter’s, Ipswich. That from the date hereof, and the delivery of a schedule of all the property belonging unto the said community, that society is henceforth dissolved, and the members are at liberty to seek their livelihood in whatever manner they may be able, and wheresoever they may be pleased to go, either within or beyond the Pope’s dominions.’

How kind and considerate it was of the Pope to take away all their property, and give it to one man, and that man one whom the dispossessed remembered as a boy, frequently indulging in friendly conversation with them ! How very kind it was of him, when he had deprived them of everything, to permit them to go about their business ! John of Alnesborne, a fine old man, stood with his placid face beaming kindness upon his brethren, as Allen—Wolsey’s commissioner—read, line by line, in a language they understood too well, the orders of his master.

The orbs of the fine old patriarch were dim with tears, which, before the last concluding ‘Vale et Vade,’ literally ran down his venerable cheeks.

However small had been the real utility of their order, there was a quiet, inobtrusive seclusion in their position on the banks of the Orwell, which every member of that community had for years enjoyed undisturbed. The venerable fraternity had spoken together upon the probability of their dissolution ; yet they evidently did not expect the day to be so near. When it came, it found them very unwilling to part, and gave them great surprise and sorrow.

Lord De Freston and William Latimer looked with compassion. Each resolved to offer them present help, until they could find some locality or employment suited to their *habits*. Men long accustomed to the solitude of monastic

life, where everything is conducted in regular order of time and occupation, do not find themselves about to be separated without emotion. They could see each other depart this life in their cells, with less tenderness and more resignation, than in the midst of life, or rather in its decline, to see each other take leave of home, for poverty, wretchedness, and uncertainty. The aged Prior was the first to break the silence, and did so with words which proved him to be possessed of those fraternal qualities of heart, which had felt the command, 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.'

'Brethren,' he said, 'our Society is this day dissolved, for I have no power to resist the Papal Bull; neither can I think of retaining the keys of the monastery a day longer than the time allotted us, *forty-eight hours*. Yet I cannot give up the society of those whom I have now, for forty-four years, presided over, without one single word of discord amongst us, without deep sorrow. I came myself from Britany, and, as you all know, whatever property I possessed was given to this monastery. We have lived here together in harmony, and I had hoped we should here have ended our years. I mourn to think how soon we must be scattered, and have our interest in each other dissolved; but ye have all heard the mandate. Farewell, ye happy hours of solitude and devotion! farewell, sharers of our common fortune, we must be parted! but whither shall we go? You, Robert Wolfren, where will you journey? You, Francis Wealey, where will you find abode? You, Thomas Wegg, might have found an asylum in Essex, but the Monastery of Walton is dissolved. Alan Aleto, farewell! Michael Milner, it will avail you nothing to go to Dodnesh; Lionel Foster, we were brothers before we came here, would we could so live together until we die! But where shall we all go? The world is wide enough, but it is, to our long habits of confinement, a desolation. If we must part, let us at least spend our last two days in devotion, that we may know how to commit ourselves to the waves of the world. Come, brethren, let us all to the chapel.'

It was then that Lord De Freston spoke:

'I have known you all long years gone by. I forget not your kindness to the outcast hermit of Holy Wells, nor to your reception of his bones among you. Ye showed charity to me, also, on that pitiless night of my superstitious vow and vigil; but, though I see my errors in those things, the

kindness of your fraternity shall not pass unacknowledged. It is but a short journey over the water to my walls. In them I have room for you all: and neither shall any want, though he may be deprived of everything, as long as the Manor of Freston can support you. Grieve not then, my aged friends, at the present diversion of your property. Ye shall enjoy the privilege of each other's society, even though I am not an advocate for monastic seclusion. Every man should learn to live alone, that he may know how best to enjoy the society of his fellow-creatures. I will go with you to your chapel, and consult further with you upon your future plans.'

The fraternity were as much overcome by this generosity as they had been by the cruelties of their sudden ejection.

They repaired to their chapel, spent an hour in devotion, and returned to talk over their miseries, and what they should do.

Allen became as punctual in taking possession as he had been precise in his declaration of the law, and two days afterwards the monks of Alneshborne were located in the mansion of Lord De Freston. Theirs was, however, a merciful lot compared with the fate of hundreds who, at this time, became deprived of house, home, property, and comforts, which some had certainly greatly abused in every way, but which others had conscientiously preserved.

No men were more sensitively alive to the beauties of scenery than these retired Augustines. It was curious to see them assembled in the fifth story of Freston Tower, watching the progress of vessels bringing Caen stone purchased with the property of their own monastery, to build the College of St. Peters'.

One thing, and a good one, attended the change. The charity of Lord De Freston did not stop with receiving them into his hall, but he endeavored, and with some success, to cultivate their minds, and to bring them to the indulgence of some higher privileges than their cloistered seclusion had allowed.

He acted the part of a good Samaritan, by pouring into their wounded minds an oil of such efficacy, that it led to the conversion of more than the Prior; and their banishment, as they first called it, became their freedom.

They remained there until, by degrees, they found employment. One became a teacher in Wolsey's new school;

another found a situation with the Abbots of Bury; a third went to Marseilles, another to Spain, another to Rome, until they gradually separated. But one, Prior John, died at Freston. He perfectly recovered from the infatuation of his early superstition, and for some time became the enlightened companion of the truly noble lord, who was his friend in the hour of need.

So perfectly cured was he of his monastic seclusion, that he entirely dispensed with the external trumpery of his order, and appeared in Ipswich and its vicinity, under the title of the Reformed Monk. He was a frequent visitor to Latimer and his wife, in their mansion in Brook Street: and here he was staying when Bilney preached at St. George's Chapel. Such an impression did that Reformer make upon this monk's mind, that Lord Wentworth, who had authority to quell the growing love of spiritual liberty then conspicuous in Suffolk, had marked John of Alneshborne, late of the fraternity of Augustines, as a seditious heretic.

It is probable that, had he lived but a few years longer, he would have been a sharer in the martyr's trials. He was already a sharer with his friends, Latimer and De Freston, in the onus then attached to those who professed to abhor the corruptions of Rome, and desired to see the Christian people of England emancipated from the slavery of ignorance. He was often heard to say, that he rejoiced even in the dissolution of his priory, since it had been instrumental in his own conversion.

He died one day, as he sat reading the prophet Isaiah, in Freston Tower. The old man had not complained, though the lord of the castle had said to him:

'John, you do not look well.'

His reply was singular: 'My soul is too big for my body.'

'How so?' inquired De Freston.

'It is grown so large since I left Alneshborne; and as I sit reading in this lofty turret, I seem to myself to grow out of myself, and to expand in love to *all* men.'

The old man had scarcely said the words before his head fell gently on the side of his high wooden chair, and thus the Monk of Alneshborne sighed away his spirit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE REFORMERS.

THEY who do not study deeply the spirit of those days, can form no idea of the nature of the Papal superstition, which could subjugate kings, princes, rulers, men of letters, men of judgment, men of talent, men of thought, and men of such comprehensive minds as those of the great Cardinal Wolsey.

People should read his letters concerning the views that he entertained of the Popedom. In spite of an accusation of prolixity, and of being a little too learned for the general reader, it will be as well to insert here the Cardinal's own letter to Gardiner concerning the Popedom, because it will show, even to the cursory reader, the nature of that supreme temporal, instead of spiritual authority, which such a man aimed at.

It shows that he viewed the Popedom as the father of princes, instead of kings and queens being the nursing fathers and mothers of the church; but let this letter speak for itself.

THE CARDINAL'S LETTER TO GARDINER ABOUT THE POPEDOM.

Coll. No. 99, b. B. III. c. II.

C. C. C. Camb.

'MR. STEVINS,

'Albeit ye shall be sufficiently with your Collegys, by such instructions as be given to Monk Vincent, informed of the King's minde and mine, concerning my advancement unto the dignity papelle,

'Not dowtting but that for the singular devotion which ye bere towards the Kinge and his affaires, both generall and particular, and perfyte love which ye have towards me, ye will omitt nothing that may be *excogitat* to serve and to conduce to that purpose,

'Yet I thought convenient, for the more fervent expression of mine in that behalf, to wryte to you, as to the person whom I most entirely do trust. And by whome this thing shall be most Rightly set forth these few wordys followyng of mine own hande. •

'I dowt not but ye do profoundly consider as well the state wherein the Church and all *C'tendome* doth stand now presently, as also the state of the Realme, and of the King's secret Matter, which if it shoulde be brought to passe, by any other Meanes

than by the Authority of the Church, I accounte this Prince and realme utterly undone.

'Wherefor that is expedient to have such one to be *Pope and Commyn Father to all Princes*, as may, can, and wold geve remedy to the premises.

'And albeit I accompt myself much ounabill, and that shall be now incommodious in mine old age to be the said Commyn Father; yet when all things be well ponderyd, and the qualitys of all the Cardinalls well considered, *absit verbum jactantie*, ther shall be none found that can and will sett remedy in the forsaid things, but only the Cardinall Ebor; whos good will and holi ys not to you of all men unknowne.

'And were it not for the re-integration of the state of the Churche and See Apostolique, to the prestine dygnite, and for the conducinge of peace amongst C'tian princes, and especially to relieve this prince and realme from the calamities that the same be now in, all the riches or honor of the world should not cause me—*nedum aspirare sed ne consentire*—to accept the seid dignite, and altho' the same with all Commodityes were offeredy unto me.

'Neverthelesse, conforming myself to the necessity of the time and the will and pleasure of these two princes, I am content to appone all my witt and study, and to set forth all meanys and ways, *et bene faciam rebus C'tianitatis*, for the atteyning of the said dignite.

'For the atcheving and atteyning whereof for as muche as thereupon dependeth the health and wealth, not only of these two princes and their realms, *but all C'tendome*, nothing is to be omitted that may conduce to the said end and purpose.

'Wherefore, Mr. Stevins, since now ye be so plainly advertised of my mind and intent, I shall pray you to extend, *Omnes nervos ingenij tui, ut ista res, ad effectum perducere possit, nullis parcendo sumptibus, pollicitationibus sive laboribus, ita ut horum viris in genia, et affectiones sive ad privata sive ad publica ita accomodes actiones tuas.*

'*Non deest tibi, et Collegis tuis amplissima potestas nullis terminis aut conditionibus limitata sive restricta, et quicquid feceris, scito omnia apud hunc Regem et me esse grata et rata. Nam omnia, ut paucis absolvam, in tuo ingenio, et fide reposuimus.*

'*Nihil superest aliud scribendum, nisi quod supplex orem ut omnes actiones tuas secundet Deus optimus Maximusq; et ex corde vale.*

'Ex cœdibus meis West Monast. vij., Februarij.

'Tuæ salutis et amplitudinis cupidissimus.

'T. Car, lis Ebor, propria Manu.' *

This letter will sufficiently show that confidence which the Cardinal had then in himself, when he said, that upon

* *Stevin (i.e.) Stephen Gardiner*, then at Rome, called Dr. Stevens.

his being made Pope depended not only the health and wealth of princes and their realms, but all Christendom. The man who could have such conceit of himself, might well be unable to endure the growing boldness of the Reformation.

Though his learning was so vast, and his influence at home and abroad so great, never did a subject rise to higher splendor, and never did a great man fall more suddenly.

How ephemeral is the favor of princes! Few historical records give any but mortifying pictures of the misfortunes and discomfitures of great men. Few, either warriors or statesmen, but well know the reverses of public favor, and few poets, authors, artists, and skilful men in science, or in law, physic, or divinity, but have to contend with poverty and persecution, even in their eminence.

What a happy man is he who trusts in God, and takes all things as he has them, coming from Him who '*lifteth up and putteth down.*'

In the very year of the Cardinal's utmost ambition and presumption, when he sought to raise himself above all princes—in the very year of his greatest splendor and wealth, the same man is made to exclaim, according to his faithful historian and apologist, Cavendish:

'Now it is come to pass that it hath pleased the King to take all that I have into his hands, so that I have now nothing to give you, for I have nothing left me but the bare clothes on my back.'—(Fiddes, p. 47, 5 fol. ed.)

One instance, however, of the softening of the heart of this great man remains to be told, which does him honor; but, to be rightly understood, the reader must be referred to those stirring times when the Papal power, having reached the summit of its presumption, began to be looked at with the eyes of truth, and the unnatural and impious monstrosity of its proceedings began to be questioned openly by the Reformers.

Poor Bilney was at this time preaching at Ipswich. He, though conscious that he should meet with as little pity as his former friends, Thomas Ayers, who was burnt at Eccles, in Norfolk, and Thomas Bingay, who was four score and six years of age when he was burnt at Norwich, yet boldly attacked the blasphemous doctrines of the Church of Rome.

He exposed the folly of pilgrimages, the absurdity of

miracles said to be done at Walsingham, Canterbury, and even in Ipswich, and hesitated not to call them the inventions of the devil to delude the souls of men.

The lights set up before images, he designated as meteors of deception, which would lead men into darkness. He had been well acquainted with De Freston and Latimer, Notcote and Bailee, and many more in the town previous to his appearing among them as an advocate for their religious liberties.

He was grown a bold man, strong in confidence of the rectitude of the cause he was advocating.

Intimate as he was with Hugh Latimer, the after celebrated martyr, cousin to William Latimer, of Ipswich, it was at the house of the latter, which Daundy and De Freston had obtained from Antony Wingfield, that Bilney, Arthur, John of Alneshborne, and John Bale, so often held learned, sound, and judicious disquisitions concerning the errors then so prevalent in matters of faith and duty.

Of far too high a character for anything that was seditious, inflammatory, or even despightful of dignities, these truly gifted men looked only at the truth, as laid down in the Revelation of God, and applying their hearts to God in prayer, that their understandings might be opened, they beheld, with light as clear as the sun in broad day, all the fooleries then practised to deceive; the pomposities of the processions to the shrines of saints, and all the tinsel flummery of an external parade of devotion which imposed upon the senses, and filled the minds of the people with fancies.

Thomas, Arthur, and Bilney were cited to appear before the Cardinal, at the Chapter House in Westminster.

Nothing could equal the rage of the friars at Ipswich against Bilney. He had assembled before him a multitude of hearers to whom he exposed in clear and concise language the distinction between the duties of obedience to God and obedience to man.

He cut them to the heart when he told them that in the various protestations they made to the images, and the offerings they made to them, they were serving senseless devils and not God: that though in all legal matters submission even unto death was a duty, yet nothing ought to hinder them from protesting against idolatry, in matters of faith and good works; and that obedience to man, when in *direct* opposition to God's commands was, however urgent *that* command, not to be complied with.

He instanced Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, over all of whom God had power, so that they suffered no injury.

But if they had, if they had as the sufferers for Christianity been burnt to death, or been devoured by lions, their duty was to adhere to the truth, and yet not rebel against the lawfully constituted authorities of the realm.

He proved that the sins of idolatry in the palmy days of Babylon, were as nothing compared with those existing in his day. A Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon could exclaim: 'I thought it good to show the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me. How great are his signs! how mighty are his wonders, his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation.'

But in his day, people were to confess that the Pope hath the supreme authority, and that his mandates are above the commands of God; and that the Virgin Mary is an object of worship even in heaven; and, therefore, must be so upon earth.

Men marvelled, indeed, at the plain, strong, and conclusive arguments which this enlightened man brought forward to prove the wickedness of that spiritual Babylon in which he who called himself the father of princes sat enthroned.

He told them that they would even in that chapel see the rage of the Popish priests presently displayed: and had enough to do to restrain the people from rebellion, when the Bailiff, Prior Brown, and the Dominican Friars, entered the congregation, seized him, and conveyed him to prison.

His affectionate appeal to them to possess their souls in patience, and to submit even as he did, was more touching than even his strong and forcible doctrine against the superstitions of his country.

He was taken to London, and there, like Peter, he showed at first the weakness of his flesh, and, as is well known, through many terrors, was induced to recant; but his after sufferings were infinitely greater; his conscientious soul was troubled to the very depths of chaotic darkness, until, as the heavenly-minded Cranmer afterwards did, he again stepped forth from his hades of death, to shine conspicuous in faith and martyrdom.

It is not the object of these pages to show the sufferings of martyrs, though here and there to introduce a word of

admiration of their constancy will not be found irrelevant to the subject of Freston Tower.

It is said by some, that the great Cardinal was not so severe a bigot as Sir Thomas More, Cuthbert Tonstall, Nix, Bishop of Norwich, Gardiner, and others. Severity, however, he did use, and issued his mandates to his inquisitors to search out all suspected Lutherans and summon them to London.

His early disciplinarian was by his order confined, though not for the faith, by the space of four years. Sir Amias Pawlet felt the weight of his revenge, but by bending to the great man's vanity, he obtained his release. The Cardinal, however, was much more severe than Sir Amias was to him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ARREST.

AMONGST those who were considered disaffected to the church, complaints were made to Nix, Bishop of Norwich, that Lord De Freston of Freston was a notorious heretic; that he fostered Bilney, Arthur, Bale, Latimer, and half the seditiously disposed, and spoke disrespectfully of the Cardinal as Legate, and accused him of depravity.

It is one thing to be accused of a crime, and another to be guilty of it. Fear under an accusation lest the world should think there might be some truth or foundation for the report, has made many an innocent person shrink from defending himself.

But De Freston, conscious of his loyalty, integrity, faith, and good intentions, received the news of his impeachment without any fear of consequences.

Wentworth's orders were taken by the bailiffs and constables to seize the body of De Freston of Freston, and convey him without any further let or hindrance into my lord's court at Westminster.

All Ipswich was in a commotion at the intelligence. The reformers rose and formed a formidable body to go to Freston.

Some talked of pulling down Bourne Bridge, by which the officers of attachment were to proceed, and a riot would

have taken place but for the interference of the junior Mr. Daundy, who was then as influential as his father had previously been, and who, in this instance, displayed the courage and wisdom of a good man. As it was, he could scarcely prevent the mob from impeding the progress of Wentworth to Freston Tower.

Bourne Bridge, which until the year previous, had been but a narrow horse-bridge, had been enlarged for heavy carriages, and was then a stout brick and stone structure. The beginning of riot was only required to have it soon levelled with the Orwell.

Good sense, however, prevailed, and the multitude, though accompanying the Bailiff and messengers to arrest De Freston, were overruled and persuaded to keep order and submit.

It was not until they were told that any rioting on their parts would probably prove fatal to the cause of De Freston, that they subsided into a settled determination to show their respect to that good man, by not giving way to the vengeance of popular excitement.

De Freston and his friends were seated in the tower, conversing about the early days of the Cardinal, and calling to mind his youthful vivacity, his liberality of opinion, his love, his philanthropy, his erudition, his distinguished talents, and his wonderful advance to power, when Ellen espied the people coming in a mass along the shore, and with astonishment exclaimed :

‘All Ipswich is coming to the tower !’

The friends looked out of the bay window, and a sudden paleness spread over the face of the father, as he said to his daughter :

‘Depend upon it, Ellen, they are coming for me.’

‘For what, father ?’

‘To take me to prison. I can see the scarlet robe of authority which the Lord Wentworth wears, and I have known too well his marked displeasure against me, not to perceive that such a multitude would not be at his heels, if he did not come upon some obnoxious matter concerning the reformers.

‘He is active and generous by nature ; but of such an absolute and fiery disposition, that whereinsoever he conceives an offence, he is sure to put the law in execution without mercy. Hark ! I can hear their murmurs ! open the window !’

It was done, and distinctly the sound of voices, raised in

short and gibing tones could be distinguished, and as they drew near,

‘Shame! shame to the Cardinal!’

‘Long live his noble patron!’

‘Success to the Reformers! Hail to the truth!’

And ‘Down with persecutors!’ came sweeping upon the wind to the ears of the terrified Ellen.

‘Oh, my dear father! will you not fly whilst there is time? Cross the waters to Fastolf’s Halls. Take ship, and avoid a dungeon—perhaps the stake, oh! my father!’

‘Hush! my child, calm thyself. Fear not, put thy trust in God. Have faith in Him. It is too late to flee, and too late in life for me to be afraid of death. Hush! hush!’

‘But a dungeon! a dungeon! four years’ imprisonment like that of Sir Amias Pawlet! Oh! my father, I cannot bear the thought of it.’

‘I suffer, my child nothing for myself, but only for the thought of thee. But let us not judge too prematurely. Come, let us descend to the castle, and if they do take me, let them take me prepared. Come, child, your arm. William, is it not best to be resigned?’

Latimer’s spirit was too full of agitation to reply as he could wish. He felt a sudden fearfulness which made him think it was no easy thing to be a martyr. He suppressed the bitterness of his feelings, and followed his dear friends to the castle.

It was not long before acclamations reached their ears, and coming from the very vicinity of the walls; and the commissioner, with his authority, soon entered the court.

De Freston received them courteously; he looked at their credentials. The seal of authority was upon them and he submitted.

‘As thou art thyself obedient to our authority, canst thou not warn thy people of disobedience?’ said Wentworth.

‘I will do what I can,’ and what he said and did, proved sufficient; for the multitude became as patient as a child, and submitted to the guidance of him whom they respected.

Lord De Freston had a severe struggle with his daughter, in which she proved successful. She determined to accompany her father, together with her husband, to London.

She did so, of which the next chapter will give more ample detail.

‘She was a daughter and a wife,
Loving her father, and beloved through life.’

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LETTER.

NOTHING but the calm wisdom of De Freston could prevent an outbreak. The people of Ipswich and its vicinity were so attached to him, that, had not Daundy been there to exercise his influence and control over his fellow-townsmen, the Cardinal's mandate would not have been carried into execution without violence.

But De Freston had discreet friends who offered to be bound with and for him, but he would hear of none so committing themselves. He was content when Wentworth consented that his son-in-law and his lovely daughter should accompany him.

She also accounted it an honor to be able to share her father's afflictions. Her principles were of that pure and holy kind, they would not shrink in the hour of trial from filial affection. She regarded the fifth commandment of God, by the grace which she received so to do, and was fully determined to suffer with her father, let the penalty be what it might.

Father and daughter were indeed Christians. They knew how to suffer for the truth's sake, as will appear by their conversation on the evening of their arrival and detention at Westminster, by order of Tonstal, Bishop of London.

Lodged in a mean apartment, ill-becoming their respectability in the eyes of men, it was for that daughter, by the power of that quiet, commanding interest which her virtuous carriage and external appearance claimed, to secure for her father better treatment than he would otherwise have received.

For herself, she would have written nothing to the great man: but when did a daughter's piety fail in behalf of a father, when innocence and a righteous cause demanded her exertion?

Where a son might have failed she succeeded, as the sequel will show, to Wolsey's honor and the development of the best feelings of his heart.

She insisted upon writing a letter to the Cardinal.

'Tell the keeper of this prison,' she said, 'that I insist upon seeing him.'

One of the creatures of Tonsal made his appearance.

'Is your master, the Bishop, to be seen?'

'My lord may be seen at proper hours, but not at this time.'

'Can you convey a letter to the Cardinal?'

'From whom?'

'From me, sir.'

'I cannot have any communication conveyed to the Cardinal from you father without the Bishop's previous knowledge. But for you, lady, as you are not in custody, I can send a messenger.'

'Can you furnish me with pen and paper?'

'They shall be at your command; but will you retire into my private apartments for such a purpose?'

'I thank you for the offer; but I will write here.'

'I fear, if you do, I shall have to send it first to the Bishop of London for his inspection, as it will be issued direct from the prisoner's presence.'

'Then will I accompany you for such a period as may be sufficient for my purpose. I will be soon with you again, dearest father.'

'For what purpose, my daughter,' added De Freston, upon whom years had begun to make their accustomed ravages, 'will you write to the great man? Let me be content without your making any humiliating concessions for me. I am old, and in a common course of nature must soon depart this life. Degrade me not, my daughter, by any compromise of your own dignity, for the ephemeral phantom of this man's dominion. We have had proof enough that he thinks nothing about us, or he would not have forgotten, for so many years, his old friends and companions in Freston Tower. Write to him not, but let all things proceed as if we were strangers to him.'

'You may safely trust your honor, my dear father, to my keeping. Fear not, for one moment, that I should write anything derogatory to the nicest sense of Christian delicacy, nor that I should court even the Cardinal's smiles at the expense of integrity. I will not compromise faith, truth, or righteousness. But human greatness, dearest father, is *sometimes* misrepresented, and we may have wronged him—*even the friend* we knew when he was young—and may have *attributed false motives* to those actions which regard our—'

selves. Wolsey may not really be insensible to the truth as we ourselves profess it, and may be ignorant of our being brought to London. I cannot think the Cardinal can so far forget us as to neglect us in our necessity.'

'Ah, my daughter, power and greatness are dangerous possessions, where the heart is hardened beyond the calls of nature, grace, or gratitude. He who could revenge an insult, after years of daily prayer himself to be forgiven, is not a likely man to liberate even an old friend if he finds him an opponent. Wolsey knows our sentiments. Did he spare Sir Amias Pawlet? No. How then can we hope for anything but justice, one-sided justice, from the Cardinal? Severity and injustice will be shown to us as heretics, and we shall be rejected, and—'

'Hold, hold, dear father; I am ready to suffer with you, upon any matter of faith and duty; but let us not condemn his greatness merely because we may appear to have been neglected by him. He must have had his great mind so fully occupied even with the King's business, that we may have been overlooked. I have still some returning regard for the friend of my youth; and, though Latimer may not forgive him, I am sure he will forgive me for saying I forgive him. Trust me, dear father, trust me! Farewell for an hour. Latimer is gone to seek a lodging, as he is not permitted to remain here. I may, however, by the indulgence of the gaoler, on account of the increasing infirmities of your years, wait upon you. I will write to the Cardinal. There can be no hurt in it.'

'Go, my child, thou art confident of the innocence of thine intentions, and of the perfect justice of thy cause. I will add no more. Go!'

She retired into the gaoler's private apartments, and wrote her letter in simple dignity of style, according to the method of the day.

'MY LORD CARDINAL,

'This comeyth unto thee by suffrance of the gaoler in Cannon Street prison, unto which place, committed by thine order through Lord Wentworth, the commissioner for the suppression of heresies and heretics, my venerable father, thy former patron, is now thy prisoner.

'I say thy prisoner, but presume it to be but nominally thine, and really the prisoner of the Bishop of London. I cannot think that thou wouldst permit an old man, and a steadfast friend of thy youth, to sleep in a dungeon, whilst thou dost occupy a palace.

'Thou knowest well the free mynde of my father, and canst best judge of his state who did ever open unto thee the store-house of his intellect, and did keep nothing from thee, which his readyne and his studye could attain.

'I pray thee, my Lord Cardinal, remember that thy greatness can never better become thee than when thou dost shield from disdain and dyscomfort those who can no longer defend themselves. The aged man, now growing infirm, but only in bodye, doth well remember thy younger days; and I, his daughter, whom thou dydst once call thy friend, am unwilling to thynke thou canst forget us.

'Years do alter moste men, but Christian men never lose the goodness of their hearts, but the rather, as their years do increase, they themselves do grow better-hearted.

'The Lord De Freston, though grey and thyn, ys not thyn within, for he ys stout-hearted and as warm in spirit as he ever was.

'He would cheerfullie endure even the cold of a prison, nor would have me wryte to thee now in any tone of complaynte; but nathlesse I do, for I do see an aged parent suffrynge for the want of better fare and lodgment; and I do not think so bad of thee as to beleve that thou art so steeled against all righteousnessse, as to permit an ould friend to be so discomfytte.

'By thy authority, we myght procure better lodgment, if thou wouldst gyve an orderre for our permission to seek them; gyving, as we would cheerfully do, our honourable word to appear at any hour before thee, my Lord Cardinal, or thy high Commissioner touching any inquiries as to our accusation.

'My Lord will readily forgive a daughter's anxiety for one who has ever been all in all to her from her infancy, and attribute thys appeal to filial affection, as well as to a certayne sense she has of Cardinal Wolsey's greatness, that he will not deny her thys very symple requeste, to be permyttede to convey her father to some better lodgment.

'This favour granted, will give comfort to your humble servant,

'ELLEN DE FRESTON, now

'ELLEN LATYMER.'

This letter was handed to the Cardinal the last day he ever presided in Westminster Hall as Lord Chancellor.

It was the first day of Michaelmas Term, 1529, when he had put forth all his accustomed pomp to go from York Place to Westminster. It was on that very day Ellen De Freston's letter was handed to him in Court.

The Cardinal was observed to turn deadly pale, and some thought he had received a letter from Mistress Anne, conveying some more direct intimation of his downfall.

What were the depths of his real thoughts no one

could tell. He wrote on a scrap of paper — ‘Summon Cavendish.’

To him he gave commission to go and bring to his house forthwith Lord De Freston and all his retinue; and ‘let one and all,’ said he, ‘be well entreated.’

It was observed that Wolsey gave that day such evidences of abstraction of mind as bordered upon aberration. Men prognosticated his speedy decline, and plenty there were among the nobles who were glad to give him a kick, to let him see how truly they despised the man whom they once had feared.

When Ellen returned to her parent’s prison she narrated, as nearly as she could, the words she had made use of; but the old man, Lord De Freston, shook his head, and said—

‘Men forget their benefactors when ambition has brought them to the pinnacle of fame. Pride likes not to remember it had a patron. Good men only take pleasure in looking upon the past, and calling to mind the ministering kindnesses of any, rich or poor, whoever they might be, that gave them even a cup of cold water in the day of their necessity. The Cardinal has too much pride.’

‘Wait, dear father, the return of the messenger. We can but then moralize upon the hardness of the human heart. Let us pray that God will not desert him, though he be so great a man. Something whispers to my heart that we have wronged him.’

— O! when did female pity fail to hope the best of one for whom it has felt even the slightest regard?

Ellen had a wise heart, a kind spirit—the very soul of purity and love—which would not think evil until proof should be given of a hardened heart; and she was not deceived.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SUMMONS.

WHILST they were yet talking of the impenetrable nature of pride, and of all they had heard of Wolsey’s magnificence, Cavendish arrived to conduct them all to the Cardinal’s palace of York Place.

Ellen did but look one moment’s triumph before she

checked herself for the impiety. She said to herself, 'My father knows not what I do; and it is impious to triumph over a parent's weakness.'

The thought of speech, which might injudiciously have come forth as it might have done from thousands—'There, father, who is right?' was but a momentary impression on her soul. Christian delicacy rose superior to all feelings of triumphant boasting, and she suppressed the proud words which died away in her, even with the thought, before the pure spirit of charity.

Oh, that all daughters were like her! Where trained in holiest love they will ever be so.

De Freston felt the delicacy of his dear child, who spake not one word of reproach to him, but looked all readiness to accompany him, either to the dungeons of an inquisition, or to the palace of a cardinal.

Circumstances reprove sometimes the best of men, or rather make them reprove themselves for things which they had too hastily decided upon. So was it with Lord De Freston. He felt he might be wrong, though he was most marvellously astonished at the change which he considered must have come over the Cardinal.

He received those gentle and generous attentions from Cavendish which none but he could so feelingly exercise. He knew how to behave wisely in prosperous or adverse circumstances, and how to qualify the duties of an exalted position with all the devotion of a servant.

There was such sincerity in Cavendish and his proceedings, both for and with his master, as laid the foundation of his family greatness for ages. In nothing was he greater than in speaking his master fair, when his fortunes had deserted him. The servant who does his duty faithfully, is quite free from the sins of his master.

'My lord desired me expressly,' said Cavendish, 'to inquire in what way he could serve you. He insists upon your being his guest, and will hear of no denial. I am a stranger to you, and you equally the same to me, as I have never chanced to hear my master mention you.'

De Freston smiled as he replied—

'In that last sentence we are not surprised: Your master has been known to us from his youth; and when he was small in reputation, he esteemed me for my support. I *only marvel* that, now he is a great man, he should *remember us at all.*'

'My master and greatness have been long familiar. He is a prince in all things but a crown; yet his Cardinal's hat is more exalted than the King's crown, and goes before him to his duties. I am quite sure he remembers you pleasantly, or I should not have received such special orders to conduct your lordship, with all ceremony, to his palace. You, and all your retainers, and whomsoever you may choose to accompany you, are to be received at York Place. Will you order all your retinue to be in readiness?'

'Alas, young man, you know not how few they be. This, my daughter, is my only mistress, the wife of William Latimer. Her husband is with her. He was an old college companion of thy master's. Dost thou think he will receive him?'

'Even as a king would! You will yourselves be the witness, for my master is, of all men, the most courteous. Towards every one he is gentle and dignified, and has the singular gift of forgetting manners to no one. I will answer for Master Latimer's most grateful reception.'

'He comes, my son, to speak for himself.'

Latimer bowed to the stranger, and proceeded to explain to his wife that he had obtained lodgings close at hand, and should be able to be in constant attendance; when she explained that they were all to go to York Place; that the gentleman then before him was Wolsey's secretary, and sent on purpose to conduct them.

He looked inexpressible things at Ellen, who assured him it was the fact, and that she had made up her mind to go, and should be glad of his company.

'"Will wonders ever cease?" my dear, has been the exclamation from the foundation of Babylon, and will be an exclamation when old England shall cease to have a Cardinal, and Rome a Pope; but that Thomas Wolsey should at length condescend to notice us after so many years!—surely he and his fortunes must be about to change together.'

'And if they are, Master Latimer, let me advertise thee that they may change for the better, even in the opinion of you all.'

It was then that surprise overcame them all, and the question arose: 'Will Wolsey become a Reformer?'

'He is a reformer of many things; and if the King's favor and the King's disfavor be both silent, my master will be a greater man than ever.'

‘Thou art a wise young man, Mr. Cavendish, and canst see the ticklish nature of these times; but those two “ifs” are like the base pillars, I fear, upon which the Colossus of Rhodes stood, which the earthquake precipitated into the sea. They cannot bear the weight of Wolsey. Favor falling, disfavor will remain, but the Cardinal cannot stand on one leg, and that a bad one. A subject’s head in these days, once in disrepute, will soon roll off his shoulders. But come, my child, let us away. Time flies, and our new acquaintance must be glad to dispose of us according to his instructions. Rejoice always.’

‘We are at your command, sir.’

‘So then again strange trials will increase,
And wonders, ever new, will never cease.’

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ARRIVAL.

IT was in the evening of that memorable day when Wolsey had sat long in state at Westminster, and had been detained by causes which he was anxious, whilst he had the seals, to see concluded, that Cavendish conducted the prisoner, as De Freston really was, to York Place.

He had sent one of his master’s servants to apprise Wolsey’s chamberlain, and master of ceremonies, and household servants, of the expected arrival of guests of distinction; but who they were to be, and how many, he had not revealed. He was ignorant himself; but, from his taking twelve of his master’s men, with mules and sumpter mules, it was evident he expected rather a cavalcade and procession, than merely to have to conduct an old man, his daughter, and her husband.

All Wolsey’s household had been upon the ‘*qui vive*,’ and were, no doubt, as great men’s servants frequently are, disappointed at no great state arrivals, when they saw so small a party approaching.

They were ushered, with quiet gentleness, into the great reception-hall, where one of the strangest adventures—as unexpected as unwished-for—presented itself to view. There stood, full in her sight, as Ellen entered the room,

Alice De Clinton, together with two female attendants near her.

What a picture did these females then present to view! Had not the description been given from ocular demonstration, imagination could not have depicted the surprise.

Neither Alice nor Ellen had seen each other, and heard but little of one another, for years. They had been friends in their early days. One, at least, had been a warm-hearted one. Both had been intimate; but there stood Alice to receive Ellen in the Cardinal's house at York Place; and there entered Ellen, Lord De Freston, and Latimer into the presence of one who had left upon their memories a chilling impression of hauteur, which formerly disgusted them, and did not, at that moment, allow of any softening sensation for better impression.

Of all conjunctions, of all positions in which persons are unexpectedly placed, the memory of rivalry, in which personal dislike more than any honest contention or provocation had been the cause of disunion, is the most difficult feeling to disperse.

Surprise was for the moment the expression of every face. Even Ellen's confessed it, and there was nothing pleasurable in the meeting. As to Alice, if an apparition had risen out of the earth, she could not have been more petrified with astonishment. Her cold, dark eye, wide open, and fixed upon Ellen, told, by its intensely rivetted stare, that it saw too much—more than it could bear; and yet it dwelt with hard, cruel, inquisitive firmness on the party before it.

Is it possible to meet a person who hates you—literally hates you even unto death, and makes you know it by the very contempt of the eye—and not to feel a shudder at the enormity of hatred?

Here stood, confronted in the forms of female self-possession, the dignity of the highest worldly pride, and the dignity of true humility. The one conscious of being introduced to the other by the very power to which alone that other had been known to bend.

Here was Alice De Clinton, the proudest spirit that ever daughter of Eve possessed, and Ellen Latimer, at once the meekest and humblest, but, at the same time, the most faithful spirit, conscious of duty and love, met to confront each other by the order of the Cardinal, who, at the time *he gave the invitation*, was so engrossed with the affairs of

his declining grandeur, that he forgot the opposing powers meeting in his mansion.

'Coming events cast their shadows before them.' The downfall of the favorite was precipitate enough; but the downfall of a portion of his domestic arrangements preceded it. The Cardinal had no motive in his heart but that which softened pride is apt to feel when it sees greatness fallen before it. Wolsey saw only Lord De Freston in distress, and his lovely daughter, the early companion of his youthful day, appealing to him for help.

Through the vista of years gone by, he had never forgotten, though ambition had diverted his mind, the learned Ellen and Freston Tower; and though those years had, as an early dream, visited him with pleasure and with pain, yet they recurred to him now, in his decline, with a degree of softness and tenderness which positively subdued the grand and lofty-minded man from ambition to affection.

That can scarcely be called a subduing. It ought to be named an exaltation; but the world, which judged then, as now, that human weakness displayed in a great man is worthy of condemnation, did not spare the declaration that the mighty Cardinal had lost his mind.

He was, indeed, greatly affected by the arrival of these early friends at such a time, and the abstruse decisions of the law were then most irksome. He determined, however, to see all cases somehow or other decided which could be brought before him, and he remained a longer time than usual upon his judgment seat.

Time enough, indeed, to let the ladies see each other, and become acquainted before he should return.

The haughty Alice De Clinton had grown more proud, more portly, more stately, since she had consented to abide with the Cardinal, than she was while under the roof of the Bishop of Norwich. Report had stated that the Cardinal, in seeking to get her made Abbess of Winton Priory, had private motives of self-gratification therein, and the ear of royalty had been so whispered into, as well as advertised thereof loudly, that Henry's letter to the Cardinal upon that subject still exists, and certainly was the occasion of her not being appointed to that situation which no one was better fitted to fill than such a cold, heartless, stern, unnatural, and superstitious woman as Alice De Clinton.

De Freston and his daughter had been infected with the

report before they stood confronted with the lady herself; so that it did not add to their comfort when they saw her in the position of domestic hostess in York Place.

They were relieved, however, from her presence by one of those haughty departures, which, in her early years, she had shown to the guests of Goldwell. She could not fail to recognise De Freston, Latimer, and Ellen; but her mind was made up in a moment, namely, that York Place should not hold her and her rival at the same time.

Turning to Cavendish, she promptly asked—

‘Did your master know who they were he had ordered you to conduct hither?’

‘He did, lady, but I did not.’

‘How long will it be before the Cardinal returns?’

‘I cannot tell, my lady.’

‘Then be pleased, sir, to tell me when he does return. Dames, show that lady to the apartments prepared for her, and then wait upon me. Cavendish, remember your duty.’

The haughty lady glided from the hall without one word of charity, or look of kindness, or even an intimation of respect for any one of the party.

Her pride, however, could injure no one but herself. She retired, a specimen of fallen Lucifer’s dignity, whilst Ellen retired humbled to the dust by the exhibition of such an unwarrantable indignity.

A few minutes’ prayer restored the disturbed mind of the latter, and as she was fatigued and overcome by the circumstances which then crowded upon her, she requested the femme-de-chambre to let the Cardinal know that she was not equal to the ceremony of introduction to him till the morrow. She wished to be conducted to her father’s apartment before she retired.

It need not be stated what a sweet hour of communion those dear souls had, even in that place. Oh! how calm is true piety: and what a disturbed, restless being is man without it. The dear friends who talked of their then singular position, spake but little of the haughty Alice. The little they did speak was spoken in charity, and without any bitterness, saving only of regret for her sake. They parted, praying for blessings upon each other.

What a position was it for all parties! It was the very climax of circumstances, and of what it was to be productive none could divine.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DEPARTURE.

CAVENDISH attended upon his master as the long retinue of state arrived on the very last day they ever formed a cavalcade for him as the Chancellor.

'Have all things been attended to, my faithful servant?' said Wolsey, as, dismissing his retainers, Cavendish alone conducted his master to his private room. 'There was a more than common suavity in the Cardinal's manner, a greater unbending than he had before witnessed in him; a more than usual sweetness, even approaching to tenderness.

'All is done as my lord desired; but Mistress Alice requested me to acquaint her with my lord's return.'

'Ha! ha! I forgot; yes, Cavendish, I forgot. Well, it is well. How could I forget? Go! yes, go! the sooner the better. I am as anxious to see Mistress Alice, as she can be to see me. I am at leisure. Quick, Cavendish. I am in my own house. Perhaps so! may be not—or may be so. Go, good Cavendish! summon the Lady Alice.'

It was evident that Wolsey had, in his own remembrance of his friends, forgotten that Alice was their enemy. Had he thought of their early feud he would probably have devised some other plan of accommodation for his friend. It is a painful one to any man to entertain guests when the mistress of his house is set against them.

These things came as things unwelcome to a great man's mind; but the greatest minds are frequently found to have to bend before female caprice. A good man is as jealous of hospitality being shown to his friends, as he is fond of domestic happiness; and she is a poor partner who receives not her lord's friends with complacency.

A truly wise wife never compromises her husband's dignity or her own, by behaving with incivility towards her husband's visitors. But when a servant assumes the position of a wife, and treats her master's visitors with contempt, it is time for her to be discharged.

Alice De Clinton occupied a superior station in the Cardinal's family, and did the honors of his house, where *female interference* was required, with the nicest propriety.

She was, however, accounted a very cold, unbending person, though to the Cardinal himself all obsequiousness.

Her very manner to others gave occasion to the invention of evil reports concerning her; and when a female is haughty, and knows not how to conduct herself with gentleness, the world is glad to hear unfavorable reports of her, and as readily believes them. Even frailties are pitied where humility is not lost.

Alice entered the room where the Cardinal was reposing after the fatigues and anxieties of business, relaxed both in mind and body. He could not fail, however, to be struck with the singular appearance of the lady.

She came in her riding costume. The Cardinal marvelled, and well he might; but he was soon enlightened.

'You look astonished, my lord, to see me prepared for travel; but I am come to speak my mind, and to bid you farewell for ever. I little thought that I should ever be called upon to receive pestilent heretics in the house of Cardinal Wolsey; heretics, too, at this very moment under the ban of Tonsall, Bishop of London, summoned to appear before my Lord Cardinal; and to be treated forthwith as if they were the very best Catholics in the land. And who are these, my lord's guests? Have not I often told my lord that they were the greatest enemies he had? Have I not, years gone by, proclaimed them to be what they are now brought under my lord's hands for; and are they to come here and to expect favor from him who is appointed by the head of the church to suppress and punish them?

'I ever thought that my lord made advances to my friendship through the desire to refute and put down the enemies of the church. I ever thought that the wisdom, talents, learning, and power with which the favored of the Pope was gifted, were to be exercised for the honor of the chief Pontiff, and for the welfare of all good Catholics in this land.

'How is it, then, that one who has been bound by ties of friendship, based upon such principle, should now be called upon to act upon the contrary side? Is the memory of private regard to be weighed in the balance with the public good? And am I, who was expecting to be an Abbess of my lord's appointment, to be his panderer to a taste for heresy?

'*Forbid it! O, shade of Goldwell! O, deceased Bishop! thou didst confide me to the guardianship of one whom*

thou didst deem a friend to the church, and lo! that one turns upon his charge, and commands her to receive, as her friends, these heretics against Rome.

‘But my lord must be obtuse—my lord must be changed—my lord must be about to lose all his dignity, and to become a driveller, a poor, weak, mean-spirited man, and no longer the great Cardinal; the Lord Chancellor—the most learned Bishop, the future candidate for the Popedom; the great friend of Christendom.

‘At all events, my lord cannot expect me to remain in his house under existing circumstances. No, my lord, no; perish York House, before I sleep in it whilst heretics lie under the same roof. Heretics, too, who once dared to insult my guardian, and now affront me in this house.

‘Oh, my Lord Cardinal, this is a blow I did not expect from you. Farewell, my lord’s greatness; farewell, my hopes of preferment in your grace’s mansion. When the days of heresy come, it will be remembered that the Cardinal of York fostered them in his own palace; but let it be remembered, also, that she who dwelt with him as his friend for twenty years, on that day took her departure.

‘I shall return to Goldwell Hall, near the seat of my lord’s birth, and in that very house where I first knew him, shall I learn to forget him. My Lord Cardinal—Farewell!’

‘Alice De Clinton, hear me. One word. Nay—I insist upon giving you an explanation. Care and I have of late been close companions. Greatness and sorrow have been closeted in my soul for these many days. Dignity and distress have been accompanying my lot wheresoever I have gone; and now, Mistress Alice, that I return home, I find that hospitality and heresy are to be the cause of separating Cardinal Wolsey and Alice De Clinton for ever.

‘This is what I call a domestic consummation of my calamitous career. I did not think of heresy. I did not think of animosity. I forgot your distaste, and I thought only of my former acquaintance with these friends when I was poor and they were rich; and should I desert them in distress, when the only opportunity I have, or ever may have, in life, to repay them for their early kindness to me, is to befriend them in the day of adversity.

‘Shall I forget, Alice, that I am a man, because I am a Cardinal? Is every feeling of gratitude to be totally extinct towards those who have watched over my early years, and helped me in my studies, and befriended me?

'Oh! Alice, if we forget those who have been kind to us in our youth, God will forget us when we grow old. Read that letter from Ellen, and let your heart feel its simplicity and truth, and then say whether I ought or ought not to have exercised the duties of hospitality.'

Alice read it. Yes, she read it. The tears started in her eyes, but they were tears of bitterness, not of love; for love had no share in her proud heart. It was ready to burst with vexation; but without pity. She read it—she returned it; and she looked as if she felt a sovereign contempt for the Cardinal's weakness; but she replied—

'My lord, it is not usual for a judge to entertain his prisoner before he is honorably acquitted; and very seldom then. Judges seldom have innocent persons tried before them. They know well that they are set on high for the punishment of evil men, and not for the encouragement of them.'

'My Lord Cardinal is now the judge of this heretic De Freston. Can there be any doubt of his acquittal when he can receive him before trial, and treat him as his most intimate friend?

'My lord has grown wonderfully tender all at once; and merely from this letter. I see nothing in it but the language of a beggar and an impostor—who is now, through my lord's weakness, enjoying the beggar's joy, the glorious reward of imposition; lodging, food, and comfort.

'They smile at your humility, they laugh at your divinity, and they applaud with vociferous exclamations your charity. But how will my lord acquit himself before the Propaganda? All the house of Cardinals will cry out "Wolsey is a heretic." You will acquit De Freston; you must do it for Ellen's sake. Sweet letter, that can make even a Cardinal merciful.

'I leave, my lord. I have a friend's house to go to. I shall at once to Tonstall, and when he hears that his prisoners are your guests, he will at least rejoice that one of your Grace's free servants has sought his protection. Farewell, my Lord Cardinal.'

There are moments in a man's life, even when he is beaten down by his enemies, when his bold spirit is prompt to speak righteousness; witness Wolsey's speech to Suffolk, in reply to his reproach about Cardinals in England. 'If I poor Cardinal had not been, you would not at this present have had a head on your shoulders;' so witness the Cardinal's cool but gentle reply to Mistress Alice De Clinton.

'I would rather exercise hospitality to the distressed than punish heretics. The former has pleasure here, and the promise of reward hereafter; the latter was nothing but pain, and great doubt of any satisfaction hereafter. If, therefore, Mistress Alice, the price of thy remaining be the forfeit of the duties of hospitality, I would rather thy departure than thy residence. Farewell.'

A haughty woman cut to the quick by calm wisdom is such a mortified spectacle of discomfort, that it is well she should be hidden in darkness as soon as possible. Her retirement, the more solitary the more congenial. She may brood over her possessions, her hardships, her mortifications, her injuries, her disappointments; but she can never attain any happiness without a change of heart. If that should come, she will be a joyful wonder to herself; if not, she will be a miserable wretch, and live and die unhappy.

Alice De Clinton departed, leaving York Place and its inmates to a day of rest.

The Cardinal summoned Cavendish after the lady's departure: and to him he most graciously unburdened his mind.

'I shall not go out at all to-morrow, but remain entirely within my own walls; but summon the Bishop of London by authority of mine hand, to wait upon me at ten o'clock to-morrow. Remember, Cavendish, that I do not wish it to be known, the cause why I remain at home to-morrow. I have old friends, dear friends, whom I have deserted for many years now sleeping beneath my roof. Let the utmost respect be paid them; for if it were the last day of my grandeur, I could not devote it to a better purpose than the revival of friendship.

'Alas, Master Cavendish, I fear my fortunes will not long stand. How happy I ought to feel that they have stood thus long, so as to permit me to gratify the friends of my youth. Mistress Alice is gone; and I know not how it is, I feel as if a load of care was gone along with her.

'Thou shalt sup with me this night. My aged friend did well to retire. I shall have much to talk to thee about; meantime prepare.'

The Cardinal never was so happy, or so truly great, as he was that evening in speaking of all the days of his youth, and relating anecdotes which came, as they always do come, with great grace from great men.

'When great men speak, the falling pin is heard,
But when the poor—his case must be deferred.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CHANGE.

- WHAT a wonderful softening thing is adversity. It may come in the shape of poverty; it may come in the severity of calamity; it may come in the loss of a friend; or it may come suddenly by seeming accident. But when it does really come, when the poor mortal, great and powerful, is made to feel it—oh! how heartily does he desire the return of his mother's tenderness, or his father's generosity.—

A great man like Wolsey, a companion to one of England's proudest, though not her best nor her worst monarch, one of superior ability, as well as most absolute authority, was likely to feel the neglect of such a prince; and, falling from the favor of ambition, his great mind was softened to think of the friends of his youth.

— Ambition is a bold horse; he mounts his fences well; he leaps over walls, gates, ditches, and hedges, and goes at a slashing pace over the country. He requires to be well kept in hand, and not to be pushed too hard at first. He must be well trained, well directed, and curbed in at first.—

He is apt to be like Grey Hermit, the royal huntsman's old favorite, so well depicted in Grant's picture of the 'Queen's Stag Hounds.' Davis had enough to do to keep him in order for the first burst of the hunt; for he was '*wild as the wild deer*' and threw himself over his fences like a mad horse; but by dint of a master manager, he would sober down into a steady pace, and 'shine at the last when all others were in shade.'

So, affliction coming upon the ambitious man, sobers him down to the steady realities of his work.

The Cardinal had one day's respite from the cares of pomp and state. He had been expecting to be called upon to give up the great seal, and well knew that when his enemies once got the advantage of him, they would not long rest without injuring him.

He had lost his master's favor; he had loved that master. Yes, with all his pomp and greatness, Wolsey never was otherwise, or felt otherwise, than a servant. Had he obtained the summit of his ambition, and been made Pope, he might

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have then assumed a very different tone with Henry. He would have been removed from outward subjection; and his was master-mind enough to rule princes absolutely under the tiara of the papal glory.

It was not to be. The subject whom the King had exalted as his favorite was to be an example to all England, as Napoleon was to all the world, that power, when too much self-exalted, is to be humbled very low before it departs, or before a man departs from it.

Wolsey perhaps never was greater than in his humiliation, when he lost the favor of the King; and Napoleon never was greater than when on the Rock of St. Helena. Ambition was destroyed in them both. Happy they whose only ambition in this life is to subdue themselves.

Experience will soon teach the proudest they are unhappy, though they subdue kingdoms; and experience will soon prove that the humbler a man is, so much the more he makes others happy, and promotes his own comfort.

The Cardinal rose at his usual hour, read his despatches, answered the messengers from various quarters, and inquired after his guests. He sent to say that he would be happy to receive them in his own room at nine o'clock. In the meantime they had been supplied with all the bountiful care of hospitality, and were themselves softened, all of them, towards the Cardinal.

At nine o'clock the interview was to take place between him and those early friends, whom he had been instrumental in uniting by a bond which he would have been glad to have called his own.

There is a strange sensation in hearts long estranged coming together again. Even in the common intercourse of life, when accident causes two friends to meet, between whom, in early years, the pure friendship of social good-will had existed, how does the heart expand with the remembrance of incidents, events, accidents, or words wherein was no guile, but the simple fervor of youthful respect!

That heart which cannot so feel in love, will know no pleasure in the prospect of meeting its generation when it rises from the dust. Oh! that ever a word or a deed should make the human heart unkind! Men ought to learn to love one another here, that they may be happy hereafter.

When years have parted friends between whom love was as a precious pearl, the very bond of the soul's peace, and a day brings them together, it is indeed a foretaste of joy

which immortal spirits only can fully appreciate. It is something like to a glorious, everlasting sunshine, when clouds, and tempests, and dangers, and deaths, and darkness, and night have passed away, and one eternal day smiles upon the soul in bliss.

Wolsey's heart was softened by his coming fall. It had commenced; it was about to be severed from greatness; and no wonder that its early impressions of love, the desire of shining in the eyes of one whom it then accounted a marvel of acquirement to be admired by an enlightened mind, should return with vivacity into the soul divested of the glitter of the world.

Cardinal Wolsey had transferred his first love for Ellen to ambition. He had now had twenty years' experience of the tortuous paths of human greatness, and had found that the smiles of men could never rest long upon one object; that to serve even a king, a man must never be exalted by him, but be always ready to give up all into the hands of the Giver. What such a man, with such a partner for life as Ellen, might have been, is another question—it can but be a surmise.

Ellen, however, was in his house, she whom he once had loved with a devotion even beyond the wisdom of Solomon to comprehend; and though another had loved her with an ardor perhaps more truly humble—certainly not more noble—yet even at that moment Wolsey felt that between them, though years had passed away, there was, there must be, an honorable estimation. He had not felt this in the day of his pride; it was only when he was humbled that this returned to him.

It returned to him too in the sweetest way it could possibly come—that of being a benefactor to his former benefactors. His hospitality, the last opportunity he ever had of showing it at York Place, was the most gratifying to his spirit; and that day of calmness intervening between his last presiding as Chancellor, and his resigning the office, was spent in the happiest society he had ever enjoyed.

The hour came for the interview. Ellen felt it—Ellen knew the secret of Wolsey's heart—Latimer, his friend, knew it also, though Wolsey had believed them ignorant of what he schooled himself to think was his weakness. De Freston never did suppose Wolsey to have been attached to his daughter.

It was well they had all rested a night under the same

roof previously to their interview. It was well, also, that proud Alice De Clinton had departed; it was well, likewise, that the Cardinal's state affairs permitted him a day's calm, that he might be disencumbered of his consequence. All things favored the interview, and the parties met with mutual respect, the sure forerunner to a happy conversation.

CHAPTER XL.

THE INTERVIEW.

DE FRESTON entered first, and was most graciously welcomed; Ellen entered next, and the Cardinal's heart beat with a pulsation which would require quicker counting than any physician could enumerate.

Yet the very man who had denied himself the slightest natural movement of affection, so many years before, when he gave her hand to his rival, could now seize both, and unite them with cordiality, in which his own soul liberally rejoiced.

His first words gave indication of a good heart.

'I rejoice to see you both. I am glad that years have not separated you, and that I have greater felicity, as a Cardinal, in joining your hands with my own, after the long lapse of years, than I had as a priest, when standing at the altar of St. Lawrence. Come, my dear friends, be seated, and, if ye can imagine yourselves in Freston Tower, *do so*.'

This was the honest, simple, undisguised language of a great heart, and could not be heard without emotion. Ellen and Latimer felt it, and each thought, though they did not say it, 'Wolsey is a great man.'

De Freston thanked Wolsey for his kindness, and for the reception he had given them.

'I have done you no kindness, but I have pleased myself; and now, to be very candid with you, I must tell you at once that I must inquire into the cause of your being a prisoner in London.'

'That is soon told. You know well, Wolsey, my sentiments upon religious matters. I need hardly tell you that I am a Reformer—a friend to the true church—hating, *abjuring*, and detesting those dreadful doctrines of the *Papacy*, against which I conceive every lover of truth

should struggle with uncompromising and unconquerable determination.

'You cannot be a stranger to my love of truth. You know me well, and that I have entertained Bilney, Bale, and others, whom I account worthy of honor; men of learned and enlightened minds, instruments of spreading the truth.

'For these things I became distasteful to some nobles, and was accounted a disaffected member of the church, and even accused of being a heretic. Lord Wentworth, acting under the orders of the Bishop of London and Norwich, and by your mandate, has seized my person and brought me hither; but I have not offended my conscience, and, therefore, hope to be acquitted.'

I have seen and known many abuses in the church,' replied Wolsey, 'from very early days; and had I been elected Pope of Rome, I should have endeavored to restore the Church of Rome to her ancient purity, and have raised her to what she truly is—the successor of St. Peter; but that cannot be. I have now no hopes thereof, but I am still desirous of reforming many corruptions prevalent in that portion of the Romish Church which abides in England. I have punished many priests, I have issued my mandates against all irregularities, and will yet hope to see a great improvement in the church.

'But, at the same time, I shall not conceal from thee that I do not approve of those heretical tenets which upstart preachers are now everywhere disseminating. I love the truth, and am glad to find that yesterday thy friend Bilney recanted his bold heresies, and has returned to the body of the church a penitent.'

'*Bilney recanted!*' was the involuntary exclamation of all. 'Bilney recanted!'

'Yes, I am informed he did penance, and stood at Paul's Cross weeping.'

'Weep he will do,' replied De Freston, 'weep he will do, bitterly. That man has an honest heart. He loves truth purely for truth's sake, and in a moment's fear he has forsaken the truth. I am sure he will repent of this step more than of any he ever took in his whole life.'

Ellen wept. She wept to see her father's earnest emotion, and she felt as if something of life and happiness had left her.

'*Let not the Lady Ellen weep,*' said the Cardinal. '*I shall not condemn thy father because he speaks boldly*

Thou needest not be afraid; I am thy friend and his. I pray thee, weep not.'

Tender words from great men are apt to make tears flow the faster. Ellen's mortification was extreme; for she had hoped the firmness of faith in this good man would not have been shaken by any terrors. She sighed, but spake not.

It was not in Wolsey to triumph over the sufferings of any one, and much less over those of a woman, and that woman one whom he loved in his youth, and for whom he then felt such a sincere respect that he would rather spare it a pang than create it one.

He was sincere in his hope that, as Bilney had been so intimate with Lord De Freston, and had been so much admired by him, that, in mentioning his recantation, he should prevail upon him likewise to recant privately before Tonstall, without any further exposure.

He had not succeeded, but had rather created in that venerable nobleman's mind an additional argument for his own firmness.

De Freston sighed and said—

'Great minds are overcome by terrors, where little minds are often supported. Bilney has been a leader, a master-spirit, one to whom men have looked for example as well as precept. I do, therefore, grieve the more at his defalcation, and take it as a warning to myself, lest, in the hour of adversity, I should fall away.

'O, my Lord Cardinal! I loved that man as I used to do thyself. I had great hopes of him. I had formed the highest expectations of him, and even now I will not despair of him.'

'Nor I either; I think he will become an ornament to the church.'

'And so do I; but not to the Church of Rome.'

'To what church then?'

'To the church of Christ.'

'Is not the Church of Rome the church of Christ?'

'Not whilst she holds the doctrines of presumption instead of those of faith; not whilst she propagates falsehood for truth; not "whilst she loveth and maketh a lie;" not whilst she debases her communicants by giving them half a sacrament for the whole, and even makes that half idolatrous by her false persuasions.

'She is one of those evils under the sun which King

Solomon saw—viz., “a servant when he reigneth,” for she ought to be the servant of God ; but she pretends to reign with a king’s dominion, and cannot therefore be a true servant. Thou hast sought this at my tongue, Cardinal, and I am not ashamed thereof, neither do I ask pardon for giving thee a plain answer.’

‘I can pardon thee without thine asking ; but here comes Tonsall, and if thou wouldst return in peace to thine own dear Freston Tower, let me advise thee to speak more cautiously before him than before one who feels some gratitude for the past.’

‘I can but speak to thee, my lord, as I would before my judge. I will not compromise the truth for any Bishop of London.’

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ARGUMENT.

CUTHBERT TONSTALL was ushered into the presence of the Cardinal, and it was curious to see how soon the dignity of Rome assumed that position of manner and behaviour which even then, though declined in royal favor, Wolsey could not forget.

They bowed reverentially to each other. Both were eminently learned men, and each had a great respect for letters.

‘Has Bilney submitted to the orders of the church, good father ?’

‘He has, my lord, and is committed unto safe custody in prison to wait thy fiat of detention or release. He has conformed, and I have here his written recantation, delivered by the heretic himself into our hands.’

It was agony indeed to De Freston to recognise the handwriting of his friend, and the tears rolled down his face as he read, line by line, that document which told so sad a tale. But the old man’s prayer ascended even then for such a friend. Tonsall exchanged looks of curiosity with the Cardinal, as to what this strong feeling could mean. He said—

‘Thou oughtest rather to rejoice than weep at a heretic’s arising from the depths of the deluge to the safe footing of the ark of the church.’

'I weep to think,' replied De Freston, 'that he has fallen away from grace.'

It would have been a marvel to Tonstall to find such a man in such company—a heretic in the Cardinal's palace! But he had been forewarned thereof by Alice De Clinton, and yet could he scarcely believe his ears and eyes.

'These are friends of Bilney,' replied the Cardinal, 'and they are my friends too, to whom I am indebted for many things. I would therefore intercede with thee, father, for thy mercy. Spare ~~an~~ aged friend for his grey hairs; and this, his daughter, for the love I bear her; and this, her husband, for the friendship's sake of early college days.'

'But will they promise to abjure the tenets of Bilney, and be obedient to the discipline of the church?'

'I will promise for them.'

'What?' asked De Freston.

'That they shall do nothing contrary to the authority of the church.'

'If the church command me to worship the Virgin Mary, the angels, and the host of heaven, I will not do it. If she says I ought to pay respect to pictures at altars, candles and candlesticks, saints and their statues, I will call her idolatrous. If she tells me that the blood of any of her martyrs, male or female, will wash away my sins, I will tell her she lies.'

'In a word, my Lord Cardinal, and my Lord Bishop, if you think I would recant the doctrines which Bilney has preached at Ipswich, or elsewhere, you are mistaken. I desire to be tried even by the learned Tonstall, and before thyself; I will answer any question thou dost put.'

It is not the intention of these pages to record that long but interesting discussion, which then took place between four as learned men as could be well found in the realm at that day. Pain and grief did it give all parties to see that no mutual bond of union could settle the dispute between them.

Tonstall was convinced of the very superior antagonist he had met with in De Freston; and he was made to feel his lash when they talked of the destruction of those who professed to believe in Christ, and strove not to act up to that belief.

'How can the Pope make laws,' said De Freston, 'to burn, or put to the rack, or torture, or destroy any soul professing Christ's religion?'

'Come, I will dispute the authority of the Church of Rome in this respect. I will maintain her to be an engine of Satan if she dares to shed any blood whatsoever, especially the blood of believers.

'Show me any authority for her putting any one to death. Did even the Apostles put Ananias and Sapphira to death? They saw that God would visit the wicked, and they told the wicked that it would be so; but they left the visitation for the Almighty's hand, in whose power alone is the life of every living thing.'

'Wouldst thou, then,' replied Tonstall, 'have the murderer live?'

'No: an apostle says, "If I have done anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die." The sword of justice is borne by the civil, not the ecclesiastical power; and if an offender against human and divine laws will not hear the voice of the preacher calling him to repentance, if neither private nor public rebuke will convince him of his danger, all the authority of the church cannot go beyond his rejection from their companionship or fellowship.

'They must then leave him to the mercies of the civil law, or criminal jurisprudence of the country he lives in, and God will do with him as he sees best. I deny the power of Rome justly to punish any man whatsoever with death, where his life is one of faith, though that faith may be exercised to overthrow all the superstitions of Rome.'

'Then the church errs in punishing heretics?'

'With persecution unto death she does; and she will have to answer for all the murders she has thus unrighteously, violently, passionately, and horribly committed. If she were to condemn me, I would protest against her power to the last, and though I might rejoice in suffering, I should sorrow for thee, Bishop Tonstall, to be my executioner.'

It was in this strain, with the purest Protestant feeling, and yet with such pious consideration for those bigoted followers of the Pope, that De Freeston combatted the arguments of Tonstall, and made him shudder at his own position. Whether it was that the Cardinal interceded, countermanded, over-ruled, or prevailed with the Bishop, perhaps all these things, or whether Cuthbert Tonstall was himself confounded at the boldness and soundness of the head and heart of De Freeston, it is certain that he proceeded no further with the prosecution of De Freeston, as a

heretic, but left York Place with a heart stricken at the very thought of the cruelties which he had in some measure been accessory to, in the supposed defence of his church.

'We will leave off our polemical divinity,' said Wolsey, 'and if you will spend one day of quiet hospitality with me, we will talk over Ipswich and early associations, and leave these heart-burnings for other thoughts.'

Well said was this by the Cardinal. It was like a spark of glory striking light into his soul. Oh, would that every member of his high and mighty, pompous church could have seen the joy which then diffused itself over the Cardinal's features.

'Twas for a day, a day of such pure bliss
As friendship nurtures in a world like this :
Few such are found midst sorrows to prevail ;
If one such visit thee, O ! give it hail.'

CHAPTER XLII.

ENJOYMENT.

- UNALLOYED enjoyment is a thing unknown in this world; even for one whole day. Perhaps the sorrows which all experience for half, if not the whole, of that period, may make the few minutes of happiness the sweeter.

Happiness is not, it cannot be, found in any sensual pleasure, in any one pursuit in which the laws of humanity, nature, and of God are violated.

Perfect enjoyment must be divested of all fear; there must be no pang before or after it—that is, the pang, if any, must have passed away, and that which the heart is about to participate in, must not be productive of one single regret.—

Wolsey, De Freston, Ellen, and Latimer, had all endured the severity of sorrow in finding themselves placed in that species of opposition upon vital questions, upon dangerous topics, upon then growing dissensions which were stirring in the land.

Wolsey was lord of the house in which his guests were, not trembling, but bold before him. They also, on the other hand, were conscious that he was to be the judge of *De Freston*; and in the judgment of him was involved the happiness of the others.

These parties had suffered much pain. Honest they all might be; but the man of power and authority had at least this superiority, that he was at once the arbiter and the host. He was in the position of friendship, cordiality, hospitality, generosity, and of judgment; and they, though his guests, were at the same time his prisoners. But who were they, and at what time were they there?

Wolsey was about to be shorn of his fancied nobility, and to lose the eye of favor. He was too much of a politician not to know what he had to expect; and he was really and truly a man of too great a mind to murmur at the fickleness of the King's favor.

Lift up a beggar from the dunghill, set him among princes, and if he is not gifted with that wisdom which knows who exalts and who puts down, he will neither know how to bear elevation or degradation. He is like an actor, who, having enjoyed years of successful flattery, is astonished at his own decline, and knows not how to bear the coolness of disappointment.

Happy the man whom nothing but the world to come can exalt; who preserves humility under all circumstances, and doing his duty nobly, retires into nothingness, conscious that he is nobody.

A great man this, indeed. He is like that great philosopher, who, after a life of calculations, such as laid bare to the world the right movements of the heavenly bodies, declared that to himself he appeared no more than a child playing with a cup and ball, or blowing soap-bubbles with a tobacco pipe.

This is a species of intellectual innocence which very few men attain. Half the world, knowing little, are apt to grow proud of the knowledge of that little, and have such conceit thereof as to imagine the world must think them wonders; but the really wise man is wonderful only to himself in his knowledge of his own marvellous ignorance.

Wolsey was a great man, as all the world proclaimed; but very few who saw him knew anything of the real greatness of his private character. Men in after-ages made him the theme of fallen pride, and descanted upon his origin as if he rose from the butcher's shambles by impudence.

There are some impudent men who do succeed in thrusting themselves into places for which they have no *pretensions* in the shape of mental qualification whatsoever;

and these men are generally the greatest boasters and vaunters of their own selves; but they usually die unnoticed, or are looked upon with contempt by men of their own calibre. What must men of superior intellect think of them?

Wolsey was no such mortal. He gave that day convincing proof of his being not only bred a gentleman, but of his having preserved the spirit of one through all the plenitude of his power, even to the moment of its decay.

Wolsey was the first to propose such terms of peace to his visitors, as nothing but a heartless bigot could refuse. It was no compromise of principle, it was no admission of infidelity, it was no sop, to induce a departure from that which De Freston held dear as his life, neither was it any jesuitical casuistry or show of lenity to discover the weakness of an adversary that he might attack him when he was asleep.

No. It was Wolsey's greatness, certainly induced by his circumstances, which made him cast down the glove of philanthropy, or the olive branch of peace, instead of that of defiance.


It is said that the honesty of love must conquer even the proudest heart. It will conquer everything but the heart devoured by the love of money; and that heart death alone, and then only by violent constraint, can subdue.

'Let us have one day's friendship,' said Wolsey. 'I give up all points of dispute. Let us have no divisions; let us be friends. To-morrow, ye shall go free; free to return whence ye came, to the banks of the Orwell, to my native place; and if I could but step back thirty years, and forget all the interval, I would kiss again the waters of my childhood, and dive into the waves.'

'But come, my dear companions of my youth. Pomp and I must, for a few hours, part company. Forget me as a Cardinal; look not on me as a judge. See me as I am, plain Thomas Wolsey, son of your old friend, nephew to your relative, and cousin to yourselves; but more than all this, your truly humble servant, Archbishop of York.'

'If you will not receive me in this light, tell me, only tell me, how you will accept me, and I am yours.'

Had it been bigotry, prejudice, or fanaticism that dwelt in De Freston's soul, he would have looked upon this *language* as merely a temptation to allure him into a snare, and have at once set his face as a flint against the offer of



hospitality. He would have looked upon it as a contamination. He would have felt all the prejudices of pride against it, and have steeled his soul with rudeness to cut short the proposition of love.

De Freston was no bigot, but a true Christian. He acknowledged the claim which Wolsey had upon his friendship, and at once graciously accepted his offer.

'I came here to be judged, expecting to be condemned by the very man whom I once knew as my friend. But I am neither judged nor condemned. I am neither put upon my trial nor acquitted, but am as though I had come into the house of an acquaintance; and why should I be so inhuman as to think of an enemy?'

'I accept your proffered hospitality for us all; and as far as in me lies, I will endeavor to enjoy it with that thankfulness which I am persuaded I ought to feel. Ellen, my daughter, what say you to this turn of the wind in our favor?'

'Say, my dear father! say?—that I am proud of my early friend!'

Never in life, before or after, did Wolsey feel his soul expand as it did at that moment.

It was a moment of love in the soul of a man whose whole career had been devoted to ambition. The big tear started in his full eye, and actually rolled down his cheek and fell upon his scarlet vest.

Oh! that the tear of love could fall upon the scarlet vests of all Cardinals, and that they could see themselves as they are, but men of the same flesh, the same blood, the same bone, the same dust as the poorest Protestant in these realms! Till then, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life will prevail in the dominion of the Papacy.

'Latimer, give me your hand,' said Wolsey. 'I have not behaved to you as I ought, and years of neglect cannot be atoned for in a moment. Your hand, William, reminds me of my youth. I cannot forget my university. Proud days we enjoyed together. Days of anticipated triumph. Ah! Latimer, yours was an unexpected triumph; mine a long-anticipated hope, extinguished by yourself, but now blessed in seeing you happy.'

Great man! Greater infinitely than the world knew! *Could Cavendish have revealed this, the world would truly have sympathised with a man who, though raised to an*

eminence higher than that which any subject ever yet stood upon, was hurled down therefrom at the moment when his whole soul was full of pity and philanthropy.

Ellen could not see the emotion of her early friend at such a time without a look of compassion, in which the generous and honest Latimer most fully shared.

'It is best for us all to retire awhile,' she said, 'that we may be each composed for the harmony of a happy hour.'

'It is well said, my friends: after our unusual excitement, it will do us all good. My chamberlain will conduct you.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOSPITALITY.


THE Cardinal alone—left alone to himself—bethought him of his coming fall. He sent for Cavendish, and ordered every preparation for quiet hospitality.

'I want no state to-day. Let all my serving-men take holiday, let as many as please visit their friends in the city; and hark ye, Cavendish! let my state-visitors, who come to pry into my decline, and to partake of what good fare a Cardinal's table may afford them, be told that I am indisposed to-day.

'I am indisposed, indeed, to receive any strangers, or any ministers of state this day. My few early friends it is worth your while, my good secretary, to cultivate, for they have hearts of hospitality; and when greatness and I are separated, you may find them no mean substitute for your master. I would have you, therefore, at my table, none other; and as this is a day with which the world, the political or public world in which I am concerned, can have nothing to do, so let it be unrecorded among the transactions of my career, which you have undertaken to set down.'

Cavendish himself started at this; for, though his master knew that he kept account of all the events of his life, and employed himself in making memoranda of what happened in the course of his secretaryship, he rather desired to record that day, above all others, as one in which his master *shone with the most conspicuous splendor.*

'What would my lord have me say of this day?'



'Simply that I kept at home all the day. I have little stomach for the company of princes, Cavendish, but I shall be glad of thine.

'Ah! Mr. Secretary, the King has taken what he gave me, and he is welcome to it, for it is his own; and in my hands it has suffered no injury. My gold and silver is kept clean, and is fit for a king's table. But I have many things for thee to do, my worthy secretary, before we meet at our mid-day meal. You have made out a true inventory of all in my house?'

'Of everything, my master.'

'Good, then, make a true copy thereof. I give thee the things thou didst ask for, the handsome gold box in which the seals of my office are preserved; enter it not into the inventory.

'I give thee, also, Henry the Seventh's purse, which he gave to his poor almoner; and if all he gave with it had not long been handed over to his son, thou, Cavendish, shouldst have had it with its store. Note it not, but let it be a bauble preserved for the Royal Giver's sake. Henry VIII. will not leave me any memorial of himself but the remembrance of my long service.

'But tell me, Cavendish, didst thou ever see easier, gentler, or more graceful dignity in woman, than in the person of that lady now a guest in our house?'

'I never did, my lord: I thought so when I saw her, long before your arrival, nay, when she supported her father in Canon Street Prison. She is a gem of inestimable value. A princess in right of herself, at the same time that she is a servant to her husband.'

'On my word, Mr. Secretary, if the ladies knew what a discernor thou wert of true feminine dignity, they would perhaps strive to comport themselves with great carefulness before so nice a critic.'

'They would, therefore, assuredly fail, my lord; for when females try so much, or make so great an effort to appear what they ought to be in our eyes, it is a sign that they attempt to be what they really are not. The Lady Latimer has no such finesse about her. She is all she seems to be, and tries not for a moment to assume to be thought anything of. Her carriage is simplicity, the bearing of innocence; and in my eye she is handsomer, far handsomer, than Anne Boleyn.'

'Hush! this is treason as well as flattery in my house.'

and if reported, might disgrace thee. Thou art not yet sufficiently noble game for royal arrows to be shot at. Time, however, may come, when aim may be taken at thyself. A nobler quarry is at present in view.

‘But I am glad, still, that this dear lady has attractions even for thy younger eye. Thou shalt hear her converse, Cavendish; I heard it when I was your age, when it resembled the notes of a golden-strung lyre, and my young heart could respond to its song. Alas! alas! I am now like a broken harp, without one chord of love and harmony!’

‘Say not so, my lord; I have ever found you sweetness and gentleness personified.’

‘Go, Cavendish, prepare thyself. We meet at noon.’

At noon they all met.

The banquet-hall was spread with taste. No lords, no squires, no gentlemen-ushers, no display of courtly greatness.

Wolsey received his friends without any attempt to overwhelm them with magnificence. His condescension alone was overwhelming, for even De Freston could not be insensible to the delicacy shown upon this occasion, when the man at whose table nobles were accustomed to learn politeness, was himself so polite as to dispense with all display of nobility, that De Freston might be duly honored.

Cavendish alone participated in the unaffected pleasure of these friends. It was a banquet of love, a revival of days gone by. The Cardinal, his master, shone in a new light as the conqueror of himself.

The subject of conversation turned upon chivalry, the deeds and exploits of the tournament, the banners of the nobility, the arms, quarters, crests of the distinguished of the past and the existing day; and Wolsey said—

‘I was once a gallant knight, Ellen De Freston was my mistress, and a savage mastiff my opponent; I had an ox shin-bone for my weapon, and a good courage, steady hand, and a righteous cause of action. Did I, or did I not, acquit myself valiantly?’

‘No knight could ever do better execution. Did not the lady bestow her guerdon?’

‘He was too proud to claim it, father,’ replied Ellen.

‘Then he will claim it now, fair lady; and in the presence of thy husband, too; and he himself shall not deny thee the honor of the grant.’

All looked astonishment; Ellen alone smiled, for she knew the courteous propriety of that delicate hospitality

which could not ask a thing it would be unbecoming a lady's love to grant.

'I grant it thee, Wolsey, and with gratitude, for I can never forget the gallantry of that day, nor do I fail to acknowledge the compliment in this. Name it, and I will assuredly grant it.'

'Thou seest my coat-of-arms : my crest is now a Cardinal's hat ; but, with thy permission, a naked arm, (for I was never a mail-clad warrior) a naked arm, bearing a shin-bone, shall surmount that hat in commemoration of our mention of the event in thy presence in York Place.'

'I cannot fail to grant it ; but promise me this, that over the portal of my favorite tower, I may place thine arms so surmounted, in the hope that thou wilt honor yet again our Freeston Tower.'

The Cardinal sighed. His nature could not but be grateful, nor his spirit otherwise than courteous. He felt the compliment and replied—

'I fear the latter cannot be ; I must go where the King orders me, for I am his servant ; but believe me, Lady, once to see the Tower again, and to feel as I now do, would be a happiness, I fear, too great for Cardinal Wolsey.

'Ipswich is in my heart : I received the rudiments of education there, and its refinements in the company of thee and of thy father.

'My friend Latimer knows well that the strong shin-bone was in my view all the days of his residence at Oxford, and only when I returned from the ceremony of thy marriage, did I drop it into the river from Magdalen Bridge.

'The memory, however, of thy kindness shall not be lost ; I will send thee a nobly-sculptured coat-of-arms to be placed over the gateway of Freeston Castle. Nay, lady, I have one nearly completed for my college at St. Peter's. It shall even precede thee on thy way homeward, and I will soon forward the additional appendage to surmount the Cardinal's hat.'

These things led to all the local points of memory—in which the Cardinal showed a gratitude of heart to which, for years, he had been thought to be a stranger—his inquiries after friends, his naming many who had been kind to him, the very boys whom he remembered at school.

This led to a long discussion about his college, the suppression of the monasteries, the death of John of Alnesborne, and last, not least, his hours at Freeston Tower.

Upon this theme he seemed to dwell with all the fervor of imagination which he possessed in his youth ; and, would time have permitted, he would have talked of Latimer's Tower and Magdalen until morning.

But his old friend, Latimer, observed that the spirit of sorrow seemed to steal over his brow ; and, from excessive vivacity, a sober but delicate mournfulness came upon him. His voice, though always soft, became gradually painful, and one of those early visitations, to which his great mind was subject, oppressed him.

Nothing can be more infectious than melancholy, especially when exhibited in a great man ; and though Wolsey endeavored to shake it off, it so completely subdued him, that he became silent, thoughtful, and abstracted.

Latimer and Cavendish knew his mood ; but De Freston and Ellen, whose hearts were touched to pity, felt the change.

'My dear friends,' said the Cardinal, 'I have enjoyed your society, but I must say farewell. I feel an oppression—a swimming of the brain—a dizziness to which I am subject, and I must retire.'

'O, Wolsey!' said De Freston, 'let me thank you for this hospitality. I am not insensible to your kindness. Proud should I be to see you again in Suffolk. Let me hope you will visit your college and me.'

'I thank you, good nobleman. My college there, unless the royal Henry shall regard it, will, I fear, be neglected. Your proffered hospitality I do not think I shall tax ; but my friend Cavendish, if ever you should have the opportunity of paying him any attention, I shall greet it as in memory of myself.

'I will forward you on your way to-morrow ; and when, a few months hence, you hear of the Cardinal and his altered fortunes, bespeak him kindly for old friendship's sake.

'I can see a host of enemies arising, backed by the King, like his huntsman and hounds in pursuit of a poor stricken hart. Cavendish, do the duties of hospitality for me.

'Dear friends, farewell !'

With dignity and gentleness combined, the great Wolsey pressed respectfully the hand of Ellen, and cordially those of De Freston and Latimer, and left them to think of him, and to mourn over his fate.

'Twas the last day of meeting, and they part—
Reader, thou hast some gentleness of heart—
Forgive poor Ellen if she wept alone,
To see his altered mien, his altered tone.
We love our early days, our friends of youth,
When all seems loveliness and joy of truth.
So let us love, in sorrow and in shade,
For love is lasting and will never fade.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE FALL.

WHEN great men fall, the world is sure to talk of it for a long time. Ages after ages remember the prostrate and over-grown tree, whilst hundreds and thousands of minor bulk may lie upon the earth, and no one think anything more about them. The sapling may be snapt in the gale, but the oak—the majestic oak—is not thrown down without a tempest.

Nor was the great Cardinal overthrown without a revolution in the conduct and affairs of that prince and kingdom which he had so faithfully served. Even the clergy of the realm felt their portion of degradation in the loss of that representative, who, notwithstanding his extravagance, had certainly their temporal interest at heart.

Could Wolsey have returned with De Freston, an independent man, or dependent upon that early friendship which had no political or selfish interest in his career, he might have enjoyed the spirit of his youth upon the banks of the Orwell; and, had the enlightened Ellen been as she was in his early ambitious days of distinction, the incentive would have outweighed all the terrors of a king's frown, and he would have become a great man in his retirement.

But he went to York. There he shone as the friend of his clergy in a more subdued, but far more pleasant light. He was treated everywhere with courtesy, and had not jealousy, animosity, and inveterate hatred been exercised to turn the King's mind against him, he would have become a far greater man than he had ever before been; for he might have learnt contentment.

But Ellen returns to her mansion in Brook Street; and De Freston is restored to his ancient castle. Friends from

far came to meet them, as they returned, and to congratulate them upon the successful issue of that fiery trial.

Few escaped the inquisitorial court, which then sat upon heretics, as the reformers were called; and if they escaped without any falling away, or retraction of the position of truth which they held, their escape was attended with a triumph among the people, almost as great as if they had suffered martyrdom.

Bilney was never happy when he escaped from the first trial of his faith, until the spirit, the conscientious spirit of truth returned to him again, and told him it was better to suffer for the truth's sake, than to live in the favor and indulgences of sinful Rome.

Lord De Freston was happy, because he had compromised nothing, consented to no abjuration of his vows, and came home as he went up, a faithful Protestant.

There was great rejoicing at Ipswich, where, at that time, his trial was looked upon as a persecution; and every one who had imbibed anything of the growing love for truth, felt that his return was a species of victory obtained in righteousness. It had the desired effect of strengthening De Freston in his views of the truth, and afforded a forcible lesson to some then wavering in their minds, concerning the fearful consequences of embracing the truth.

The very return of De Freston caused Bilney's sorrow to be the greater, and this noble friend was one who deeply lamented with him his departure from the convictions of his soul for the mere sorrows of the world.

Better, far better, is it to stand firm, or die in a righteous cause, boldly confronting the king of terrors, with faith, than to deny, for the fancied sake of peace, the real convictions of truth.

De Freston had the strength and privilege to condole with Bilney upon his lapse, and grace to fortify his mind with the love of that Word, in which he afterwards sealed his triumph by martyrdom.

It was not to be expected that the return of De Freston, and his now public profession of the doctrines of the reformers, should be the entrance upon a life of worldly tranquillity. He was a marked man, a man against whom bigoted tongues wagged loud and long; and, as he was a learned man, and a fearless one as well, as far as regarded *any temporal punishment* for his faith, he hesitated not to *set all the priests of Rome at defiance, and to dispute with*

any one of them concerning the doctrines of the reformation. His son-in-law, Latimer, was equally zealous in the defence of the truth, and exposed himself to all the fury of the times in which he lived.

'We must not shrink, Ellen,' he exclaimed, 'in our high position; we must still do our endeavors to shelter those poor clergymen in this town who stand up for the truth; and as long as my house can be the shelter for the persecuted, I feel happy, and I trust my dear Ellen does the same.'

'That she does, William, notwithstanding all the accusations she receives of deserting the Romish Church in which she was first brought up. You need not be afraid, my husband, after such an example as our dear father afforded us, when summoned to the conference in London, that I should shrink.

'I saw then, and loved his dignified and truthful demeanor, in the presence of those whom weaker minds would have feared. But I like not his living alone at Freston Castle. He grows old, and though his dear grey locks are a crown of glory to him, and his eye is not yet dim, nor his intellect abated in its wonted energies, bodily infirmities bend his gentle head, and he requires, I think, our constant residence with him.

'I cannot bear the idea of such a father being without our company. We may be useful here in promoting every good cause, but nature in the aged requires attention, and to whom can he look for love, piety, and respect, if not to his children? I propose, Latimer, that we leave our present residence, and if our father is willing, that we go to Freston.'

It was so agreed, and the faithful couple returned to dwell with Lord De Freston, who, though he had never asked it, was delighted at the mutual proposition of his children, to make abode with him in his old days. For a short time did the joys of their former years dwell with them, and a peaceful state marked the latter life of this excellent man, Lord De Freston.

Again the dear tower, the haunt of their youth, and Latimer's own project, became the place of their reading and converse; and hence issued many of those awakening epistles of the times which led to the enlightenment of not a few of the strenuous reformers of Ipswich and Bury.

The press of Master Antony Skolloker, and that of

Master John Owen, showed up the monks of Bury, all the fooleries of the priests of Rome, and all the mal-practices and arbitrary doings of the diocese of Norwich. John Bale, the friend of Latimer, here wrote his '*Catalogus, Scriptorum Illustrium Britanniae*,' which he afterwards published at Ipswich.

It was in the month of December, 1530, when the log was burning on the old hall-fire, and the venerable De Freston was seated between his lovely daughter and Latimer, that a conversation arose concerning their friend the Cardinal. They were speaking of his greatness; of his altered condition, his residence and usefulness at York; when the warder's bell rang, and a young man was announced as desirous to see Lord De Freston.

He was welcomed into the hall, accoutred according to the times, in immense riding boots, long spurs, and stout leathern jerkin. The stranger bowed respectfully to the party, and looked up, as if he thought they would have recognised his features and guessed his communication; for he was, in the fashion of that day, dressed with a mourning scarf; and if these did not speak for him, the sober, grave, and mournful manner of his speech awoke in Ellen the first suspicion of his message, and then a recognition of his face, for she exclaimed—

'Thou art the bearer of ill-tidings of thy master.'

'Alas, lady! I am, indeed—my master is no more.'

'Is Wolsey dead, good Master Cavendish?'

'He is dead, good Lord De Freston, and he often said to me, that I should find in thee a good man and true; a friend with whom I might awhile assuage that grief which now afflicts me.'

'And so thou shalt; but take thy jerkin off. Good Latimer, attend for me on Master Cavendish, and bring him presently unto us again.'

Cavendish and Latimer retired, and when Lord De Freston looked at Ellen, she was weeping. The old man was touched, and spake most gently of him.

'We must not weep, my daughter, for the dead. Let us rather rejoice that all the agonies of his life are over.'

'In that I may, perhaps I do, rejoice, but we must hear more of his latter days to make me feel as hopeful for his future happiness as I could wish. He was a youth of promise, father; a wise, a discerning youth. I cannot forget the early devotion of his life to our society, when he

appeared to possess a freedom which was then bidding fair to be untrammelled by superstition. I think of him then, dear father, and I wonder if this spirit of his youth revived in him during his last days.'

'We shall hear more of this anon. I loved his youth; I loved his learning too, my child. I admire many of his acts; but I fear he was unmerciful towards those who differed with him. But let us hear what Master Cavendish says. We must all depart. You must lose your father, too.'

This changed the current of Ellen's thoughts, and she wept no more, but spoke cheerfully to her parent—making a generous effort to divert any gloominess from his mind.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE COURTIER.

'BUT here comes the faithful Cavendish; he will tell us more of the real state of our dear friend's mind, and how he took the king's displeasure.'

That faithful servant, who admired and loved his master and attended him diligently, and did his business as his secretary so faithfully that Wolsey would gladly have preferred him before a better master, entered the hall with Latimer.

He had changed his riding costume for one adapted to the age when the luxurious warmth of sofas, cushions, and couches was unknown, and, in general, a high-backed, elaborately-carved chair, with good, firm, oaken seat, was the ornamental place of the guest before the cheerful blaze of the English fire.

One of Daundy's bloodhounds lay at De Freston's feet; smooth with velvet ears, long and shining, not so pendent as those of the old slot hound; but equally tinged with that black rim so indicative of the true breed.

He was a dog of most grave countenance, and except when put upon the scent, or at play with Ellen's young staghound, exhibited about as much animation as Van Amburg's lions when their master was not near them.

He opened his huge eyes as Cavendish seated himself

and looked at him as if a courtier was a strange animal in De Freston's hall.

'Be seated, my young friend; a cup of posset after your ride will do you good.'

It was brought, and as exercise in that day in the shape of a journey was a much more difficult and stirring thing than it is now, when a man can breakfast in London from Ipswich and dine again at the same place he started from without using his legs or his horse's legs for a hundred yards, it was so much the more relished, and gave the generous Cavendish comfort.

'I have been five days journeying from the court. I have been many, many more journeying from the North, and glad am I, after some weeks of anxiety, to find myself a tenant of this hospitable hall. My gracious master used frequently to tell me I should enjoy the beauties of your pleasant scenery.'

'Not exactly at this time of the year, Master Cavendish, unless you are particularly partial to wild fowl shooting; but you shall want for nothing which we can give you to make you welcome. How fared your master in his latter end?'

'Alas! not so well as I could have wished. His latter hours were greatly disturbed by the king's suspicions of his fraudulent dealing with regard to fifteen hundred pounds! which sum my master had borrowed of divers persons to pay us, his poor servants.'

'How did that disturb him?'

'He took it deeply to heart, that, having given up all he possessed, whatsoever had come to him from his position in the realm, that the King should show so little favor to him as to demand of him that which he had borrowed from private individuals.'

'Alas, poor Wolsey!' exclaimed De Freston, 'what is the favor of a prince worth? He gives thee honors and wealth, and takes them from thee, and robs thee in thy poverty.'

'Hush! my Lord De Freston. I am now the King's servant!'

'I am no traitor to the king, nor do I wish to speak treasonable, but truthful words to thee, Master Cavendish. Thy royal master seems to have been much too hard upon thy spiritual master. Deny it if thou canst.'

'I deny it not; for I heard that honest man say to Sir William Kingston: "Oh, good Lord! how much doth it

grieve me, that the king should think in me any such deceit wherein I should deceive him of any one penny that I have. Rather than I would, Master Kingston, embezzle, or deceive him of one penny, I would it were moulten and put in my mouth. This money that you demand of me, I assure you that it is none of mine, for I borrowed it of divers of my friends to bury me, and to bestow among my servants, who have taken great pains about me like true and faithful servants.”’

‘I cannot help thinking that thy royal master showed more avarice than love in this matter.’

‘Alas! I think so too, in honest truth, my lord; for though, when I told the king how earnestly my master blessed him, yet did he seem more anxious about his money than his blessing. But kings must not be judged like other men.’

‘Not in their generation, Master Cavendish; but posterity will not spare a bad man, though he be a king. Your poor master found but little reward for his services to his Majesty, or to his country. He had better not have been ambitious of vain glory.’

‘Alas! my master’s memorable words will sound on many ears as proverbial of every minister of temporal power, who thinks he may exalt himself by infidelity to God, if he be but eminent for his loyalty. I am sure my master was a most loyal subject—a most obedient subject. He hated rebellion in any shape.’

‘But hold!’ said Latimer, ‘his ambition destroyed his principles, and he became a mere time-serving minister of the State, when he ought to have been, with his holy vows, the free servant of the living God.’

‘It is true, Master Latimer, it is too true, and hence his dying conviction—common to all ambitious servants who seek to reign by their master’s favor—for my master exclaimed to Sir William Kingston: “If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure.”’

‘It is a lesson to us all,’ said Ellen, ‘and thou, Master Cavendish, wilt remember it, and I trust wilt save thy conscience in this respect, not putting too high a value on thy *new station*.’

'I thank thee, lady. It is good for me to come into this country that I may be admonished by such a kind lecturer against the precipice down which my master fell so rapidly. I thank thee, lady, honestly.'

'Nay, thou art welcome, Mr. Courtier, and I trust we shall see thee better rooted in thy faith than courtiers generally are, who accommodate their opinions so nicely to their master's will, that they have no conscience but for their master's pleasures.'

'Good again! indeed thou art good in thy advice; but thou must not expect to make me an heretic!'

This was tender ground to touch upon, at such a moment, and in a first visit too. Ellen had lain too long under the ban of being called and cursed as a heretic, to mind what kings or courtiers might say or do.

Her faith was fixed, pure, simple-minded, solid, and steady, and no man could make her waver any more in her faith than they could in her principles of life.

They conversed long on their favorite topic—the Cardinal and his fortunes, his boyhood and his youth—and Cavendish was then enlightened upon many points which he might most fairly have revealed, and would have done, but for fear of his royal master.

'Tempora mutanta, et nos mutamur in illis.'

We are not, in the nineteenth century, afraid to speak truth upon any subject, and equally scorn the imputation of rebellion in so doing, as we do the idea of vapid popularity, merely for the sake of bread. We do not now-a-days worship great men for the sake of what we can get out of them; for there is little to be had, even by the humblest, since patronage, and learning, and talent, and literature, are all brought now to Mammon's hammer.

He is a bold man who speaks the truth, and he is but a coward, be he whom he will, who is afraid to do so. The man who loves another, is afraid of no man, for he can do injury to no one, and is ready to lay down his life for his brother.

Such was Lord De Freston, such was William Latimer, and such was Ellen, as the sequel will show, in the end of this tale of Freston Tower.

'Alice De Clinton,' said Cavendish, 'lives somewhere in this part of Suffolk. Have you seen her?'

'Is it likely, Master Cavendish, after our interview at York Place? She does live at her ancestral residence, Gold-

well Hall; but she looks down with utter contempt upon us heretics, and I verily believe would burn us all, house, home, and Bible, provided only she could immortalise her pride.'

'Oh, Mistress Latimer! surely thou art uncharitable in thy judgment.'

'If thou art not perverted in thine own, thou wilt thyself soon perceive it. We will direct thee to her dwelling, and leave thee to the candor of thine own mind. If thou dost pronounce her more humbled in her present dwelling than when she abode in thy master's palace, then say that we are bigots, and Alice De Clinton is liberal.'

The visit was projected for the morrow. Meanwhile, with hearts of pity, Latimer and Ellen sincerely mourned over the death of Cardinal Wolsey.

They mourn'd to think a man should die
In sorrow for his loyalty;
But more they mourned the fall of friend,
Deserted in his latter end;
They felt correction 'neath the rod,
And thus were true to man and God.'

CHAPTER XLVI.

GOLDWELL HALL.

GOLDWELL Hall, Caldwell Hall, or, as it was afterwards designated on account of the frigidity of its stern and haughty bigot, Mistress Alice De Clinton, Cold Hall, was a spacious building, and stood upon an imposing eminence at the eastern boundary of Ipswich, being held by the Bishop of Norwich, as guardian of his niece, and afterwards appropriated to religious purposes by its proud possessor.

It was there that, in the times of the persecution of the Protestants in Suffolk, many of those furious zealots who sat in conclave upon the Reformers used to meet and deliberate upon the best method of putting an end to the growing errors of enlightenment.

Alice De Clinton had, like many haughty favorites, learned to hate the unfortunate Wolsey, when she found herself no longer supported in the dignity of her imperial influence in his house.

Alice retired from the splendor of Wolsey's court, carried with her the keenest hatred of the Reformers, on the very account of Ellen's reception at York Place; but when she came to Goldwell Hall—when she found that Latimer, Ellen, and Lord De Freston, were the most popular friends of the heretics, and lived in Ipswich, beloved by thousands—it was said that even her cold, stern, and immoveable nature was roused to rage, and she exclaimed—

‘The fire shall burn them or me!’

Strange language for a high-born dame; but in those days, as in these, unsubdued tempers, fed by superstition, will be guilty of any cruelties, and yet call them virtues.

Alice was a compound of hatred, such a character as can scarcely be seen now-a-days; she would have pricked the dead tongue of Ellen with a savage joy, could she have had it plucked out and laid before her whilst she had a bodkin in her hand.

She fed hatred in her own bosom very willingly, and the insidious priests of Rome found her hall so cold to anything like love, that they could induce her to believe and almost to do anything they bade her.

Rome was an idol in her heart, because it suited the pride of her nature. The religion of Rome, which was corrupted so as to exalt the Virgin Mary into being styled the Queen of Heaven, was easily adapted to make a proud woman believe she was a sort of queen upon earth.

The elevation it gave to female influence in the affairs of the church—the pretended excellence which it attributed to female devotion, when carried to external self-denials, instead of inward humility—all tended to puff up the owner of Goldwell Hall, and make her conceive that she had more influence in the church than the bishop, and much more dignity than if she had gone to Winton.

She was closeted with Father Mortimer Duncan and Thomas Pountenay, priests of St. John the Baptist, in which chapelry stood the domain of Goldwell, and talking to them about the then unsettled state of affairs in the church; and something may be gathered very instructive from their conversation, as showing the kind of intrigue then going on under the garb of devotion.

‘Can nothing be done, father, against these pestilent heretics? Has the church lost all her power, because these infatuated people have returned from their impeachment

without conviction, through the leniency of your proud townsman, Wolsey?

'Why, though belonging to Ipswich, and associated with his youth, should he have been so weak as to spare the strong arm of Rome, when he could have crushed this monster in the person of De Freston? He has verily done more to root disaffection in his native town, by this poor weakness of his heart, than if he had boldly delivered that heretic to the flames. But can nothing be done?'

'We have been praying in our chapel, lady, beside those ever-burning candles, which thou hast so graciously presented to our Lady, and, as we looked upon the seven flames, we saw them divide; yes, lady, the burning flames of thy candles all appeared to be divided; and all on a sudden one half was, by an unseen hand, extinguished. We communed deeply upon this subject; we wondered what it could import, the more especially as we both perceived in the seven flames two illuminated letters, A. and E., just as brother Pountenay has here depicted them; what can it import?'

'Which was extinguished—which half—which letter, father?' exclaimed the proud lady, with a degree of agitation which rendered her whole frame tremulous.

'It was the letter E.'

'Now our lady be praised for that!' exclaimed the marble Alice. 'I can perceive its importance! It is sufficient confirmation for me! It will do, good father—it will do! It is a sign—yes it is a sign to me from heaven! It shall come to pass! I have long thought upon it. It has been upon my mind; and this wonder, which you both have witnessed in my candles, shall assuredly be before long revealed. Was it in both the candles?'

'It was.'

'Were both halves extinguished at each side of the altar at the same time?'

'At the same moment, lady.'

'Good! it is as I conjectured! O, Father Duncan, how wonderful are the manifestations given to the faithful! I can see its import. I know it well! It is a good omen for the Church of Rome, and it is well I understand it.'

'Thou art a wonderful prophetess, lady, we are but instruments; but if thou art enlightened from the burning of thine own sacred candles, we hope it imports only good to thee.'

'Good to me! yes, yes! good to me! It is always good to me to be employed in the service of Rome. Hark! the warder's bell announces a stranger. Go! fathers and friends Duncan and Pountenay; go! ye must require refreshment after your long matin devotion. Go into the refectory and partake of what thou wilt. My stranger's bell has answered to the porter's, so that I expect not a known friend—therefore retire.'

'It will answer, brother Duncan, it will answer! She will do it! The end justifies the means, and if it be but for the good of our fraternity, no matter though a foolish woman doth it.'

'But had we not better prompt her somehow, to let it be on a stormy night?'

'Leave that to me. I can introduce it. True, a night of thunder and lightning would be a very plausible suggestion; and it would be a good subject for us to descant upon the vengeance of Heaven against the heretics—leave it to me!'

CHAPTER XLVII.

PRIDE.

ALICE, full of A. and E., received the humble Master Cavendish in even a more cold and distant manner than he had ever seen her put on before.

'Thy master is dead? I know it! Dost thou come to claim ought of me?'

'No, lady, I want nothing; I did but think, knowing thy former interest in my poor lord, and my close attachment to his person, that some little information of his latter end might be acceptable to the Lady Alice, from her humble servant.'

'Another time it might have been. I have only one question to ask of thee: was he shriven by a priest before he died?'

'He was, by Doctor Palmes.'

'Then I ask no more. He died a Catholic.'

'He did, lady; and recommended his royal master to look well after these heretics and heresies so prevalent.'

'Then why did he not order Lord De Freston to be burnt?'

Even Cavendish, with all his knowledge of her character, little expected this; but when he afterwards heard her speak of those hospitable friends, and all connected with them, as if she would joy to see them tortured upon the rack, flayed alive, or burnt at the stake, his blood chilled within him, and he truly thought within himself: 'This is Cold Hæll indeed!'

'I ask no questions,' she added, 'of thy master's fortunes. The great Cardinal died before he departed for York. He died as soon as I left him. His was but a pitiful struggle afterwards. Had he been as firm to Rome as I would have had him, he might now have been his master's lord. But vengeance yet awaits the enemies of Rome, and weak instruments may be used for their overthrow. Are you a staunch friend to the Pope?'

This was a leading question to Cavendish, who, at that time, neither wished to be thought a heretic by denying the Supremacy of the Pope, nor to be disloyal to his new master by denying his supremacy in the visible church in matters purely temporal. But he knew well that the Papacy must have the jurisdiction of temporalities as well as spiritualities in the church, and that Alice held the foreign pontiff to be her supreme idol.

He had a difficult question to answer, but one which his tact alone could elude, so as not to create bitter animadversion against him. He therefore replied—

'The Pope, lady, has so many staunch advocates like thyself, that the friendship of such insignificant beings as I am could redound but little to his greatness. Thou, lady, art, I am sure, his warm friend, and thine influence in this neighborhood must be paramount. Has the Pope lost any power hereabouts?'

'If he has it shall be restored to him. The great patron of the divine arts, the illustrious advocate of public singers, the glorious supporter of divine architecture, the magnificent exhibitor of all that is great, noble, praiseworthy, and splendid in the worship of the Virgin, the angels, and the saints, shall not want a friend in me, though hereabouts there may want an example of fire and faggot to exterminate his enemies. Where is thine abode in these parts, Master Cavendish?'

'I am but a traveller, a visitor, a mere bearer of a message to my lord's friend.'

‘And what was it, Master Secretary, what was it? Ha! did the *little* man want anything from Alice De Clinton?’

Cavendish marvelled indeed at the hauteur of this quondam subservient mistress of the Cardinal, his master; and within his soul, faithful as it was to a kind-hearted individual who was ever gracious to him, it revolted at the contumacy with which she, the exalted lady of Wolsey’s notice, now dared to treat his memory. His memory of his master rose triumphant, and his remembrance, too, of the estimation in which Ellen was held by him came with lively impression to his mind, and he could not help punishing the haughty Alice with a declaration which he little expected she would so quickly resent.

With gratitude in his heart, a far more active agent at that moment than political prudence or cautious wisdom, he replied—

‘I am upon a visit to Lord De Freston, the Lady Ellen, and Latimer.’

The haughty lady looked as if she would annihilate him with one fierce glance of her serpent eye. She rose without forgetting for a moment that she was treating a stranger, or a former friend, in her own house. She rose stately, coolly, slowly, erected her head just as a serpent of the most stupendous kind might do previous to her all determined rush upon her victim, and something more than a hiss from her forked tongue issued from her throat:

‘Then how darest thou to tread the threshold of Goldwell Hall? Knowest thou not that between the daughters of Rome and those of the Devil there can be no alliance? and darest thou to contaminate with thy polluted feet the hall of the faithful, after having been an inmate of the tomb of an heretic?’

‘Perish, traitor, perish!—back, go back to Freston Tower! Look thence upon the birth-place of thy master; but know thou that ere another year shall sweep over the heads of those whom now thou dost call thine host, hostess, and friend, their power shall perish if they be not themselves departed.’

The very words, gesture, and cold-blooded determination of the impenetrable marble then before him, had an effect of creating a chill upon his whole frame; and he felt how truly *his friends* on the opposite bank of the Orwell had described *the being* who then stood before him.

He was so astonished at her whole bearing, that he made

no attempt to retire; and had not Alice, with inconceivable scorn, pointed to the door, and without any kind of respect bade a servant show him the way out, he would have remained even longer spell-bound by the very extravagant and extraordinary manner of the speech of Alice De Clinton.

He departed, however, with much less pleasant sensations than those with which he had entered; and as he looked back upon that solitary mansion, he exclaimed in a distich, which afterwards, years afterwards, changed the name of the place,

‘Goldwell is cold, and colder far than all
This living corpse, a tenant of Cold Hall.’

He returned to his cheerful friends at Freston, to narrate the adventure of his reception. They were not surprised at his declaration,

‘That never in the face of woman did he see so cold-blooded a feature as that of Alice De Clinton.’

Little did any of them at that time suspect the plot hatching against their peace.

It was determined that the usual festivities of Christmas should be observed by De Freston as his ancestors had done before him; and Cavendish was invited to see the tenantry of the hospitable lord do justice to the long beloved and venerated old man.

Latimer had declined living in the mansion of Humphrey Wingfield in Brook Street, Ipswich; and was looked upon as the future owner of Freston Castle and all its wide spread domain. He richly merited respect, and was as happy in the acknowledgment of every friend of De Freston and his daughter, as Albert, Prince of Great Britain, is at this moment in the hearts of Victoria’s loyal subjects. But none are without enemies.

Alice had managed to hire Wingfield House as her town residence, and strange did people think the difference between the lively possessor who left it, and the stern occupier who occasionally, with rigid cold pomp, occupied the state apartments.

It was said, however, that she intended to move into the town at Christmas, and to leave *Cold Hall* (as it is called to this day); and consequently she had wood conveyed from her own groves to the yards of the mansion, and made every preparation to have at least the rooms well warmed.

But Alice had a burning within which few knew anything of, except her father confessor, Duncan, and those priests of

Rome who worked upon her fanatic disposition. This was inflamed against all heretics, even to detest their abodes, and she had secretly resolved that the flame of Ellen—the E. of her consecrated candles—should be put out.

How this was done may be better narrated in another chapter. This is sufficient to show how weak minds may be acted upon to do deeds, under the imagination of devotion, which are abhorrent to all truth, and such as pure religion would revolt at.

‘Oh who can tell what prejudice may call
Devotion, when the devil doth enthrall?’

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PLOT.

FATHER Duncan sat in the eastern window of Goldwell Hall, on the eve of Christmas, in earnest conversation with the Lady Alice.

‘It would be a pious offering to the shrine of the Virgin, if, lady, these heretics could but receive a shock on the day of the nativity. It would carry along with it such a conviction of vengeance from on high, that all the pious in Ipswich would be moved to prayer, and all the heretics affrighted might see and know that the Papal hierarchy are supported by miraculous interference.

‘What thou dost imagine, relative to that extinction of the flame of E. in thy votive candles, must be given thee; for the application is so apposite, that nothing but supernatural suggestion could possibly have presented it to thy mind.

‘Thy devotions, Lady Alice are so intense, thy supplications to the Virgin Mary so earnest, that she compels the powers of the heavens to listen to her voice, and to grant thee thy request. The enemies of Rome must be extinguished. It is impossible that two flames should shine together with such opposite lights as heresy and faith; and that which we saw extinguished is, as thou dost premise, a sure presage of the establishment and extinction of those very powers which, in the persons of Alice and Ellen, represent the A. and E. in the flames, or Apostolic and Erroneous; a sure presage I say, most noble lady, of the

extinction of Error, and establishment of the Apostolic See.

'Ellen Latimer, the daughter of Lord De Freston, is the most subtle enemy of the Church of Rome. Her power must be extinguished in Ipswich; and what so effectual as the destruction of her mansion, and that of her ignoble and heretical father on the same night?

'It is well conceived, Lady Alice, and thou hast been quick, indeed, in the application of thy means. Those means are put into thine hand, thou needest not to be afraid, they will assuredly succeed; and we shall see a blaze both far and near which cannot fail to be convincing.'

'Oh, may they convince the impious enemies of Rome that they cannot prosper! I have well assured Abdil Foley of his reward. He has engaged to fire the wainscot in those unfrequented apartments of the castle of De Freston, which, ever since the death of Lady De Freston, have been closed, and are only occasionally visited by the lord himself.

'Abdil gains access thereto from the servant's apartments, and as he has been engaged in some repairs in that part of the building, he has conveyed thereto a quantity of shavings, and inserted them behind the panels, so that the slightest influence of fire will spread beyond the possibility of its being extinguished.

'Abdil will be among the merry-makers at the hall, and will seize his opportunity, just as he is about to leave for his own house, to go up into his son's room for his cloak. It will be at twelve o'clock. He will escape, and we must provide for him should he be suspected. None have any suspicions at the present time.

'Abdil is now in my hall, and only awaits thy promised absolution to convince you that he is a good Catholic, ready to do the bidding of any of the priests of Rome. Shall I send him unto thee, Father Duncan?'

'Do, my daughter.'

Abdil Foley was one of those weak men, but strong, resolute devotees, who pinned his faith entirely to the word of the priest, so as to take everything he told him to do as a message from heaven. He had been taught to think Lord De Freston and his daughter had changed their profession of true religion for the false one.

He had been one among others who, though a tenant of the lord of Freston, had not been disturbed from his occupa-

tion, although the minds of many around him had changed through the very wise and able exposition of the learned noble who often instructed his tenantry. He had not been dispossessed because he retained his attachment to Rome.

Having occasion frequently to visit Ipswich as a carpenter of considerable skill, he had been noticed by the priesthood for his bending his will to their suggestions, and the infatuated man had, as many before and after have done, allowed himself to be made the tool of the hierarchy to do things diametrically opposed to the Word of God.

He had found himself completely under the hand of the lady of Cold Hall, and had been so piously inspired with her spirit, that he had promised, as a religious act of faith, to set fire to his master's premises.

Father Duncan understood the character of the man the moment he saw him, and adapted his mode of address accordingly, as the profound fool entered the apartment, bowing to the very earth, as if he was entering into the presence of the Pope himself.

'Abdil, my son, thou art welcome to our presence. Come hither, that I may lay my hands upon thee, and give thee absolution. Thy resolution to serve the church of thy fathers is nobly taken, and the destruction of heretics is a duty which every true son of Rome must feel to be a privilege, as he is therein made an instrument of vengeance upon the ungodly.

'The pious lady of this mansion has informed me, that thou dost desire to have absolution from all sin in the act thou art about to perform against that pestilent heretic, Lord De Freston. We give it thee freely and absolutely, and do not only assure thee of perfect pardon for all thy past sins, but for this act thou shalt have free grace and exculpation for all sins thou mayest commit for twelve months to come.

'Therefore, my son, kneel down, that we may bless thee and strengthen thy hands by the taking of them between our own, as an assurance of their being clean from all iniquity.'

Abdil Foley knelt with the most profound submission, closed the palms of his hands as if they were two boards glued together, and inserted them with reverence between the opening palms of Father Duncan.

No wonder that he should be elevated by the imposition. The terms were such as the greatest villain who had any

faith in Rome might conscientiously accept, and proceed, as Abdil did, to put in practice the most diabolical act under the pretence of doing God's service.

He returned to Freston seven times more infatuated and diabolical than he had ever before been. The poor fellow was of a naturally kind-hearted, easy temper, but was weak, ignorant, and easily imposed upon; just such as the priests of that day sought for to do the work they dared not themselves perform.

Everything was arranged, but too successfully, for the destruction of Lord De Freston's castle, and the late residence of Ellen, his daughter, in the centre of Ipswich, so long belonging to the Wingfields. Abdil had been made instrumental in the latter as well as the former, under the pretence of being employed about some repairs; so that he was in the plot, and sworn to secrecy.

We shall see, however, that if vengeance inflicted by man is suffered to prevail for a moment, it recoils upon the head of the perpetrator, even when he is seeking the ruin of the innocent. How awful were the intrigues of those days! Truth requires no intrigue, certainly no violence, to defend it. It is so calm and exalted above passion, that it scorns alike to put in force absolute cruelty, as it does absolute condemnation or acquittal.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FOOL.

CHRISTMAS DAY of that memorable year in which Cardinal Wolsey died, came with its usual festivities; which in every house were exercised in a greater or less degree, according to their means.

In De Freston's domain, it had ever been a day of the gathering of his tenantry into the great hall, when the bringing in the great log, the boar's head, and the largest buck which could be shot, as hereditary customs, were observed.

Upon the present occasion, it was, if possible, a more than common festivity, particularly on account of the great age of the proprietor, whose birthday was on Christmas Day, and he had now attained the great age of *eighty-eight years*.

The old Baron was as fine a specimen of an Englishman as ever walked into his hall. He retained the fire of his eye on that very day with the vigor of a man whose intellect was less impaired than his body.

It was a memorable Christmas Day for every one connected with the house of Freston—memorable, as will be seen, for its festive character; memorable for its local events, and for the destruction of the two most stately mansions which at that period graced the banks of the Orwell. But though it was a day of rejoicing to many, it was, as it ever will be, a day of woe to some.

All were happy in and around the hospitable mansion. Cavendish saw such a body of happy Suffolk yeomen meeting at the foot of Freston Tower, that he declared, if ever his fortunes enabled him to do so, he would become a Suffolk man.

From far and near all were assembled, and Ellen, more than usually happy and active, was here, there, and everywhere among her parent's tenants, interchanging, exchanging, and changing hands, words, and deeds, as became a lady of her distinction and qualities of head and heart.


What a pity that ever a cloud should have arisen to change the sunny smiles and cheerful welcomes of that happy Christmas Day.

It often happens in terrestrial things that at the very moment of our utmost felicity, when the cup of social enjoyment is at its highest point, touching the very lips of him who is ready to taste the draught, then an unforeseen blow prostrates, in a moment, all the excitement, pleasure, and enjoyment of that mortal delight in which we had been engaged.

This may be very beneficial to us all; but it is at the time confessedly severe, and it is only calm reflection, gradual wisdom, and gently sustained grace that lifts the broken-hearted to the calmer wisdom of acquiescence in the wisdom of the wise Disposer of all things.

Stoicism may harden a man's heart to such a degree, that his philosophical mind may become indifferent to almost everything; and a species of fatalism may usurp all tenderness, nature, affection, and every quality of enjoyment with which God has gifted our souls and bodies.

But stoicism, thank God, is not the Christian's creed, who looks to the law and the testimony, and the love of God for all his creatures, but most of all for man, for whom God has



himself made a sacrifice, such as angels who are not partakers thereof can scarcely describe; such as souls, lost and found, can, indeed, only appreciate.

Oh, let me be the poorest fly of the sunbeam, thankful for the warmth of heavenly rays which expand my wings, rather than the chilly tenant of the gloomy, tomb-like monastery, which can only be made warm by artificial means, and then gives neither confidence nor comfort to the heart. One ray of love is worth twenty thousand torches, though they might cast a glare of light upon a murky night. One ray of love, of the daylight from on high, shall put into darkness all the candles of the altars of superstition, though they may burn with national devotion through the largest empires of the world.

So the heaviness of a sudden blow coming unexpectedly upon a Christian may cast him down for a night, but not for ever. God feels for him who can feel for others, and will lift him up from his fall, and restore him to the light.

These may be comforting words to some and foreboding ones to others, and they who read this narrative may be trembling on the breath of suspense, knowing what is coming in the course of the description, and may imagine this work is to end in the dismal sorrow of some dreadful catastrophe.

An unhappy, a designedly mischievous, and wicked act did transpire; but he whom it was meant to injure never knew the enemy that caused it; and, as we shall presently see, she whom it was hoped might be consumed, or overwhelmed with the terror of the conflagration, was so engrossed with a nobler, deeper, and more heartfelt grief, that even the destruction of all her houses would have been a cypher compared with it. The blow which divine wisdom gives carries along with it its own cure, it is to be healed by the word of wisdom; but the blow which enemies give us, wound only themselves.

The Christmas festivities of the park of De Freston were observed out of doors and in with all the usual demonstrations of temporal rejoicing. The landlord's presents were made on this day to his tenants.

New stuff gowns to good wives, new suits of liveries to all retainers, new swords to the defenders of the castle, new books to the learned, new hats, shoes, coats, jerkins, stockings, caps, woollens, and all the variety of household comforts, to the cottagers and peasantry of the domain.

All were invited to the baronial mansion, where the yule log burnt upon the open hearth, and such a blaze ascended, as lighted up every portion of the great hall without the aid of lamps.

Lord De Freston, with his faithful bloodhounds at his heels, and his loving daughter by his side, stood again, though for the last time, in the hall of his ancestors, a cheerful spectator of his tenantry and people.

The old man most devoutly blessed the fare which a bountiful Providence had supplied, and heartily wished all he saw to be good and happy.

It was not the fashion in that day to have riotous cheering in the company of the ladies, but vivid respect was not the less visible on every countenance as the party walked around the well-spread board, attentive to the wants of individuals as if they felt they were their own children.

'Abdil Foley,' said the Lady Ellen, as she happened to look at him in the face, 'you do not seem happy to-day; has any misfortune come upon you or your family? I have observed you eating nothing, and you wear dejection in your countenance. Come Abdil, if you have any grief at heart, let your mistress share it with you.'

Abdil could give no answer; he was not a man of strong mind, or insensible to natural kindness, nor was he able to conceal the uncomfortable state of his heart, in the midst of the enjoyment, the festive mirth, he saw around him. He was a weak man, and a wicked one as well, as far as perpetrating a deed in prospective intention could make him wicked.

His position, at that moment, was by no means an enviable one. Conscious of the action he was fully determined to perform, and sworn to the most inviolate secrecy upon the occasion, nothing but the terrors of imposition could keep him silent, or resolute in his undertaking.

He had hoped to have managed to conceal, in the bustle of the festivities, his wicked designs, even from the torment of his own heart; but the excited spirit could not do otherwise than think of his absorbing action, which he was to perpetrate; and, until he had done it, the very hours, the very faces, the very dishes, the very exercises, all appeared to him insipid.

He could not rest; others laughed at the various oddities of the accomplished Reuben Styles, the buffoon of the day; but he, if he smiled, was so insensible to anything like

merriment, that he looked as if he condemned whilst he permitted the frolic of the jester.

He answered not the Lady Ellen, but hung down his head in dogged silence, until she called Reuben Styles to her, and, with an air of pleasantry, said—

‘Reuben, look at Abdil Foley, and tell me what is the matter with him.’

With vast pomposity and affected knowledge, Reuben sprang forward, seized the hand and beard of the patient, and at once exclaimed: ‘Verily, lady, he hath a devil to contend with. He is a black one too—a fiery one also—and I would not be in the same house with him to-night for all the world!’

In another moment the fool fell prostrate on the floor, and struck his head, in falling, so forcibly against the column of the balcony which surrounded the hall, that he was stunned to stupefaction and sick, and was forced to be carried out of the merry company into the air.

Lord De Freston was angry, and justly accused Abdil of great cruelty to the tolerated and flattered buffoon, whose lot it was seldom to meet with such treatment, as all men took what he said with good-nature.

‘Thou hast been severe, Abdil: my daughter will not readily forgive thee for this!’

‘I don’t care if she don’t,’ was the uncourteous reply.

‘Why didst thou do it?’

‘Because the fellow took me by the beard, and told me I had a devil.’

‘Of which thou hast given abundant proof in thy devilish deed, in nearly knocking out his brains.’

‘Then his brains should be in their proper place.’

There was a general dissatisfaction at the conduct of Abdil Foley, both towards the courteous Lady Ellen and her father, and many were the rebuffs which this unhappy man received upon that merry Christmas Day.

He took all these things as many infatuated people do—as sufferings for conscience’ sake—a strange species of self-deception which a deluded creature, in every age, has called a conscientious suffering.

Nothing else, however, than the impious persuasion, and the false oath he had taken to destroy De Freston’s mansion, could have worked upon his temper and disposition, so as literally to make him an object of disaffection in the hall of *his master*.

That good man, though he did not approve the behaviour of the mechanic, had he been indeed of a despotic disposition, would have banished him from his associates on that festive occasion, and not have borne with his surliness, and certainly not have begged of others to do the same.

He and his daughter left the hall to see after their poor man of wit, who was carried into the air, and was reviving from the blow he had received. There was a wonderful elasticity of character about Reuben Styles. He was not a privileged mischief-maker, and, though full of fun, he very seldom said anything to wound the feelings of any one.

Yet he was attached to Lord De Freston and Ellen, and he felt that Abdil's surliness, sullenness, and downcast manner at such a time, must result from ill-humor of mind or body. He looked at him therefore earnestly, to see if some bodily ailment might not afflict him; but, discovering no symptom for the skill of the leech, he easily concluded the man must have some ill-will rancoring in his heart, which prevented his enjoying the Christmas Day as others did.

When Lord De Freston inquired good-humoredly after him, saying: 'Reuben, Reuben! you have had a hard hit to-day.'

The man replied, 'And so will you, good lord, before night.'

'How so, Reuben?'

'Because when a man strikes master's fool, I'm sure it is not anything but hatred of his master which makes him hit so hard.'

'He can have no cause to hate me, Reuben; I never injured him.'

'So much the worse fellow he. He did not hate me. A few days ago I could say anything to him; but I suspect I spoke truth to him, good master, and the devil hates truth; he hath therefore a devil within him which knocked me down, and I wish that may be the worst mischief in him to-day. I feel better, good master, ready to return. I must join the sports within the hall.'

So the poor fellow came in again; but was observed to be very much shaken, and not so lively as he had been.

'Yet there rejoiced he many eyes,
To see the fool still looking wise;
And well it was that he could see
With such a stunn'd capacity;
And yet he saw, with open eyes,
Enough to give them all surprise.'

CHAPTER L.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

IN the midst of the festivities of Christmas, when the various out-door rustic frolics, such as breaking the stoutest stick, sliding the farthest on a piece of ice, snow-balling, tracking the hider, and building up the snow man to be shot at, had passed away, and the song and the dance within the mansion were beginning to soften all hearts, a beggar was announced by the porter, as desirous of partaking of the crumbs of the lord's table.

'Make way for the traveller!' was the immediate order of De Freston; 'let the weary-footed man walk in. Go, several of you, and assist him hither. We shall enjoy ourselves the more, the more free the hospitality we offer.'

An old man, with grey, straight, silken locks, came in, supported by others, almost perished from cold; and with shivering limbs and weeping eyes, he was placed near the crackling fire. He sat down, or was rather assisted to be seated, when, opening his eyes, the first thing he fixed them upon was the now animated face of De Freston's bloodhound.

That animal had become on a sudden wide awake, and his full, piercing, lion-like eye, was no longer dull, heavy, and torpid. The dog's whole frame became animated, and he growled with a most discontented grumble at the attention shown to the beggar.

The man was, as most well-initiated beggars are, well versed in words, both of complaint, entreaty, thankfulness, and murmuring, and knew how to adapt his speech to the company he was in. The very instant, however, that he spoke in such a plaintive interceding way, Saracen, the bloodhound, gave such a deep-toned, dissatisfied bark, that, had a lion roared in the hall, the people could not have been more effectually startled.

It had the effect of turning all eyes upon the beggar, who assuredly was more disturbed at the confronting stare of the bloodhound, than at the scrutiny of any of the company before him. His was no dissembled terror at the dog, for

he evidently betrayed such a fear of him, both in word and deed, that the Lord De Freston was compelled either to remove the beggar from the dog, or the dog from the beggar.

The latter appeared the most hospitable step, and the one most satisfactory to the beggar, who smiled when he saw his dreaded enemy led off to his kennel. That enemy, however, could not be taken away without giving such an indication of his displeasure as, but for the interference of De Freston, would probably have been of the most serious consequence; for, as the two keepers came to lead him away, before they had fairly secured them, he flew at the beggar, and rolled him off his seat in a moment, and then looked at his master as if for instructions to destroy him.

De Freston struck the dog, who gave such a piteous howl, as pierced the very extreme recesses of the castle, and so touched the heart of Ellen that she flew to soothe her favorite, and succeeded. She, in fact, led him away from the victim of his rage.

There were many in that hall who looked upon the circumstance as ominous of calamity, though the Lord De Freston, despising all such old wives' fables, was above any superstitions of the kind.

The fool, however, though not superstitious, saw something abhorrent in the beggar, and resolved to keep his eye upon him; for he said to himself: 'There are many strangers here to-night; why did not the bloodhound tackle them?'

But the festivities went on; the drum, and flute, and bagpipe did their parts, and groups of merry dancers whirled their partners through the strange hop of the age, much resembling the dance of sailors on board a man-of-war. The more stately set dance of the nobility was not imitated by the people, and in these Christmas frolics no mask was allowed.

As the dance went on, the old beggar revived from his warmth, and fixed his eyes upon Abdil Foley, and somehow contrived to let him see that he claimed his attention. He thought he was unobserved, but the watchful fool had kept him in his eye, and now felt convinced that there was more than one demon in the room. Abdil contrived gradually to draw up to the fire-place, and the beggar dropped his staff.

'Pick it up, young man,' said he; and as he gave it him he said—

'Father Duncan is here.'

The guilty Abdil looked at the beggar narrowly, and saw in a moment, beneath the disguise, the ever watchful priest of St. John the Baptist, Father Confessor to Alice De Clinton, and the craftiest Jesuit who ever set foot into the diocese of Norwich.

'Go and join in the dance, Abdil; shake off thy melancholy; I will set thee free.'

Abdil went; he suddenly shook off his melancholy—for he was bid to do so, and by a priest—so that he became, if not in reality, yet apparently, an altered man.

The fool observed it, and kept his watch the more closely upon him, as his altered behaviour seemed to him entirely owing to the beggar's speech.

Lord De Freston, in his attentions to his people, had for a time forgotten the attack upon the beggar by his blood-hound, and now, seeing the old man interested in the dance, he walked towards his seat, and entered into conversation with him.

'I hope thou hast recovered from the terror which my savage hound occasioned.'

'Thanks to thee, I feel myself better. He is a faithful dog.'

'He is, indeed; and singular in him, he never attempts to attack any one who is not a stranger—quite a stranger to this country. He has never smelt thy foot before.'

'I am a stranger from Lancashire, and poor enough; but I have a vow upon me to visit Latimer's Tower on the Christmas Day after Cardinal Wolsey's death.'

'Ha! how knewest thou that the Tower was ever Latimer's Tower.'

'That is easily explained. Though I am a beggar, a pilgrim, a wanderer from a far country, yet I was a monk at York, who had to do penance for my sin, and the penance laid upon me was that, from the moment that the death of Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, should take place, be it whensoever it might, or I be wheresoever I might be, I should start barefoot for the birth-place of Wolsey, and there remain until Christmas Day next succeeding, and that upon that day I should visit a certain tower, designated by the Cardinal himself, Latimer's Tower, and affix in the window of the fifth story this illuminated cross.

'That I was to ask permission of thyself so to do the one hour before midnight. I have scarcely had time to walk the distance, as you see me, noble lord; but humbly crave it, as the completion of my vow, to perform the task.'

'Folly though I think all such vows to be, both in those who exact and those who perform them, I cannot forget that the time was when I myself, like thee, thought it part of a good Catholic's devotion to impose such vain works of penance upon myself.

'I pity thee sincerely, stranger, but will aid thee effectually in thy task, though I wish most heartily that thou mayest be enlightened to see thine error.' The pilgrim crossed himself devoutly.

CHAPTER LI.

THE INCENDIARY.

THE dance continued merrily and cheerily, and every one enjoyed the Christmas cheer; till at last the castle horn blew, and friends who lived near parted with good humor from those who were to remain the night.

'Friends,' said De Freston, 'farewell! Our love go with you.'

Little did any who departed think they were the last words they should ever hear from the lips of that generous nobleman. The bustle of departure had scarcely been over before Ellen and Latimer, Cavendish and other friends, were surprised to hear Lord De Freston give an order such as they never had heard upon such an occasion before:

'Torches for the Tower!'

'Torches for the Tower, father!' exclaimed Ellen; 'what! on this night?'

'Yes, my daughter, it is but fitting that we should have due regard to the prejudices of strangers:

'Torches for the Tower!'

'And, Ellen, wrap thyself well up in thy wintry woollen mantle, and accompany me thereto. This stranger has a vow upon him which we must see performed. It is one enjoined by thine early friend, Thomas Wolsey.'

This was sufficient for Ellen, but Cavendish, his gentleman usher, house secretary, and most humble servant, said—

'Who is the stranger? what is the vow?'

'You may inquire of him anything you will.'

'Old man,' said Cavendish, 'what is thy name?'

'My name is Duncan.'

'Monk of York, who, on a celebrated Palm Sunday, on which we all went in procession to our Lady's Chapel, didst conduct thyself disorderly, licentiously, and insultingly to my Lord Cardinal, and wast ordered to be confined for the lifetime of my master?'

'I am he—the same—and was then to perform the vow which thy master named, and which, now he is dead, I am come to fulfil.'

'I do not remember that part of thy sentence.'

'This was imposed upon me at the suggestion of our Superior, the venerable D'Annerat.'

'It is well—it is well—my poor master is dead, and the Superior might have obtained this penance from my master without my knowledge, and it is not unlike him. Hast thou no proof thereof?'

'This,' said the cunning Duncan, 'this,' and he showed him a glass cross, with the arms of the Cardinal in the centre, and the whole capable of illumination by a phosphoric matter, with which it had been washed inside.

Cavendish asked him so many questions of York, of its monastery, cathedral, neighborhood, palace, castle, and people, that he became convinced he was at York during the time of his master's presence therein. He gave, therefore, implicit credence to the man's words, and intimated to Lord De Freston that he could vouch for the truth of the man's statement.

Torches were brought, two men appointed to attend the aged devotee, and to assist his steps, whilst Lord De Freston, Ellen, and Latimer, with Cavendish, prepared to walk through the snow, which had then fallen deep, to the porch of Freston Tower.

Old Saracen howled most piteously as the torches passed over the drawbridge, and neither the orders for silence, nor the cheerful call of De Freston, could make him cease his piteous moan, as if he were baying the torches which were accompanying his master to his tomb, instead of the light, airy, lofty, cheerful abode of his hours of meditation, recreation, and study.

It was a very unusual thing for his master to proceed by torchlight without his favorite bloodhound, and it might be

the being left chained at the castle door at such a time, that created Saracen's discomfiture. But his anger at the beggar was sufficient cause for De Freston to decline his services that night.

The attendants were ordered to accompany their lord, but the fool would not go. He had other game in view, for, having seen significant but secret glances pass between Abdil Foley and the beggar, he resolved to watch the former, whom he heard say—

‘I must hasten to my son's room for my cloak.’

His young son was one of the undergrooms, who slept in the furthest attic, adjoining the unfrequented apartments of the castle. Reuben Styles was suspicious. The moment he heard his speech he bolted off, and took the nearest passage to the back staircase, leaving Abdil to pursue his way through the crowd; one detaining him to congratulate him upon his recovery; another joking him about the fool; another about his possession of a demon, until Reuben had fairly secreted himself beneath one of the groom's beds, before the wretched Abdil came with his lantern into the room.

He came, and alone; but breathing hard, and yet listening. His cloak lay upon the bed, and its folds were hanging down even before the face of Reuben Styles; so that he was in some trepidation lest his old foe should catch him alone, and give him an additional punishment for his curiosity. He was surprised the cloak did not move, especially as he knew that Abdil would not like to go across the park alone at night, and friends were fast departing from the hospitable roof.

At last he heard him sigh, and speak—

‘Come, I must be quick! Away, ye fiends of darkness; torment me not! Now, then, for the Faith. I am glad, however, my lord and lady are not in the house. No matter, if I am revenged upon the fool. I should like to see him burning upon one of the turrets. Now, Father Duncan, thou wilt say I did it well. I must not forget my cloak upon my return. Ha! ha! ye heretics! ye will soon see a blaze!’

Those were fearful words for the fool to hear, who began to think that he was found out, and that he was to be taken wrapped up in the woollen covering of the bed, and to be burnt on the top of the turret, which was only a few winding steps from the place where he then lay.

He was relieved, however, by hearing the bolts of the door leading to the unfrequented apartments undone, and then the lock turn from its hold, and its old rusty hinges grate upon the pivots, and Abdil Foley depart, closing the door again.

‘Whatever is the villain at!’ thought Reuben. ‘Whatever it is, he shall have it all to himself, for I will take good care he shall keep in those apartments all night. He crept from his hiding-place, bolted the door, and finding that the great key was in the lock, he turned that also, and fled down stairs again to the hall, determined to give an alarm to all the house, by saying there was a ghost in the unfrequented part of the house.

He did so, for he went into the very midst of the domestics, and told them all to go and listen, what a strange noise there was.

And, indeed, there was soon heard a strange noise : such a thundering row at the doors, and such a crackling of wood, that the poor creatures shivered with terror, and the fool himself became horrified.

‘There is a demon in the house,
There is a ghost I’m sure ;
What strange, unearthly, hideous rows !
Who can these woes endure ?’

CHAPTER LII.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

POOR old Saracen continued his lamentable howl, nor could the warder silence him. De Freston himself, as he entered the porch of the Tower, said to his daughter—

‘I lament leaving Saracen behind us, but we must guard this stranger.’

‘Dear father, why do you brave the chill air to-night ? I do not like your coming. We could surely have shown the stranger to the spot, and have seen him perform his devotions without your running the risk of cold. Pray, dear father, keep your cloak close around you. The chill air blows keenly across the Orwell, and this is a night only for the young, whose blood can be kept in circulation by exercise.’

'Thanks, my dearest child. I shall take no hurt. I have a twofold duty in this visit to the Tower. I shall see the arms of Wolsey in your favorite window, and that will be a pleasing memento of a once-learned but too ambitious man.

'The poor disguised monk, old and inform, will also see that we have a very scientific room, and I intend to speak a few words of truth to him appropriate to this occasion. Moreover, after all our festivities to-night, I cannot tell you why, but I have feeling, a desire, a sort of indescribable wish, to look upon the tranquil seat of my fathers, from the turret, though it be only by our torches and the stars. There is tranquillity in the thought after the agitations of the hall.'

'I will say no more, dear father, but I am sorry that the night is so cold.'

'Your heart is warm, dear child; proceed with the torches.'

They entered the Tower. The deceitful monk knelt down upon the stone floor, crossed himself devoutly, and followed the torch-bearers through the various rooms to the fifth story. He came to the window. Again he knelt down, took from his bosom the cross, which in another moment, after kissing repeatedly, he affixed to the centre of the window.

Then taking his flask, which hung from his side, he pretended to take the first draught of wine which he had been allowed to touch since the moment of his making the vow until its completion. He laid the carved horn upon the table, and again seemed lost in prayer.

Deceitful villain, at that moment he was making a double signal for the destruction of two of the most magnificent houses in town and country which the banks of the river Orwell owned. But they were the seats of heretics, men adverse to the malignities, views, corruptions, lies, and impositions of the Papal power, and though very learned, very charitable, very wise, opulent, and humble, yet hostile to the hierarchy of Rome, and therefore to be tormented, persecuted, and driven from the land. The illuminated cross shone conspicuous enough to lighten the room.

'Let us leave the pious pilgrim to his own meditations and ascend to the turret, my child, for a few minutes.'

They ascended; they leaned upon the summit; but in a moment De Freston felt a chill come over him, and he said—

‘Ellen, I feel dizzy, my child; support me, Latimer.’ —

He fell into the arms of his son-in-law and Cavendish, who placed him upon the stone steps of the turret.

‘Ellen, fetch the monk’s flask of wine!’

She descended. There knelt the dissembling devotee.

‘Father, I must take thy flask. My parent is suddenly taken ill.’

She waited not for his reply, nor did she see his smile. But ran hastily up again with the flask, concluding that the man would follow.

He had done his work. He descended slowly, passed through the yet ignorant torch-bearers, made his genuflections and crosses, and gave his blessing solemnly to the men, and desired them to kneel and pray in silence until he walked three times round the outside of the Tower.

The villain was soon gone, soon struck into the shades of Freston, sought the shore, and, with sturdy steps, bade defiance to pursuit. A cry, a lamentable cry, was soon heard, and all rushed from the lowest room into the air. The whole castle was on fire.

Shrieks issued from the distance, and above their heads the lamentations of one voice was heard from the lofty tower. The men were in agony, between the hastening to the castle and the call from above. Six ran toward the mansion; two, with fearful agony, ascended the Tower.

Ellen was so completely engrossed with her parent’s state, that she cast not her glance over the battlements, but upon the leads, where her father’s serene face was looking up as if his eyes would pierce the skies. She put the flask to his lips; she poured the wine into his mouth—he drank. For a moment he seemed to revive; he felt for his daughter’s hands, he placed them in Latimer’s, he kissed them; he was speechless; he looked up, and with a gentle smile upon his lips, he breathed his last.

It was at that moment the cry from the castle reached their ears; but had it been a volcanic eruption it would not have attracted the rivetted, deep rivetted devotion of the affectionate beings who then knelt at the dead De Freston’s feet.

Cavendish alone, in an agony of horror, exclaimed—

‘The castle is on fire!’

Nor had these words, nor the sudden spectacle, power to turn the souls of the true mourners from a greater object of their

sorrow. The castle was on fire, and more, Cavendish beheld over the waters in the far distance, a blaze of light illumining the sky, and heard the distant bells of the town of Ipswich sounding their alarm to arouse the country.

It was a spectacle so appalling, that what with the woe around and near him, even he, who had seen more sorrows than his years could have been supposed to have known, was completely unnerved.

Latimer, recovering, bore his Ellen into the room beneath, where servants came screaming in wild dismay to her increased but solemn sorrowing. Latimer ordered De Freston's servants to remove their master's body into the astronomical room, and torches to be there lighted immediately.

There was no occasion for ordering furniture, for the assembling people had been some time bringing across to the Tower whatever goods and chattels could be saved from the conflagration.

Reuben Styles alone seemed to retain wisdom for ordering anything. He knew Abdil was the perpetrator, and he kept his eye upon that wing of the house, and soon saw the desperate fellow in wild and mad despair climbing over the roof, and descending by the spouts from one parapet to another. He had cut his leg severely with some broken glass, and even in the fire, the villain might be seen with bloody clothes trying to escape, and he did descend. So much broken up with the woe were the people, that those who saw him pitied him, and called to him to show him how to escape, none knowing, save the poor fool, that he was the cause of the catastrophe.

Hundreds were employed in breaking the ice and throwing water. Numbers kept arriving, but all—all in vain. Reuben Styles seemed to assume a sudden command—men obeyed him. It was he who let the bloodhound loose. It was he who, when the ruin was complete, which it was by two o'clock that dreadful night—it was he who exclaimed, when he heard that his master was dead, and the rest of his family safe—it was he who exclaimed to the people—

'Let us pursue the incendiary. I know who he is. Dead or alive let us bring him to Freston Tower. Follow me the stoutest of you all. Follow me as many as dare. Bring Saracen along with you!'

The blood-hound was not long before he was on the scent.

for the blood of Abdil Foley had dropped upon the snow across the moat, and when Reuben took up a portion with the snow, and rubbed it on the nose of Saracen, and tracked him on the slot, the brave dog, with one lift of his head, and a solemn, deep-toned note of recognition, pursued the villain, who, conscience-smitten, fled from the terror of his deeds.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE PURSUIT.

— BUT when did the wicked escape? So will a man's sins follow him, and find him out at last, be they what they may. And whoever has sinned against love, whoever has injured a neighbor, whoever has been vindictive, cruel, unfeeling, or revengeful, the bloodhound of his own conscience will pursue him, and superstition, under the garb of religion, can never more shield him beneath her altars.—

Abdil fled to his home. His wife, his sons, his neighbors were all gone to lend a hand, if possible, to quench his fiery work. He had been seen. He must be known. He must be taken. He could not stay there. What must he do? The very solitude of his cottage, and the distant noise of the people, all conspired against him, and the wretched man exclaimed—

'O Father Duncan! O Lady Alice! now—now—now give me absolution. I must fly to you. You must hide me in the sanctuary of your church. You must console me, or my fiery brain will burn more furiously than De Freston's Hall.'

The wretched man rested not a moment, save to drink one bitter draught of liquor which he had in his house, and then fled for Goldwell, or Cold Hall.

He had a long start—an hour's start and more of his pursuers. Ten young men, with undaunted courage, firm hands and feet, led on by Reuben Styles, and the noble bloodhound of De Freston, followed on the track. So still was the night, that Saracen's deep note could be heard for a long while by the mournful listeners at the castle.

The brave dog arrived at the door of the infatuated carpenter.

'He is right,' exclaimed Reuben, 'he is right, my bold companions, Abdil Foley is the man. He is the wretch. Find him, good Saracen, find him, boy!'

In vain they searched the house. They had well nigh been left in the lurch, for Saracen had again tracked that now well-known foot from the house, and was making his way towards the lodge.

Thither they followed with fresh excitement, as the bold dog gave but little further tongue, but seemed to settle down into a certain steady pace of pursuit. It was a longer and a stronger chase than they expected, but the spirit of Reuben was above fatigue, and he exclaimed at the lodge:

'Now, boys, go no further, you who cannot endure a long run; for my belief is, the town' (then four miles off) 'is our destination.'

Never huntsman had a braver field to follow him. Never hound less came to check. As they entered upon the strand they found the snow was less, and the scent more new and powerful, and consequently the fierce delight of Saracen was more lively. His head was higher up, as if he expected to see his victim, or else the scent of the man more recently impregnated the very air with his demoniacal stench.

A bloodhound is not swift, but he is very sure, very untired, always persevering; and though his gallop is slow, comparatively speaking, it is inexpressibly grand. So is vengeance in following the guilty.

On! on! on! Forward! forward! forward! and forward went the party, and at every step they took they could see the heavens brighter and brighter, until the light from behind, where De Freston's castle was blazing, and the lights before them illumining the whole town, might fairly be said to act almost like sunshine.

They approached the town, but Saracen halted not. Though foot-marks crossed, commingled, and became a regular path; on, on, on he kept, nor paused, nor spake, but every now and then dashed his rudder-like tail from side to side to steer him safely to the wind. But now came the proof of his sagacity.

Abdil had been ferried over the ford. In dashed the dog, and, as soon as could be, followed the hunt. Up St. Peter's Street, past the Cardinal's College, through Silence Street, Wolsey's house in St. Nicholas, past Wolsey's Shambles in the market.

On, over the Butcher's Hill, through St. Lawrence, past the Magdalene Hospital, the Pest House, St. Margaret's, St. Helen's: and now the bloodhound opes his mouth; and keeps his jaws working as if he was actually eating the scent. Hundreds joined the cry. 'Pursue the incendiary! Pursue the incendiary!' were the exclamations: and half the town appeared on fire, from the mighty glare of the noble house in Brook Street.

At the gates of Goldwell Hall, Saracen came to a check. He actually seized the handle of the porter's bell, and bit it as if it were the hand of the incendiary. That hand had been but a few minutes on and off the handle; and the rage of the bloodhound might now be seen in contrast with his previous steadiness. He gnawed at the threshold. His deep-toned voice must have echoed in the hearts of the guilty souls within; but no one answered the multitude.

That multitude, in pursuit of a then exciting and righteous cause, tried all they could to obtain a peaceable entry. They were sternly denied, though they heard voices in the Lodge.

Force was resorted to, and at last an entrance gained; but here all track was lost, for the fugitives had been drawn up into a lofty room, and thence conveyed into a secret cavern which led to the little chapel of St. John the Baptist; but the Lady Alice, with an hauteur and cold dignity, confronted and confounded the pursuers, by her calm denial, coolness, and composure.

They could search no further; for that day Abdil and Father Duncan had both escaped, and Saracen returned with his brave huntsmen and field to Freston Tower.

The castle was gone—it was a ruin. The Tower alone remained, and its sorrowful inmates were, for a season, inconsolable.

Friends came from Ipswich, the lodges and cottages were full of the Hall dependants, and the death of De Freston on Christmas Day, on the summit of Freston Tower, was the conversation of thousands until the very name became extinct.

William Latimer and the Lady Ellen lived two years in Ipswich, in the house of Edmund Daundy; Freston Tower became a noted place; Alice de Clinton soon forgotten. The united couple, who loved each other through all their trials, retired into Worcestershire. William Latimer became a *firm Protestant*, the estates of De Freston were disposed of

and the faithful Saracen went with his mistress to their Midland Counties home.

Cold Hall is now but a farm-house, as many of the old baronial mansions of past ages have become.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE LAST VISIT TO THE TOWER.

LATIMER and Ellen visited the scene of their early attachment but once after their long and happy sojourn in Gloucestershire; and, singular enough, that once was to convey to a distant relative, of the name of Goodynge, the estate of Freston, for which he had, with earnest solicitation and very liberal offers, made repeated application.

Ralphe Goodynge, or Gooding, one of the oldest inhabitants of Ipswich, distantly connected with the family of De Freston on the female side, soon after the purchase of Freston, represented the borough of Ipswich, in conjunction with John Sparrowe. It was owing to his liberality that the Tower itself remained one of the pleasantest features of the Orwell, and the place of happy resort for many a wedding party.

In his day it became a sort of privilege for the townsmen of Ipswich to take a marriage trip to Freston Tower. Its pleasant distance from the town, the lovely park in which it then stood, and the still memorable record of the Lady Ellen, and her faithful Latimer, made 'Latimer's Tower,' a bye-word for conjugal felicity. The wonder is, that it should ever have lost this celebrity.

Whether it was that, in the lapse of years, the park became arable land, and lost the traces of hereditary grandeur, or that other possessors succeeded, who did not encourage this right of the free burgesses, and their espousals, the old distich was forgotten which said:

'No burgess on his wedding-day,
Which falls in whitethorn merry May,
Shall happy be in house or bower,
Who does not visit Freston Tower.'

For many years, a venerable old couple of the name of Sage, who had been attached to the family of the Latimers, resided in the lower compartment of the Tower, and with

the assistance of their two daughters kept the rooms in such order, that it was said :

'The Sages differ in their ages,
But all our hearts with love engage ;
We pay the Sages marriage wages,
That we in age may be like Sage.

It was to the house of this old couple, that Latimer and Ellen went after they had conveyed the estate to Mr. Ralph Goodynge, and paid their last visit to the tower of love. Memory, fresh, clear, and hallowed, can never forget the spot where the enjoyment of that sweet thought, the making another happy, was first imbibed. Whatever cares may arise, whatever troubles may have come upon us, and however much the realities of this dull world, and its daily ploddings, may have made us creatures of circumstances, we still remember, with a holiness never to be effaced, the spot of our first love.

Let stoics say what they will, or mortals without natural affection break every trace of love, every honest man, who had a heart of natural affection in his youth, cannot fail to recal, with satisfaction, the remembrance of that spot where he first became betrothed.

The soldier may have to visit foreign countries ; the ambassador, foreign courts ; the lawyer, courts of law ; the trader, foreign ports ; even the Missionary, foreign stations ; the Bishop, distant sees ; no man, let him be called to whatever employment he may, and be compelled therein to forsake the scenes of his early youth, can fail sometimes to remember the associations of that day, when he first ventured even to think of that partner, with whom he may have afterwards passed the meridian of life.

Everything tends to sanctify the spot. The very duties of life, in which his daily occupations may have engrossed his time, are often broken in upon by the remembrance thereof. The more mental those duties may have been, either in law, physic, or divinity, the keener or clearer will be the reflection or vision of the past. None but those whose hearts are completely given up to the idolatry of money, can forget the place of friendship,

'Where bold and brave, and modest, pure, and bland,
He sought love's friendship both with heart and hand.'

Let his calling be ever so high and sacred, there is no sin in looking back upon that spot and those thoughts of days

gone by, though he may well know that he can never enjoy them again. He may even feel thankful that he never can. He may never even desire so to do, and yet never undervalue the heavenly permission which then sanctioned his betrothment, and witnessed his espousals.

If the dear place be gone from him; if others possess it; if fathers, mothers, brothers, and friends, who smiled upon our days of love, and shared their freedom with us, be all departed—can we forget them? No! memory is vivid in love. But are there no sorrows commingled therewith? no remembrances of mortal heart-burnings, affronts, failings, differences, wants of temper, accusations, or disputations? Smooth must have flowed the channel of life, if nothing of this kind can be remembered. But if they can, and the God of mercy has softened the heart with tears of repentance for those past, unruly, or discordant intruders, let not the honest lover repine or despair, that he cannot alter the past. His love is true, though the very earth may banish him from the spot. —

But what sensations crept over Latimer and the Lady Ellen as they stood at the foot of the Tower, for the last time!

‘Philosophers maintain, dearest husband, that we ought not to encourage any of those sensations which touch upon the melancholy moments of the past. They would have us shake off the memory of anything in which we have once delighted; but they appear to me to think there is no pleasure at all in reflection. Now, though sorrow may sadden the present moment, there is a species of unalloyed pleasure in the remembrance of those days, and in revisiting those scenes where we once imbibed the happiness of conversation with those we loved. What say you, dearest husband?’

‘Say, my love, that no hours can be sweeter than those so employed, saving, shall I say, those of which we speak; but would not that be ungrateful? We cannot go back again except in thought; we cannot retread the steps we have trodden years ago with the same objects we then had in view; but that is no reason why we should encourage bitterness in our souls, unless we have some bitter accusations of conscience to afflict us. I do not remember even the building of this Tower with any regret. Here it stands; the object of its erection was one of regard, dearest Ellen, for thyself; but if thou art not more esteemed by me than

the Tower, or the domain around it, then should I deeply regret, perhaps, the surrender of our right and title to the estate.'

'I thank thee, dearest—I thank thee; and yet thou canst not quite feel as I may do the vivid recollections of a father's love. I think of him who loved me with a tenderness which seemed to be the deeper because of my mother's early loss. Ah! Latimer, he was as a father and a mother unto me!'

'But he can be no longer such, dearest Ellen, and neither art thou so situated as to require it. The wind was tempered to the shorn lamb.'

'And so is it now; and I do not complain. I do but think; and, as we learn to part with childish trifles without regret as we grow in years, so, dearest husband, must we learn to part with things to which our affections become more attached, inasmuch as they are more powerful objects of attraction.'

'Yes, Ellen, and the more submissively to the Divine will we school our hearts in the course of our journey, the less those pangs of parting afflict us, and the sweeter are our hopes of rest. The mansion itself, which held its lord, is gone; the Tower alone remains. It has lasted until thy father's generation and name are gone, and, in the lapse of a few years more, even the memory of ourselves, and of all we have seen and known here, must pass away.'

'But thou hast not forgotten the stipulation that, as long as the Tower can stand, it shall be preserved.'

'No, our friend Ralphe Goodynge has guaranteed that thou shalt have full right and title, as long as he holds the estate, to a resident, rent-free therein, whomsoever thou mayst appoint, and that he will pay a certain monthly dole unto any person or persons inhabiting the spot, to keep the rooms and furniture in cleanly order for thyself or for thy friends, during the term of thy natural life.

'He binds himself, moreover, to keep the said Tower in repair during his possession of the estate, and that as long as the name of Latimer can be remembered in Ipswich, it shall be designated "*Latimer's Tower*." So you see, dearest, we shall still have a name and a possession on the banks of the Orwell.'

'Why this should be such a pleasure to me, thou mayest easily guess. Not that we shall often revisit this spot, yet when we speak thereof, the thought of having friends to

whom our early days were known, and the father and mother of our faithful servant still resident herein, will be pleasant to us, though we may be away from them. Does *Ralphe Goodynge* bind his successors ?

‘No, not beyond the possession of his right and title to the estate ; and this I think but fair. He has no objection, as a relative, to make this spot a pleasant place of remembrance both for friendship and affection’s sake ; but he will not undertake to bind upon others that which he conceives only to concern himself. I do not think this unreasonable. It is not, *Ellen*, as if it were a place of public resort, or a place dedicated to any special purpose, either to religion or to the administration of justice, or even to public entertainment. It was built for thee, and unless in future generations it could be devoted to similar purposes, and that is not likely, for it is not his intention to rebuild the mansion, I see no reason why he should be expected to preserve it. There will not be another *Ellen De Preston* to inhabit it.’

Whether this was gratifying or not to *Ellen*, she did not reply, but, with a sigh, she leaned upon her husband’s arm, as they entered the Tower. There are feelings, sensations, ideas, thoughts, and reflections, which cannot be spoken, and perhaps are never less able to be uttered than when we feel perfectly conscious that we have, even near to us as life, a being who can fully appreciate all we might express. A sigh, if it could be defined, would speak perhaps an eloquence as yet unknown.

There is a spirit speaking in a sigh
Which words convey not unto human ears.
That which it is not, mortal tongues may speak :
That which it is, no words were ever found
To give its meaning to the list’ning world.
The world !—oh no ! the world would never hear
The sigh of pure affection in the soul,
Contrition’s sigh, or aspiration’s sound,
The wish for things unseen, though not unfelt
The thought of being perfect, or of hope
Of gaining that perfection which delights
In joyful innocence, of bliss untold—
I speak not of the sigh of deep regret
For sins innumerable—groans, indeed !
Unutterable groans those sighs become.
And well become the guilty hearts of men ;
And if sincere, the Comforter will come
With holy calmness to the troubled soul,
And give it peace. There is a sigh for bliss—

Yes, seraph's blissfulness—to speak with those
With whom we held communion on earth,
On things of Heaven—can that sigh be told?
No, 'tis the thought of immaterial light,
Brighter than sun's most fervid-glowing ray,
In clearest atmosphere of brilliant day.

We may suppose such a sigh to have escaped the heart of Ellen, as she entered the Tower, where she had spent so many happy hours with her affectionate father. It was Latimer's care to improve even those moments of meditation with the language of truth, and his masculine mind then showed itself well worthy of the admiration Ellen had given it. Never perhaps did she feel or own him to be her lord and master so powerfully as during the short converse they had in the favorite room of their favorite Tower.

To strengthen the human mind with words of pious resignation; to point to the wisdom displayed for human reformation and human happiness, was then the duty, and the pleasure, and the comfort of a humble, honest-hearted husband. Perhaps some would sigh to hear that conversation; perhaps it might instruct and improve many a human heart. Let only the effects be told.

Latimer and Ellen descended the steps of the Tower even happier than they ascended; for whilst, like many a faithful couple in this world, descending into the vale of years, conscious of ten thousand blessings which they received, for which they can only be thankful, even whilst they own themselves unworthy thereof, so their calm spirits ascend higher as their years descend. So did Latimer and Ellen proceed on their way to the cottage. At that cottage they learnt a lesson such as they never forgot, which made even this visit to the Tower memorable to their last days.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LAST EVENT.

THE last event generally finishes a long series of virtues, blessings, providences, crosses, afflictions, or crimes; and if the last event which can happen to poor mortality be the best, the life must have been one of such tribulation that

the event which is to terminate it can only be a submissive and a happy one.

The last chapter of many a book may afford us pleasure or pain according to the spirit of the foregone narrative. Some think an entertaining book terminates well with a marriage; and most novels, which feed the passions or entertain the fancy, do so terminate. In such case, they begin with the anticipation of the event, and the only novelty is, the varied way in which the thing is wrought up, so as to bring about the sure termination.

There is a taste for style of composition—for variety of incidents—for the parts of speech, and for the sentimentality of a work, which may be very gratifying, but the impressions upon the whole are evanescent. The acme of writing is to improve the heart with such solid good sense as shall make the things written of not easily forgotten. Hence, things true to nature are awakening and striking: whilst things, however marvellous, which are unnatural, being worked up too highly, clog the appetite, and vitiate, if they do not totally destroy, the palate.

Plain matter-of-fact things are, therefore, more startling a great deal than the representations of the most vivid fancy or imagination.

There stand the venerable old Tower by the Orwell's side in the midst of the trees, grown old, and grey, and useless. There it stands as it stood centuries ago; but it may not stand many more. It may stand a long time after the hand which writes the record of these events may be unable to pen a line—but it will not stand a hundred thousandth nor a million of a million parts of the time, compared with the endurance of the spirit which dictates these pages, be they for good or for evil.

When the old Tower shall have fallen, these pages will serve to show that it once existed: but it does exist at this time, and any man may see it who will, and trace its aptitude to the scenes, and the events herein described.

The happy couple who had left their horses in the care of one of the old tenants of the Hall farm, now walked towards the village church, which at that time stood on the verge of the western side of the park palings. Indeed, the knoll upon which the building had been raised, was given by the Lord De Freston, as his offering to the memory of *St. Peter*, and was subject to the Priory of that name in

Ipswich, which had to furnish a priest to discharge the duties thereof.

Their faithful domestic, who lived with them at the time they married, and who was with Ellen in the Tower on the memorable night of St. Ivan's funeral, had married and settled with her sailor husband at the Bourne Ford, at that time the Pilot's Home, close by Bourne Bridge. She had lost her husband in the second year of her marriage, and through the kindness of the Lady Latimer, had been received into her house in Gloucestershire. She had also journeyed with them into Suffolk, and was upon a visit to her parents, Joseph and Ann Sage, who had at that time a cottage near the church.

It was Joseph's occupation to fell timber for repairs, and to see that the boundaries of the estate were well fenced in, and, especially the park and church palings, in good repair. The old man was full of grief at the news brought him by his daughter, that the Lady Ellen was about to convey the estates of her father into the hands of the Goodynge family, not from any distaste to the purchasers, but because the names of De Freston and Latimer were so pleasant to the daily associations of the good old man, that he had flattered himself he should live to serve one of their name and descent.

He was agreeably surprised when informed, by Ellen, of the reservation of the Tower for his residence, and of the monthly sum to be paid, whensoever he should choose to give up the labors of his life to his son, and retire with his two daughters to the Tower.

It was whilst Latimer and Ellen were seated in the old man's neat kitchen, parlor, hall, or keeping-room, and had just made his heart beat for joy at these tidings, that a miserable object of human beggary tapped at the door, and asked if old Joseph Sage lived there.

Joseph himself went out to see him, and not wishing his noble visitors to be disturbed by such a person, he closed the door after him, and stood erect before the beggar.

A pale, thin, haggard, miserable-looking creature, without shoes, or woollen hose, with tattered rags, and torn skin, with a countenance, the lines of agony, more than of age, seemed to have shrivelled into deformity, stood before him.

'What want you with me?' asked the old woodman.

'Pity!' replied the beggar.

'In what shape: in money, food, or raiment?'

'In neither.'

'In what, then?'

'In a coffin.'

Old Sage started, for in verity there appeared more truth in the man's application for this thing, than in the hundreds of petitions which beggars usually made. It made the old man feel conscious, likewise, that there was something more earnest in this beggar's petition, than if he had sought alms at his hand.

It is not often that a man asks for his own coffin, even if he be too poor to purchase one. The very novelty of the thing made the hearer say, and that without any unfeeling intention, 'You must come into the shop, to my son,' and he walked with him.

Scarcely could the beggar totter to the little out-house where the son, who was soon to be the successor of Joseph Sage, was at work.

'I have a singular customer here, my son; a beggar applying to me for his coffin.'

'Send him away, father, he is only an impostor,' replied the son.

'I am no impostor, young man,' replied the beggar. 'Only just let me rest on your bench, and I will soon convince you thereof.'

The beggar entered, but, unable to lift himself to sit upon the bench, he staggered, and fell upon a heap of shavings and chips which lay under the casement of the shop.

It seemed, indeed, that he would want a coffin, for exhausted nature had well nigh extinguished the lamp of life, as the wretched man uttered a groan of distress which no impostor could have imitated.

It was not a loud one; it was not a plaintive, whining, acquired, dissembling one. It was a real faint utterance of the spirit of the wretched actually in the distress of death.

'Run, my son, and ask thy mother for a little of her help; and bring hither my cloak and a good woollen blanket; then to thy neighbor Benns, whose skill as a leech may be of service. The man shakes with cold; but hush, my son, disturb not the Lady Latimer. Be quick.'

His son was off in an instant, and the good old mother, with her bottle of cordial and blanket, soon obeyed the dictates of charity.

The beggar was grateful. He revived. He looked at old Sage, and said—

‘Do you not know me?’

‘No!’

‘I know you both. Ah! father!—ah! mother!—ah! my friends!—ah! my village! ’Tis here! here—here—I was born, and here I die.’

‘And who are you?’

‘Who? Do you not really know me? I am glad you do not. I am glad you do not. If you did, you would set these shavings on fire, and burn me to death; but I should not be dead. No, I should not be dead; but burn, burn, burn, for ever!’

‘Poor man, he is mad.’

‘No, mother, I am not mad—I wish I was mad! I wish I could be mad! I wish that my madness could quench my grief, mother. If I were mad, I should not have come here. No, I am not mad!’

‘Who art thou, my son? And what is the matter with thee?’

‘Hush! mother. I will tell thee who I am, but do not whisper it in the village. Let me die first. Oh! when shall I die? when? when? when?’

‘But who are you? Shall I send for our priest to shrive you?’

‘Mother, I have been shriven many times. I have been absolved over and over—over and over—for my sins. I have had hours of penance, fasting, and prayer, from morning to night. I have been shut up in the shrine of St. Peter for a month. Priests have prayed with me, talked to me, even extolled me, mother, and told me all my sins were pardoned, but if they were, they would not surely burn me as they now do. Oh! how they scorch—how they glare upon me now, more fiercely than ever! Oh! mother, give me a little water. Throw some on my face, my hands, my feet.’

‘There, there, my poor soul! do not despair! do not despair! Come, come, be pacified. But who art thou?’

The poor man looked wildly round, and, just at that moment, Latimer and Ellen, who had heard something of the event, came to see if they could not, like ministering angels, give comfort to the sick.

The instant the beggar saw them, he rose half up from his bed of shavings, lifted up his hands, and gave such a wild, piercing, agonising shriek, as made every heart quail before him. After the shriek succeeded a long ~~start~~ *wild, yet fixed eye was rivetted upon the face of Ellen,*

then, as they all stood motionless with astonishment, then succeeded that which never, till that very moment, gave the wretched soul of the man relief. It was a tear. It was soon followed by another, another, and another; a stream succeeded, and, as it flowed on, the head fell back, and the dying man was exhausted.

The scene did not destroy the courage or disturb the spirit of Latimer. He knelt down; he beckoned them all to do the same. His Ellen knelt with him, and his quiet prayer was uttered with such truly humble, placid, and composed voice, that the pacified spirit of the dying man seemed lightened up with comfort.

He turned his eyes up toward them, and, with an imploring look, such as showed the depth of the earnestness of his repentance, he said—

‘Forgive poor Abdil Foley!’

In one moment all the mystery was solved. Here lay the wretched, dying man, who, worked upon by superstition, bigotry, and malevolence, had destroyed the noble mansion of De Freeston, fled to the remorseless Alice De Clinton, and her dark and treacherous flatterers, who had sent him from monastery to monastery throughout the kingdom, with every species of invention and applause, bribe and threat, intimidation and imposition; but who could never obliterate the memory of his guilt, nor satisfy his soul for the injury he had done to his best friends and supporters.

How true is it, that no severities of outward discipline can wash out the stains of guilt within. He who wickedly designs the injury of his benefactor, be he prompted by whom he will, or under whatever promises, or workings of flattery, or delusion, he may either imagine to be lawful, or be taught that it is so, will find that his wicked spirit can have no rest. Repentance must bring him to the confession which no sophistry whatsoever can lull.

It was Latimer’s and Ellen’s duty now to teach him that forgiveness belonged not to them; though they, as far as they could, forgave him freely for the cruelty he had shown towards them. Nor did they lose the opportunity of pointing out to him the depth of that sin of which he had been guilty, nor the folly of seeking to make his own atonement. They acted the part of the good Samaritan towards him, and though the time of his existence was short, they

had the satisfaction of finding that the miserable man received consolation.

He died shortly after their interview, and was buried in Freston churchyard, where the record of the incendiary, his flight, remorse, repentance, and death, formed the subject of many a conversation with old Joseph Sage and his friends in Freston Tower.

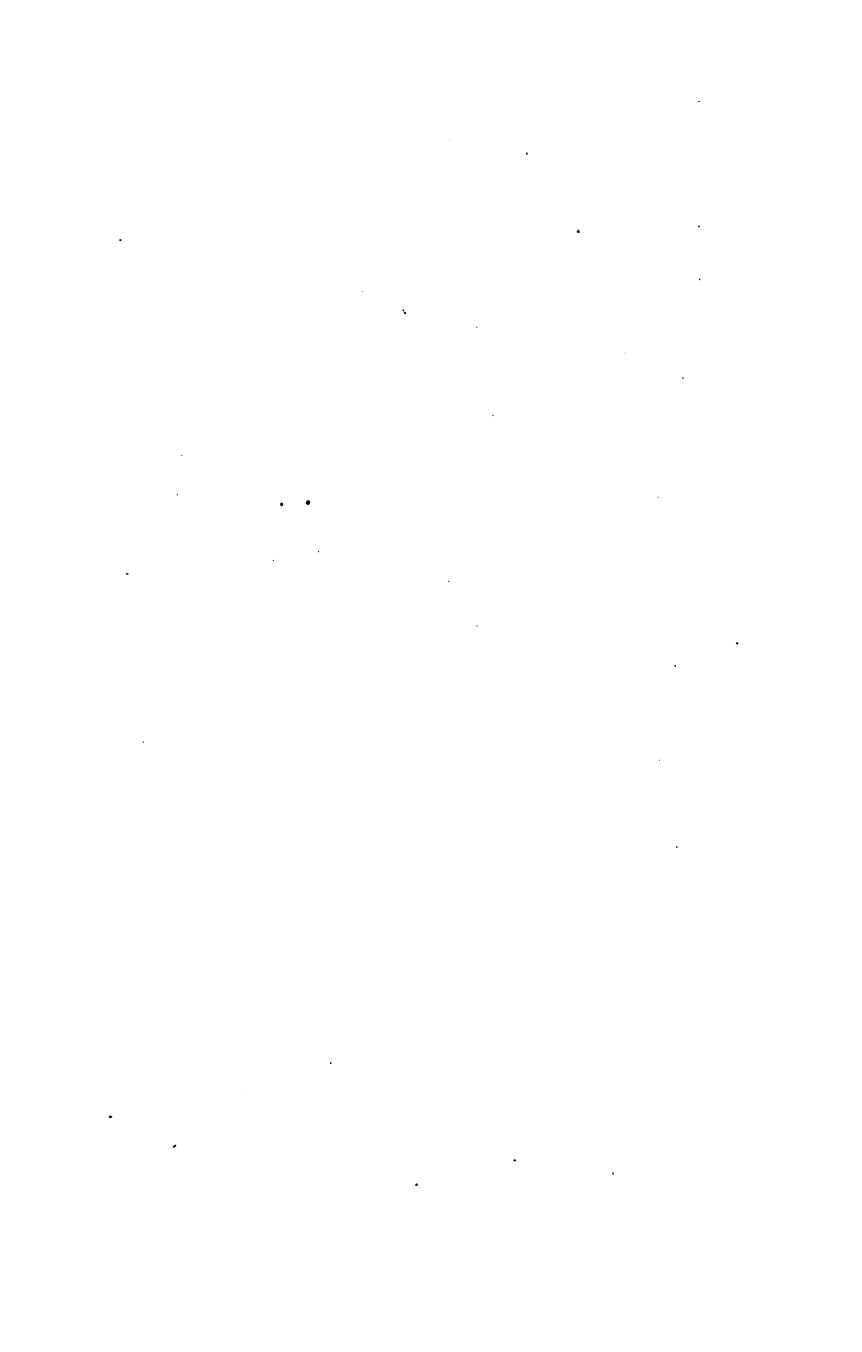
Latimer and Ellen returned into Gloucestershire, where they lived beloved, courted, and caressed by many friends, who valued their literary attainments. With the modesty of true greatness, they sought retirement, and were happy in the even tenor of their latter days.

They had endured afflictions, they had seen greatness, and popularity, and ambition, and vain-glory, brought down to sorrow and death. They lived to see pride overthrown in high places, and many in the midst of the fatness of plenty rendered unhappy. They had suffered their portion of persecution, and had borne themselves with uncommon wisdom through the trial. They were not called upon to suffer more.

Freston Tower passed from the hands of the Goodynges to the Wrights, then to the Thurstons, Tarvers, Formereaws, and others. It is now in the possession of Archdeacon Berners, of Wolverstone Park, on the banks of the Orwell.

The End.







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